

T H E
W O R K S
O F
M. D E V O L T A I R E.

TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH.

W I T H
NOTES, HISTORICAL AND CRITICAL.

BY T. SMOLLETT, M.D.
T. FRANCKLIN, M.A. AND OTHERS.

IN TWENTY-FOUR VOLUMES.

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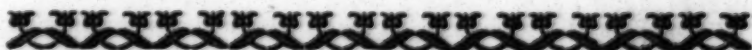
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THE
T A L E S
OF
WILLIAM VADÉ.



VOL. XIX.

B

THE HISTORY OF

THE LIFE OF

WILLIAM VANDERBILT

BY

JOHN VAN DER BEEK



P R E F A C E,

By CATHARINE VADE.

I STILL lament the death of my cousin, William Vadé, who, as it is universally known, departed this life a few years ago. He was taken ill of the small-pox; I attended him, and said to him, with tears in my eyes, "Ah, my dear cousin, this is the consequence of your not getting yourself inoculated; the same neglect cost your brother Anthony his life, and he was, like you, one of the luminaries of the age." "What would you have me say to you?" answered William; "I waited for the permission of the Sorbonne, and I find my over-scrupulousness will cost me my life."

"The state will have a heavy loss when you die," returned I. "Ah," cried William, "Alexander and brother Bertier are dead; Semiramis, Phillon, Sophocles, and d'Anchet are in their graves." "Yes, my dear cousin, but their great names shall never die:—Are you not desirous of living a second life in the noblest part of yourself? Do you not give me leave to give the public, in order to console them for your loss, those entertaining tales with which you obliged us last year? They were the delight of our family; and Jerome Carré, your cousin-german, set almost as great a value upon your works, as upon his own; B 2 "they



“ they will, doubtless, please the whole universe: that
“ is to say, about thirty idle men who have nothing to
“ do but to read.”

William’s pretensions were not quite so extravagant. He said to me, with a humility highly becoming in an author, but very rarely to be met with, “ Ah, my cousin, do you think that amongst ninety thousand pamphlets printed at Paris during these last ten years, my work can possibly find a place? or that I can swim upon the river of oblivion, which every day swallows up so many fine things?”

“ Were you but to live a fortnight after your death,” returned I, “ it would still be a great matter; ’tis a privilege enjoyed but by a very small number; it is the fate of most men to be unheard of during their lives; and those, who have made the greatest noise in the world, are sometimes forgot the day after they die. You will be distinguished from the crowd; and perhaps the name of William Vadé, being made honourable mention of in a journal or two, may pass to the latest posterity. What title would you have us give your works?” “ Cousin, said he, I think that of Trifle is the properest; there are few things said, done, or printed, that don’t deserve this name.”

I admired the modesty of my cousin, and was greatly affected with it. Just then Jerome Carré entered the chamber. William made his will, by which he left me sole possessor of his manuscripts. Jerome and I asked him, where he chose to be buried? I shall never forget the answer he made, it was as follows: “ I am very sensible that as I was not born to any of those dignities which are productive of high sentiments in their possessors, as I was never either a privy-counsellor, a sheriff, or a church-warden, I shall be treated, after my death, with very little ceremony. I shall be thrown into the charnel-house of St. Innocent, and nothing will be set over my tomb but a wooden-cross, which has served others before: but I have always had so great a love for my country, that I cannot bear the thought of being buried in a church-yard. Certain it is, that dying of this disease, I shall stink most
“ horridly.

“ horridly. The putrefaction of so many bodies, which
 “ are buried at or near the churches of Paris, must ine-
 “ vitably infect the air ; and, as the young king Ptol-
 “ my says, very properly, when he deliberates what re-
 “ ception he should give Pompey,

*Ces trones pourries exhalent dans les vents
 De quoi faire la guerre au reste de vivants.*

Infected by the putrid stench, each gale
 Threatens with death e'en those who 'scap'd the sword.

“ This odious and ridiculous custom of paving the
 “ churches with dead bodies, every year occasions at
 “ Paris epidemical diseases, and all the deceased contri-
 “ bute more or less to infect their country. The
 “ Greeks and Romans were wiser than we : their bury-
 “ ing-places were at a distance from the towns ; and
 “ there are even at this day many countries in Europe
 “ where this salutary custom prevails. What a satis-
 “ faction would it be to a benevolent citizen, to go sat-
 “ ten the barren plain of Sablons, and contribute to
 “ render the harvest plentiful ! Succeeding generations
 “ would become useful to each other by this prudent
 “ regulation ; the towns would be more healthy, the
 “ land more fruitful I must say, there is very little
 “ œconomy in the affairs both of the living and the
 “ dead.”

William spoke a long time to the same purpose : he had extensive views for the public good, and he died talking, which is an incontestable proof of genius.

When he was dead, I resolved to bury him with pomp, and in a manner worthy of the great name which he had acquired in the world. I ran to all the most eminent bookellers of Paris, and offered to deal with them for the posthumous works of my cousin William ; to these I added some fine dissertations of my brother Anthony, and a few pieces of my cousin-german Jerome Carré. I obtained three Lewis-d'ors, a sum which William had never been possessed of in any period of his

life. I caused funeral tickets to be printed, I requested all the wits of Paris to honour with their presence the mass which I had ordered for the repose of William's soul; no body came. I could not attend the procession, and William was interred without any body's being the wiser. In this manner had he lived; for though he had enriched the fair with many comic operas, which were admired by all Paris, the world enjoyed the fruits of his genius, and neglected the author: it is thus, as the divine Plato has it, men suck the orange, and throw away the rind; thus they pluck the fruit off the tree, and then cut it down. I have been always astonished at this ingratitude.

Soon after the demise of William Vadé, we lost our worthy relation and friend Jerome Carré, so well known in his time for the comedy of the Scotch Woman, which he said he translated in order to promote useful literature. I think it my duty to inform the public of the distress Jerome was in at the conclusion of his life; it was thus he expressed himself in my presence to brother Giroflée, his confessor. You know said he, that at my baptism there were given me for patrons St. Jerome, St. Thomas, and St. Raymond of Pennafort; and that when I had the happiness of being confirmed, there were added to my patrons, St. Ignatius de Loyola, St. Francis Xavier, St. Francis of Borgia, and St. Regis, all jesuits; so that I am called Jerome Thomas Raymond Ignatius Xavier Francis Regis Carré. I long thought that with so many patrons I could not possibly ever know want. Ah, brother Giroflée, how much was I mistaken! It must doubtless be the same thing with patrons as with footmen, the more one has, the worse one is served. But observe, if you please, how I was nonplus'd, for the expression is very good, whatever the commonalty may say to the contrary; Montague, Marot, and many most facetious authors, often make use of it, nay, it is to be found in the dictionary of the academy. This then is my adventure.

The reverend father Jesuites, or Jesuits, are banished, because their institution is pernicious, inconsistent
with

with all the rights of kings and of human society, &c. &c. Now Ignatius de Loyola having created the institution called Regimen, after having undergone discipline at the college of St. Barbe, Xavier, Francis Borgia and Regis, having lived under this regimen, it is evident that they are all blameable alike, and that I had equal reason to give all these four saints to the devil.

This made me entertain some scruples concerning St. Thomas and St. Raymond of Pennafort. I read their works, and I was amazed when I saw almost the same words in St. Thomas and in Raymond as in Busembaum. I immediately forsook these two patrons, and burnt their books.

In this manner I saw myself reduced to the name of Jerome only; but this Jerome, the only patron that I had left, did me no more service than the rest: is it possible that Jerome can have no credit in Paradise! Hereupon I consulted a person of profound learning, and he told me, that Jerome was the most passionate of mankind, that he had grossly abused the holy bishop of Jerusalem, John, and the holy priest Rufinus, that he had even called this last a hydra and a scorpion, and that he insulted him after his death: he shewed me the passages. Thus I at last find myself under a necessity of renouncing Jerome, and calling myself plain Carré, which is no small mortification.

Thus did Carré deposit his grief in the bosom of brother Giroflée, who answered him thus: You will never want for saints, my dear child, take St. Francis D'Assize. No, returned Carré, his wife of snow would tempt me to laugh, and this is a very serious affair. Well then, take St. Dominic. No,—he is the founder of the inquisition.—Do you then chuse St. Bernard? He too severely persecuted the poor Abelard, that had more understanding than himself, and he meddled in too great a variety of affairs; give me a patron of such perfect humility, that no body has ever heard him spoken of; that's the saint for me.

Brother Giroflée remonstrated to him the impossibility of being canonized and unheard of; he gave him a

list of many more patrons whom our friend did not know, which was just the same thing; but upon proposing every saint, he asked something for his convent; for he knew that Carré had money. Jerome Carré then told him the following story, which to me appeared curious:

There was formerly a king of Spain, who had promised a large distribution of alms to all the inhabitants of the neighbourhood of Burgos, that had been ruined by the war. They came to the gates of the palace, but the porters would not suffer them to enter, except upon condition that they should share with them. The good man Cardero was the first that presented himself before the monarch; he threw himself at his feet, and said, Great king, I intreat you to order an hundred lashes to be given to each of us. A comical request this, said the king; why do you ask such a thing of me? It is, replied Cardero, because your domestics insist upon going shares with us in whatever we are to receive from you. The king laughed heartily, and made Cardero a considerable present. From thence came the proverb, "It is better to be concerned with God than his saints."

With such sentiments as these, my dear Jerome Carré, whose works I here join to those of William, departed this life; and I flatter myself that the gentlemen of Paris, for whom Vadé and Carré laboured all their lives, will excuse this preface.

CATHARINE VADÉ.



THE
T A L E S
O F
W I L L I A M V A D É..

What pleases the LADIES..

NOW that the brilliant god of day
Burns Africk up with scorching ray,
Now that the tropic in a sphere
Oblique contracts his bright career;
Whilst slowly lags each winter's night,
My friends, this story may delight;
'Tis of a knight, as poor as bold,
Th' adventure's worthy to be told.
'Tis Sir John Robert that I sing,
He lived when Dagobert was king:
A trip to holy Rome he made,
Less splendid when the Cæsars sway'd;
From that fam'd capital he brought,
Not laurels pluck'd in fields well fought,
Of dispensations, pardons, store,
Indulgences he plenty bore;

B. 5,



Of

Of money little had he ; then
 Knights errant were poor gentlemen ;
 Then, to the church's sons alone
 Were affluence and riches known.
 A suit of armour, which, with rust,
 Revolving years must needs incrust,
 An ambling steed, a dog was all,
 Robert his property cou'd call ;
 But what's more precious he possess'd,
 With youth's bright gifts our knight was bless'd ;
 Alcides' strength, Adonis' grace,
 Gifts priz'd in ev'ry age and place.
 Robert, near Paris, chanc'd to ride
 By a wood, on Charenton's side ;
 Marton he saw, the blith and fair,
 A ribbon ty'd her flaxen hair :
 Her shape was easy, dress so light,
 Her leg it hid not from the sight.
 Soon Robert's eyes such charms explor'd
 As even saints might have ador'd ;
 The lily, with the blushing rose,
 Combine a nosegay to compose,
 Whose varigated hues are seen
 Two panting globes of snow between,
 Which never fail love's flame to raise
 In all who on their beauties gaze ;
 Whilst her complexion's charms divine
 The lustre of the flow'rs outshine.
 To tell what was not told before,
 A basket this fair creature bore,
 And with attractions various grac'd
 Made to the neighb'ring market haste
 Of eggs and butter to dispose,
 Which all her little stock compose.
 Robert, who felt the am'rous flame,
 Leap'd forward and embrac'd the dame ;
 I've twenty crowns, my dear, he cry'd,
 Take them, and take my heart beside,
 Take all I have, and take the donor.
 Said Marton, Sir, 'tis too much honour.

But

But Robert still so briskly ply'd her,
 That down she fell, he fell beside her,
 And, oh disaster dire to tell !
 He broke her eggs as down he fell.
 His courser started at the sight,
 To the next thicket took his flight.
 An honest monk, as people say,
 Happen'd, just then, to pass that way,
 The steed his monkship quickly strides,
 And, post-haste, to his convent rides ;
 Her cap, which was become a fright,
 Marton's first care was to set right.
 To Robert turning, then she said,
 My twenty crowns, where are they fled ?
 The knight, in hesitating strain,
 Seeking his purse and steed in vain,
 Excuses offer'd, all were lame,
 For no excuse would serve the dame.
 Being thus injur'd, straight she went
 To tell the king her discontent :
 A knight has robb'd me, Sire, she said,
 And ravish'd too, but never paid.
 Wisely the king reply'd, 'Tis clear
 A rape is what has brought you here :
 Go plead before queen Berthe your cause,
 In these points well she kens the laws ;
 She'll hear attentive what you say,
 And judgment pass without delay,
 Marton, with rev'rence bow'd the head,
 And to the queen away she sped.
 The queen was quite humane and mild,
 Look'd on each subject as a child ;
 But she was still severely bent
 To punish the incontinent :
 Of prudes her council she assembl'd,
 The knight uncap'd before them trembl'd ;
 With downcast eyes ne'er dar'd to stir,
 He then had neither boot nor spur ;
 The court by no chicane delay'd,
 But ample full confession made ;
 That taking by Charonne his way,
 He was by Satan led astray ;

That

That he repented of his crime,
Wou'd ne'er offend a second time :
But that the first might prove the last,
Sentence of death was on him past.
Robert had so much youthful grace,
So fine his person, fair his face,
That Berthe and her assessors all,
Awarding sentence, tears let fall.
Pangs of remorse sad Marton felt,
And ev'ry heart began to melt:
Berthe to the court then made it plain,
That the knight pardon might obtain,
And that, if ready witted, he
Might from all punishment be free ;
Since, by the laws establish'd there,
Who tells what pleases all the fair,
Has to his pardon a just claim,
Acquitted by each virtuous dame :
But then he must the thing explain
Completely, or his hopes are vain.
What thus had been in council started,
Quickly to Robert was imparted.
The good queen Berthe being bent to save him,
Eight days to think upon it gave him ;
He swore in eight days he'd appear,
And strive to make the matter clear ;
Then for this favour unexpected,
Thank'd Berthe, and went out much dejected.
Then thus the matter he debated,
Thus he his difficulty stated ;
How can I in plain terms declare
What 'tis that pleases all the fair,
And not her majesty offend ?
She mars what she propos'd to mend
Since to be hang'd must be my lot,
Wou'd I'd been hang'd upon the spot.
Robert, whene'er, in road or street,
He chanc'd a wife or maid to meet,
Her he in urgent manner press'd
To say what 'twas she lov'd the best.

All gave evasive answers, none
The real truth would fairly own.
Robert, despairing e'er to hit,
Wish'd him in hell's profoundest pit.
Sev'n times the star that rules the year
Had glided o'er the hemisphere,
When under a refreshing shade,
Which trees with winding boughs had made,
He saw a score of beauties bright,
Who danc'd in circling mazes light:
Of their rich robes the wavy pride
Their secret beauties scarce cou'd hide.
Soft Zephyr sporting near the fair,
Play'd in the ringlets of their hair;
On the green turf they lightly danc'd,
Their feet scarce on its surface glanc'd.
Robert draws nigh, in hopes to find
Ease from perplexity of mind.
Just then all vanish'd from his sight,
Scarcely had day giv'n place to night;
A toothless hag then met his eyes,
Sooty in hue and short of size,
Bent double, and with age oppress'd,
She lean'd upon a stick for rest.
Her nose prodigious long and thin,
Extended till it met her chin;
Her eyes with rheum were gall'd and red,
A few white hairs her pate o'erspread;
A scrap of tapestry was her gown,
It o'er her wrinkl'd thigh hung down.
At such an odd and uncouth sight,
A sort of terror seiz'd our knight.
The beldame, with familiar tone,
Accosts him thus: I see, my son,
By your dejected thoughtful air
Your heart feels some corroding care;
Relate to me your secret grief:
(To talk of woes gives some relief).
Altho' your case be e'er so bad,
Some consolation may be had:

I've

I've long beheld this earthly stage,
And wisdom must increase with age.
The most unhappy oft have sped
To bliss by my directions led.
Alas ! replied the knight, in vain
I've sought instruction to obtain :
The fatal hour is drawing nigh,
I must upon a gibbet die !
Unless I can the queen tell right
What 'tis gives women most delight,
Courage, my son, the dame reply'd,
'Tis God has to me been your guide,
'Tis for your good ; then straight to court
Boldly proceed, and make report.
Let's go together, I'll unfold
The secret which must there be told ;
But swear that for the life you owe,
Becoming gratitude you'll shew ;
That from you I shall have with ease
What never fails our sex to please.
An oath then from you I require
That you'll do all that I desire.
Robert, who scrupl'd not to swear,
From laughter could not well forbear.
Be serious, cry'd the antient dame,
To laugh shews want of grace and shame ;
Then moving onward, hand in hand,
Before queen Berthe they quickly stand.
The council met without delay,
Robert ask'd what he had to say,
Cry'd, ladies, now your secret's out,
What you love most admits no doubt :
What at all seasons, can content ye,
Is not of lovers to have plenty ;
But woman, of whate'er degree,
Whate'er her qualities may be,
Desires to bear both night and day
O'er all about her sov'reign sway :
Woman wou'd always fain command,
If I lie, hang me out of hand.

Whilst

Whilst thus harangu'd our doughty spark,
All present said he hit the mark.
Robert kiss'd Berthe's fair hand, when clear'd ;
Then straight a haggard form appear'd,
The hag of whom we spoke before,
With rags and dirt all cover'd o'er,
Crying out, justice, forward press'd,
And in these terms queen Berthe address'd :
Oh lovely queen, thy sex's pride,
Who always justly dost decide,
To whom fair equity is known,
Whilst mercy dwells beside thy throne ;
By me this knight your secret knew,
The life I sav'd to me is due :
He swore, nor should the oath prove vain,
That I should what I wish'd obtain ;
Upon your justice I rely,
And hope you won't my right deny.
Says Robert, I deny it not,
I never a good turn forgot ;
But, bate my armour, all I had
Was baggage, twenty crowns, and pad.
A monk, when Marton I carest,
With pure religious zeal possess'd,
As lawful prize seiz'd on the whole,
For 'twere a sin to say he stole.
Tho' honest, since I'm broke outright,
I can't this friendly turn requite.
The queen reply'd, What you have lost
Shall be repay'd to fryar's cost ;
All parties shall be satisfy'd ;
In three your fortune we'll divide ;
For her lost eggs and chastity,
The twenty crowns shall Marton's be ;
The steed I to this dame consign,
The armour, Robert, shall be thine.
Most generously you have decreed,
Said madam, but I want no steed ;
'Tis Robert's person I desire,
His grace and valour I admire :

I o'er

I o'er his am'rous heart would reign,
That's all the prize I wish to gain ;
Robert with me must pass his life,
This day must take me for a wife.
Her purpose being thus declar'd,
Robert stood motionless, and star'd :
Then o'er her rags and figure strange,
His rolling eyes began to range ;
With horror struck, he back retreated,
Crossing himself, these words repeated.
Why should this ridicule and shame
With foul dishonour blast my name ?
With the de'il's dam I'd rather wed
Than to that beldame go to bed ;
The hag must doubtless be run mad,
Or else she doats, and that's as bad.
The hag then tenderly reply'd,
My person, queen, he can't abide ;
He's like the whole ungrateful crew
Of males, but soon I'll bring him to ;
I feel love's flame so brightly burn,
He needs must love me in his turn.
The heart does all, I can't but say,
My charms begin to fade away ;
But I'll more tender prove and kind ;
'Tis best to cultivate the mind :
We find e'en Solomon declare,
The wise by far exceed the fair.
I'm poor, is that so hard a case ?
Sure poverty is no disgrace.
Can't one enjoy content of mind,
Except on iv'ry bed reclin'd ?
Madam, in all this regal pride,
When you lie by your monarch's side,
Do you enjoy more kindly rest ?
Does love sincerer warm your breast ?
You've read of old Philemon's flame
For Baucis, tho' an antient dame.
Those jealousies by old age bred,
Dwell not beneath the rustic shed ;

Vice.

Vice flies where luxury is unknown,
We equal kings, serve God alone ;
Your country's glory we support,
We furnish soldiers for the court :
In rend'ring populous the state,
The poor by much outdo the great.
If heav'n should to my chaste desire
Refuse the offspring I require,
Love's flowers without its fruits can please,
Upon love's tree those flowers I'll seize.
While thus the antient dame discanted,
All the court ladies were enchanted.
Robert was to her arms consign'd,
Disgust was vain, for oaths must bind ;
The dame insisted on her right
Of riding with her much lov'd knight
To her thatch'd hut, where wedlock's bands
Were to unite their hearts and hands.
Robert his courser 'gins to stride,
With sorrow takes his future bride ;
With horror seiz'd, and red with shame,
He often strove to throw the dame,
Or drown her, but was by the law
Of chivalry still kept in awe.
The lady with her knight delighted
To him her race's deeds recited,
How the great Clovis' royal sword
The bosoms of three monarchs gor'd,
Who were his friends, yet could obtain
Pardon and heaven's high favour gain.
From heav'n she saw the fam'd dove bring
To Remi, that illustrious king,
The flask and oil so highly priz'd,
Which he was smear'd with when baptiz'd.
With all her narratives she blended
Thoughts and reflections well intended,
Sallies of wit, remarks refin'd,
Which, without calling off the mind,
Attention in who heard excited,
And both instructed and delighted.

Still

Still does our knight with eager ears
Devour the stories that he hears ;
Charm'd when he heard his wife, but when
He saw th' unhappiest of men.
At length the ill-match'd couple came
To the thatch'd cabin of the dame ;
Preparing things with eager haste,
The table for her spouse she plac'd ;
Such fare might suit with Saturn's age,
'Tis now but talk'd of by the sage.
Three sticks support two rotten boards,
Such table that poor hut affords ;
At this our couple sat at meat,
Each oddly plac'd on narrow seat ;
The husband sadly hung his head,
The bride a thousand gay things said ;
Wit she combin'd with graceful ease,
Utter'd bon mots which pique and please,
So nat'ral that to those who hear,
Said by themselves they must appear.
So pleas'd was Robert, that a smile
Escap'd him, and he thought a while
His wife less ugly than before,
But she would fain, the supper o'er,
Have her spouse go with her to bed ;
He raves, he wishes to be dead :
He yields, tho' not with a good grace,
Since without remedy his case.
Foul clothes our knight but little matters,
Quite gnaw'd by rats and torn to tatters,
On pieces of old wood extended,
And frequently with packthread mended ;
All this the knight could have digested,
But Hymen's rites he quite detested.
Of these indeed he much complain'd ;
Good heav'n, cry'd he, is't so ordain'd !
At Rome, 'tis said, grace from on high
Can both the pow'r and will supply ;
But grace does for the present fail,
And I for my part am but frail ;

My wife can by her wit impart
Delight, she has a feeling heart;
But when with sense there's conflict dire,
Can heart or head true joy inspire?
Our knight benumb'd like ice, this said,
Threw himself flat upon his bed;
And, to conceal his anguish, tries
To feign a sleep, sleep from him flies.
The beldame, pinching Robert, cry'd,
Do you then slumber by your bride?
Dear but ungrateful spouse, you see
I am subdu'd; now yield to me;
The timid voice of struggling shame
Is stifled by my am'rous flame;
Reign o'er my sense without controul,
Since you reign pow'rful o'er my soul;
I die! just heaven, say to what end
With virtue must our love contend?
I'm quite dissolv'd in love's bright flame,
Pleasure thrills thro' my vital frame;
Must I, alas! without thee die?
'Tis to thy conscience I apply.
Our knight was complaisant and kind,
Religion, candour, grac'd his mind;
He took compassion on the dame;
Madam, said he, I wish my flame,
Like yours, might strong and brightly shine,
The power t'effect it is not mine.
You can effect it, said his wife,
A great heart, at your stage of life,
By fortitude, by art, and care,
Performs with ease atchievements rare:
Think how the ladies will approve
At court this miracle of love.
Perhaps I your disgust excite,
Wrinkles are shocking to your sight;
Heroes magnanimous despise
Such trifles, only shut your eyes.
Our knight, of glory fond, would fain
This conquest of himself obtain;

Obedience

Obedience then became his choice,
 List'ning alone to honour's voice,
 Finding in vig'rous youth alone
 What cou'd for beauty's want atone,
 And love's supply, he shuts his eyes,
 And, to perform his duty, tries.
 Enough, enough, then said the bride,
 I ask no more ; I'm satisfy'd ;
 My influence o'er your heart I know,
 That influence to me you owe ;
 Acknowledge then, as matters stand,
 The wife will still at home command.
 Robert, all that I ask of thee
 Is to be always rul'd by me ;
 My love enjoins an easy task,
 Now view me well, 'tis all I ask.
 Then Robert looks, and sees, in clusters
 A hundred flambeaux plac'd on lustres,
 In a proud palace, which he saw
 Before a cabin thatch'd with straw.
 There underneath rich curtains grac'd
 With fringe of pearls in highest taste.
 A beauty bright appear'd to view,
 Such as Apelles never drew ;
 E'en Vanlo's colours would prove faint,
 That heaven of charms divine to paint ;
 No Phidias nor no Pigal e'er
 Could carve a busto of the fair.
 Her form like lovely Venus shew'd,
 Whose golden tresses graceful flow'd,
 Whose melting eyes appear'd to languish,
 Whilst soothing Mars's am'rous anguish.
 Myself, she said, this palace, all
 This wealth, your own, dear Robert, call :
 You did not ugliness despise,
 You therefore merit beauty's prize.
 But now, methinks, my readers claim
 To know what was this fair one's name,
 Whose heart our knight had won ; why then
 'Twas fair Urgelle, gentlemen,

Who,

Who warriors, in her time, caress'd,
And knights assisted when distress'd.
Happy the age ! thrice bless'd mankind,
When tales like these belief could find,
Of spirits hov'ring in the air,
Of demons who make men their care !
In castle close by roasting fire,
The daughter, mother, husband, fire,
The neighbourhood and all the race,
Attended with a wond'ring face,
Whilst, by the almoner, were told
Deeds done by sorcerers of old.
We of the marvellous are riss'd,
By reason's weight the graces stiff'd,
Have to th' insipid men consign'd
The soul by reas'ning is confin'd ;
Still hunting after truth we go ;
From error too some good may flow.





T H E
E D U C A T I O N
O F A
P R I N C E.

SINCE the bright god of day, in the course of his
 race,
 In Aquarius resides with a sorrowful face,
 Since tempests so loudly on our high mountains blow,
 And our meadows are all cover'd over with snow,
 By the fire I'll a new story tell in new style,
 Amusements the time that hangs heavy beguile.
 I am old, I must own't, and will therefore descend
 To the pleasures of children, since near my life's end.
 A prince erst reign'd at Beneventum, 'tis said,
 Quite mad with his pow'r, and in luxury bred,
 To knowledge a stranger, and not ill educated,
 By his neighbours despised, by his own subjects hated.
 This small state to govern two arch-knaves combin'd,
 They exerted themselves their young master to blind,
 In this project they were by his confessor aided,
 They by turns succeeded, he by all was persuaded,
 That his talents, his virtues, and his great reputation,
 Cou'd insure perfect bliss to the mightiest nation;
 That when once their duke had to manhood attain'd,
 He was dreaded and lov'd, and in all men's hearts
 reign'd:

That

That his arms cou'd both France and Italy confound;
 That with wealth his exchequer wou'd ever abound;
 That Solomon ne'er had so much wealth of old,
 Tho' the torrent of Cedron o'er golden sands roll'd.
 Alamon (for by that name this prince we must call)
 Still was dupe to gross flatt'ries, for he swallow'd 'em
 all,

With pastimes delighted, court buffoons he carest'd
 And when he had din'd thought his people were bless'd.
 One valiant old gen'ral at court still remain'd,
 Ernon, greatly esteem'd when the duke's father reign'd,
 Who not being brib'd spoke his mind uncontrol'd,
 And undaunted, the government's ruin foretold.
 To jealousy rous'd, those who bore supreme sway
 Soon found means to remove Ernon out of the way;
 Unknown to the prince he to exile was sent,
 But there at a farm the old man liv'd content;
 There with friends he liv'd happy, resign'd to his fate,
 And he wept for his master as well as the state;
 Whilst with sloth and with pleasure the young duke
 content,

On the down of soft ease both his days and nights spent.
 The murmurs, by which oft his subjects exprest
 Discontent, wou'd however sometimes break his rest,
 But that distant din, which he hardly cou'd hear,
 Grows weak in its course, and scarce beats on his ear;
 Whilst with woe overloaded men groan'd thro' the
 realm,

Alamon led a languishing life at the helm.

Then was tyranny's triumph, but the heav'ns took his
 part,

And to work reformation with love touch'd his heart.
 Young Amida he saw, he both saw her and heard,
 His heart felt emotion, and to live he appear'd;
 He was handsome, and might with assurance address
 her,

But the mystery soon was smok'd by his confessor;
 In his penitent's breast straight he scruples excited,
 Superstition and ign'rance are easily frightened:
 And the two wicked rulers who fear'd lest the lover
 Might one day their sinister proceedings discover,

Were

Were for making Amida like Ernon depart :
 Her all to pack up she prepar'd with sad heart.
 The weak Alamon all this insolence bore,
 His reluctance was vain, from his charmer he tore.
 He doubted and waver'd, for just in that season
 His soul was but faintly illumin'd by reason.
 When Amida was going there were heard aloud alarms,
 The cry was, All's lost, let us die and to arms,
 On Allah, St. Germain, Christ, and Mahomet loud,
 They call'd, and on every side fled a crowd :
 A warrior turban'd who led on a band
 Of mussulmans holding a faulchion in hand,
 Over heaps of the dead, or expiring, who lay
 All reeking in gore, with his sword cut away,
 With sword and with fire to the palace he flew,
 The women he seiz'd on, their husbands he slew.
 From Cuma this gen'ral march'd to Beneventum,
 But the rulers ne'er dream'd he wou'd thus circumvent
 'em ;

Desolation and ruin up to Rome's walls he spread,
 And St. Paul and St. Peter were both seiz'd with dread.
 My dear readers, this chief was Abdallah the Proud,
 Who, by God, to chastise his own church was allow'd.
 When the palace he enter'd, in chains all were cast,
 Prince, monks, lacquies, ministers, and chiefs, were
 made fast,

As calves ty'd in couples upon sledges are laid,
 And to the next market sad victims convey'd.
 Thus appear'd the young duke and each worthy assessor,
 All laid by the heels with the father confessor,
 Who cross'd himself often, and with fervency pray'd,
 And preach'd resolution, tho' sorely dismay'd.
 The victors then shar'd when the vanquish'd were ty'd,
 The booty the emirs in three parts divide ;
 Of men, and of horses, and fairs they dispose,
 And first from their captives they strip off their clothes.
 In all ages have taylors disguis'd human nature,
 So that man to man always was a most unknown crea-
 ture.

Dress changes men's figures and their characters too ;
 To judge of man rightly, we shou'd naked him view.

The

The mussulman chief had the duke, at that time,
 As already was said, he was in his youth's prime;
 Since he seem'd to be strong, muleteer he was made,
 And soon he was highly improv'd by that trade,
 His nerves, which by sloth and by ease weak were
 grown,

Inur'd to hard labour, acquir'd a new tone;
 His sloth, by adversity taught, he subdu'd,
 And valour in him sprung from mean servitude.
 Valour, when without pow'r, makes the state of man
 worse,

His impotence then is the heavier curse.
 Abdallah to pleasure began to resign
 His soul, and in spite of his prophet drank wine,
 The court and town ladies, all prone to adore him,
 Were by the black eunuch each night brought before
 him;

By beauties attended he prepares for repose,
 And she's happy to whom he the handkerchief throws.
 Whilst the chief led a life of unceasing delight,
 Whilst joy wing'd each hour, and love triumph'd at
 night,

In the stable much hardship and woe the prince bore,
 Those his comrades were now, who were subjects before.
 His mules all his care and attention requir'd,
 He comb'd 'em each day till his hands were quite tir'd.
 His woe to complete, and to make him quite rave,
 He beheld fair Amida led by the black slave
 To share, in her turn, the fell conqueror's bed:
 Fir'd with rage at the sight, to the eunuch he said,
 To make me quite wretch'd, there but wanted this
 stroke.

Wonder seiz'd on the slave at the words which he spoke;
 In a language quite diff'rent, fair Amida reply'd,
 With affection and sorrow her young lover she ey'd;
 Her eloquent looks her full meaning express,
 They meant, Bear your woes, live my wrongs to re-
 dress:

Your present mean station I do not despise,
 Your sufferings give you new worth in my eyes.

Alamon took the meaning which her looks thus ex-
 press'd,
 And heart-cheering hope was reviv'd in his breast.
 Amida with beauty transcendently bright,
 So dazzl'd the chief of the muffledmans' fight,
 That, transported with passion, by Allah he swore,
 He enjoyment had known, but ne'er knew love before.
 The fair one resisted to increase his desires,
 Resistance serv'd only to fan the chief's fires.
 A woman's head still with invention is fraught,
 Said she, Sir, your conquest I well may be thought;
 You're unconquer'd in love as in warlike alarms,
 All fall at your feet, or rush into your arms;
 But the honour you mean me defer for three days,
 And grant, to console me for such sad delays,
 Two things, which, as proofs of your love, I require;
 I'll grant, said the pirate, whate'er you desire.
 Then make three Beneventers, said she, undergo
 A couple of hundred sound lashes, or so;
 This discipline for their transgressions is due;
 This, Sir's, the first favour I hope for from you.
 The second, Sir, is, that you two mules wou'd spare
 me,
 Which may on a litter from time to time bear me;
 And to drive 'em a muleteer of my own chusing:
 Your requests, said Abdallah, there is no refusing.
 'Twas done soon as said, and the hypocrite vile
 With both courtiers who join'd their lord's youth to
 beguile,
 Receiv'd each their full quota, which pleas'd all the
 nation,
 Who had often complain'd of mal-administration,
 And the duke was the happiest mortal alive,
 Since permitted his mistress in a litter to drive.
 All's not o'er, said Amida, you must conquer and reign,
 Now's the time, or to die, or your crown to regain;
 You're not wanting in courage, Ernon's faithful, and I
 Am resolv'd to serve you and my country, or die.
 Then make no delay but to Ernon repair,
 To ask pardon for all he has suffer'd take care;

To serve you what remains of his life he'll expose,
 Return in three days, and then fall on your foes;
 There's no time to be lost, for Abdallah is bent
 To accomplish in three days his lustful intent.
 In love and in war time is precious you know;
 Alamon with alacrity answer'd, I go.
 Ernon, whom Amida had inform'd of all,
 Lov'd his prince, tho' ungrateful, and lamented his fall;
 His gen'rous brave friends all stood ready at hand,
 And of soldiers he headed a most resolute band.
 Ernon tenderly wept when his prince he had found,
 They arm'd in secret, march'd in silence profound.
 Amida address'd 'em, and her words cou'd impart
 The love of true glory to each abject slave's heart,
 Alamon cou'd both conduct and courage unite,
 And a hero became when he first went to fight.
 The Turk plung'd in luxury, who nothing mistrusted,
 Surpriz'd by the vanquish'd, in his turn was worsted.
 Alamon to the place had in triumph advanc'd,
 At the time when the Turk by soft pleasure intranc'd,
 Not having yet heard the dire turn of his fate,
 Was with hopes of enjoying fair Amida elate.
 His right he asserted, and took the Turk's place;
 Then straight there appear'd, with a confident face,
 The priest, in whose air there appear'd much resign-
 ment,
 And the two knavish courtiers just broke from confine-
 ment;
 Boasting that they did all, tho' their boasts were quite
 vain,
 The influence they once had they hop'd to maintain.
 To prove cruel and spiteful cowards but seldom have
 fail'd,
 The monk was for having Abdallah impal'd.
 The prince then reply'd with a resolute tone,
 Vile wretch, such a punishment shou'd be your own,
 By a shameful repose you to ruin had brought me,
 This Turk and my mistress true courage have taught
 me;
 By your precepts misguided, false zeal I ador'd,
 But misfortunes and love have my virtues restor'd.

At peace, brave Abdallah, and in freedom depart,
 'Tis you have reform'd both my mind and my
 heart:

Then in freedom depart, no more trouble this state,
 And if ever it shou'd be so order'd by fate,
 That o'er your dominions three knaves shou'd bear
 sway,
 Send directly for me, I'll your favour repay.



T H E
 E D U C A T I O N

O F A

D A U G H T E R.

WINTER still lasts, my friends, and my greatest
 delight

Is by telling long stories t' amuse you at night.
 Let us talk of dame Gertrude, I ne'er yet knew a prude
 With charms more attractive or more various endu'd :
 Tho' thirty-six years had pass'd over her head,
 The graces and loves were not yet from her fled.
 Tho' grave in behaviour, she was ne'er seen to frown,
 Her eyes had much lustre, yet she ever look'd down ;
 Her breast white as snow was with gauze cover'd o'er,
 Thro' which curious eyes cou'd its beauties explore.
 A few touches of art, and a little red lead,
 Gave a delicate glow to her natural red :
 Her person neglecting more brightly she shone,
 Her dress struck the eye by its neatness alone.
 On her toilet a Bible was always display'd,
 And near Massillon was a pot of paint laid ;

The

The devotions for Lent she still read o'er and o'er,
 But what made zeal in her respected the more,
 Was that she in woman excus'd each rash action,
 For Gertrude the devout was no friend to detraction.
 This dame had one daughter alone, seventeen
 Was her age; a more bright beauty never was seen;
 Of this lovely creature Isabel was the name,
 More fair than her mother, but her beauty the same.
 They appear'd like Minerva and like Venus the fair,
 To breed up her daughter was Gertrude's chief care.
 Like a flow'r newly blown she her child kept a stranger
 To this wicked world's contagion and danger.
 Cards, public diversions, and gay conversation,
 To each innocent soul direful baits of temptation,
 The true snares of Satan which the saints ever fly,
 Were pleasures which Gertrude's house ne'er durst come
 nigh.

Gertrude had a chapel whereto to repair,
 When minded to heaven to put up a pray'r;
 There her leisure she oft' past in good meditations,
 And her soul breath'd to heaven in ejaculations.
 Resplendent with richest of furniture shone
 This retreat, to the eye of the public unknown:
 A pair of stairs where the prophane ne'er durst tread,
 To the garden and from it into the street led.
 You all know, that in summer the sun's scorching ray
 Makes night oft more agreeable far than the day;
 By the moon's silver light then the heavens are o'er-
 spread,

And girls take no pleasure to slumber in bed.
 Isabel, whilst with pleasing pain throbb'd her soft
 breast,

(As girls at seventeen can't be always at rest)
 Pass'd the night under shelter of some cooling shade,
 Yet scarce ever thought for what use it was made.
 Unmov'd she saw nature, and never admir'd,
 But rose, went and came, just as caprice inspir'd;
 No object impression could make on her mind,
 She knew not how to think, yet to think was inclin'd.
 At the chapel she chanc'd to hear one day some stir,
 That moment she felt curiosity's spur;

No suspicion she had which could justly raise fear,
 Yet trembling and with hesitation drew near ;
 One foot putting forward, on the stairs she ascended,
 One hand she held back, and the other extended ;
 With eye fix'd, out stretch'd neck, and heart throbbing
 fast,

Herself she exerted to hear all that past.
 The first thing she hears is the voice of soft anguish,
 Words half interrupted, sighs of lovers that languish.
 My mother's oppress'd by some pain or some care,
 Cry'd she, in her troubles I shou'd have my share.
 Approaching she heard these soft words, Dear Andrew,
 For the bliss of my life I'm indebted to you.
 Isabella this hearing took heart, and she cry'd,
 My mother is well, I shou'd be satisfy'd.
 At length Isabella retires to her bed,
 But for sighing can't sleep, strange things run in her
 head :

Bliss Andrew bestows, but how, by what art ?
 'Tis sure a rare talent happiness to impart.
 Thus she argu'd the case by herself all the night,
 And impatiently wish'd the return of the light.
 Isabel the next morning shew'd some inquietude,
 Her concern was quickly perceiv'd by Gertrude.
 To Isabel silence prov'd a task too severe,
 To ask prying questions she cou'd not forbear.
 Who's this Andrew, said she, madam, who's said to
 know

The way upon woman true bliss to bestow ?
 Gertrude started, as justly it might be suppos'd
 That all was discover'd, yet herself she compos'd :
 Then with perfect assurance to her daughter reply'd,
 O'er every family a saint shou'd preside ;
 I've made choice of St. Andrew, to him I'm devoted,
 By him is my temporal welfare promoted :
 I invoke him in secret, his assistance implore,
 He often appears to me whilst I adore ;
 There does not one saint in all Paradise dwell,
 Who in holiness can my St. Andrew excel.
 A well-shap'd young man whom we Denis shall name,
 Soon of fair Isabella enamour'd became.

From

From Isabel Denis most kind treatment found,
 And their loves with enjoyment were frequently crown'd.
 Gertrude, to ev'ry stir in her turn giving ear,
 Chanc'd the anthems sung by Isabella to hear,
 And the pray'rs which she made whilst she Denis
 cares'd,

In ecstacy straining him to her soft breast.
 Surprising our lovers, Gertrude was enrag'd:
 Her passion the daughter by this answer asswag'd:
 Dear mother, excuse me, for patron I claim
 St. Denis, as your saint St. Andrew you name.
 Gertrude then grown wiser greater happiness knew,
 Retaining her lover, she to saints bid adieu,
 She dropt the vain project of deceiving mankind:
 They're not to be cheated, for Envy's not blind;
 With piercing eye Envy will see thro' your mask;
 To conjecture is easy, to feign a hard task;
 To live free is a blessing, but all pleasures are faint
 To the wretch, who lives under perpetual constraint.
 The fair Isabel liv'd no longer retir'd,
 In charms she increas'd, by the town was admir'd.
 Those pleasures which Gertrude had excluded before,
 She agreed as companions of love to restore:
 There the most polite people in joy pass their days.
 Nought is found in good company undeserving of praise.



T H E

T H R E E M A N N E R S.

HOW form'd were th' Athenians true joy to impart!

How their genius delights and enlivens my heart!

How under their fictions ingenious I trace

Truth's likeness, and soon grow in love with her face!

But of all their inventions that which strikes me the most
 Is the stage, of Athenians the pride and the boast;

Whereon heroes renown'd, and the chiefs of old times,
Cou'd act over again both their good deeds and crimes.
You see how all nations in this present age
Adopt their example, and wou'd rival their stage.
No folio instruction like the drama conveys;
Perish, perish the wretches who wou'd censure all
plays;

When that vile, abject race first existed below,
A heart Nature on them forgot to bestow.
At the Greeks solemn games, 'twas the custom to crown,
Men of eminent virtue and chiefs of renown;
Before the people justice was done to their merit.
Thus oft' I've seen Villars and Maurice, whose spirit
And conduct from courtiers met with censure severe,
When they went to the opera receive laurels there.
Thus when Richelieu victorious return'd from Mahon,
Which he bravely had taken as curs'd envy must own,
Wherever he pass'd he receiv'd loud applause;
Not greater Clairon from the crowded pit draws.
Before buskins were known in old Æschylus' time,
Ere Melpomene trod the stage with steps sublime,
To young lovers was granted a much envy'd prize,
Whoever, inspir'd by his mistress' bright eyes,
In the year had done most, and most tenderness shewn,
That man was before all the Greeks crown'd alone.
The cause of her passion was by each fair one pleaded,
Her lover's claim she by her eloquence aided,
Having first made an oath to abstain from all art,
Nor like orators aim at misleading the heart,
Without exaggeration their cause to support;
A hard task to women as to lawyers at court.
Still extant remains one of these fine debates,
Which took rise from the leisure of Greece's free states.
Eudames being archon, if my mem'ry's right,
Three beauties appearing fill'd all Greece with delight;
Ægle, Apamis, and Teone were their names;
The wits of all Greece ran in crowds to the games:
Tho' great talkers, they then kept a silence profound,
Attentively list'ning as the stage they went round.
In a golden cloud Venus with young Cupid descended,
To all that the disputants utter'd attended,

First

First began youthful *Ægle*, who had graces and art,
 Which charming eye and ear found a way to the heart.
 Her motimes my much lov'd, my much honour'd fire,
 Throughout his whole life felt true genius's fire,
 He attach'd himself always to those gifts of the mind,
 Those elegant arts which have polish'd mankind;
 To science devoted, from all honours he fled,
 And life unambitious with his family led;
 His daughter he would to no husband consign,
 But to one who like him felt the influ'nce divine,
 Who best knew to sing to the lyre, and to paint
 The few charms nature gave me, which indeed are but
 faint.

Young *Lygdamon* lov'd me; nat'ral genius alone,
 By art unassist'd, in him brightly shone.
 Discreet and ingenious, both refin'd and polite,
 He ne'er spoke as a scholar, but always spoke right;
 He no talents possess'd, yet could judge of each art,
 Ev'ry grace his mind form'd, and soft love fill'd his
 heart;

He knew to love only, in that art he excell'd;
 My heart soon to learn it from him was compell'd.
 When my fire would have acted a tyrannical part,
 And have torn from me him who possess'd my sad heart;
 And would with some painter have caus'd me to wed,
 Some genius to music and poetry bred,
 How incessant the tears trickl'd from my sad eyes,
 Despotie pow'r o'er us parents wou'd exercise!
 Since we owe life to them, o'er our lives they have
 pow'r

Like gods, so for death I prepar'd in sad hour;
 Confus'd and despairing wretched *Lygdamon* fled,
 And sought some asylum where to shelter his head.
 My fire meant in six months to dispose of my hand,
 That delay was expected by the whole am'rous band.
 No room had they then their sad talents to shew,
 I was grown a mere picture of sorrow and woe.
 The moments swift flying increas'd my alarms,
 My lov'd *Lygdamon* had retir'd from my arms;
 When my lovers shou'd meet I expected my doom,
 To escape 'em, I wish'd to sink into my tomb.

Twenty rivals productions were expos'd to my eyes ;
 To a thousand debates their productions give rise :
 I, who had not seen any, for none cou'd decide,
 My father impatient wou'd have made me the bride
 Of the proud Harpagus, whose works greatly were
 priz'd,

To him I was going to be sacrific'd.

A slave then who seem'd to arrive in post-haste
 The work of a stranger full in their view plac'd :
 All present then fix'd on the canvas their eyes,
 'Twas my picture, so like that it caus'd much surprize.
 In the picture I seem'd both to breathe and to speak,
 And sigh as my heart were just going to break :
 In my air, in my eyes, perfect love was express'd,
 Art appear'd not 'twas nature represented at best ;
 On the canvas appear'd by art wond'rous and new,
 The soul and the body at once to the view ;
 There deep shade was united with light's mildest gleams,
 As at morning we see the sun dart his bright beams
 Athwart our vast forests, circl'd round with thick shades,
 And gild fruits and harvests, green meadows and glades.
 To find fault was only Harpagus' desire,
 The rest all stood silent and were forc'd to admire.
 Who's this, cry'd out Harpagus, lost in amaze,
 That painting to such high perfection cou'd raise ?
 To whom at last shall I my daughter consign ?
 Lygdamon then appearing, said, Shall she be mine ?
 'Tis love that's the painter, love alone on my breast
 Has this lively image of my Ægle impress'd.
 'Twas love's pow'r on the canvas directed my hand,
 What art is not subject to that god's high command ?
 'Tis his pow'r alone that can all arts inspire.
 Then to voice soft and tender at tuning his lyre,
 Oft tones and notes various he made music so fine,
 All thought themselves seated at a concert divine ;
 Like Apelles he painted, and like Orpheus he sung,
 With rage and with fury was Harpagus stung ;
 Fire flash'd from his eyes, and his anger suppress'd,
 His visage inflam'd, and boil'd fierce in his breast.
 Then seizing with frenzy a javelin, he flew,
 In Lygdamon's blood his fell hands to imbrue ;

My

My lover to slay the barbarian intended,
 And over two lives dire destruction impended.
 Lygdamon, who perceiv'd him, was no way dismay'd;
 But with the same hand that so skilfully play'd,
 Which the hearts and the minds of his hearers had
 charm'd,
 He rais'd his foe whom he had fought and disarm'd.
 Then sure to love's prize he may justly lay claim,
 Permit me to grant the reward of his flame.
 Thus spoke the fair Ægle. Love applauds her dis-
 course,
 And the theatre rung, the Greeks clapp'd with such
 force.
 To hear this applause drew a blush from the dame,
 And her passion for Lygdamon fiercer became.
 Then rose Teone, nor her speech nor her air
 Were formed by art, or seem'd study'd with care;
 The Greeks when she rose, for a time, seem'd more
 gay,
 Her adventure with smiles she began to display.
 In verse of less length, and a different measure,
 Which runs with great ease, and is heard with much
 pleasure:
 'Twas in such the gay Hamilton still chose to write;
 Such Nature has often been known to indite.

T E O N E.

Young Agaton, you all must know,
 His charms like those of Nereus shew;
 His cheeks glow'd with a lovely red,
 And scarce with down were overspread;
 His eyes like Venus's are sweet,
 His voice like hers with love replete.
 Lilies united with the rose
 The tincture of his hue compose;
 The ringlets of Apollo's hair
 Are not so graceful, long, and fair.
 When of fit age to be a wife,
 I chose him as my own for life,

My

My heart was not his captive made
 By outward charms which quickly fade ;
 Like Paris he can strike the eye,
 In strength with fam'd Achilles vie.
 One evening as I with my aunt
 Took on the Ægean sea a jaunt,
 Near one of those delightful isles,
 On which kind heav'n for ever smiles,
 A Lydian vessel, great of size,
 Seiz'd on our sloop as lawful prize.
 Long had the corsair, then grown grey,
 Cruiz'd near those isles in quest of prey,
 Girls in the bloom of youth he sought,
 These to his governor he brought.
 He wanted one about my age,
 Saw something in me to engage ;
 He let my ancient aunt go free,
 And, as men sparrows catch, seiz'd me ;
 With haste then to his master goes,
 Of his new booty to dispose.
 My good aunt then with clam'rous cries
 And bosom swoln with sorrow flies
 To the Pyreum, there to tell
 Whoe'er she met of what befel ;
 How her Teone was the prey
 Of a corsair that rov'd the sea ;
 Of one who dealt in female ware,
 And meant to sell me at some fair.
 Think you was Agaton content
 With tears what happen'd to lament ?
 On canvas with a brush to trace
 The various features of my face,
 To tune his lyre, his voice to raise,
 To sing my loss and beauties praise ?
 To arms my lover had recourse,
 Resolv'd to get me back by force :
 Not having wherewithal to pay
 Those that engage in every fray,
 He to his youthful figure trusted,
 And like a girl himself adjusted,

With

With petticoat and stays when dress'd,
He hid a poniard in his breast;
Then in a sloop he brav'd the main,
Bent or to die or me regain.
The youth arriv'd soon thus array'd,
To where Mæander winding play'd.
So bright his charms were, he seem'd born
The court of some prince to adorn;
He seem'd a sheep made for the fold
To which I just before was sold.
When he began on shore to tread,
To my seraglio he was led.
No girl before was ever bless'd
With joy like that which fill'd my breast,
When I in my seraglio spy'd
My Grecian lover at my side,
And that within my pow'r it lay
All that his love dar'd to repay;
Him I accepted as my own,
The deities appear'd alone
At nuptials, in such hurry made,
No priest was by in robes array'd;
And those, who to a master bend,
Have seldom servants to attend.
At night the am'rous satrap came
To my bed-side, talk'd of his flame,
His lust to gratify he thought,
But one fine girl was to him brought.
On seeing two, with great surprize,
I can't too many have, he cries,
Your lovely friend I much admire,
Company's all that I desire;
Tho' two, I'll find means to content you,
Let no curs'd jealousy torment you.
When thus he had his mind express'd,
He both his mistresses caress'd,
His word preparing to make good,
To do as he had said he would;
For Agaton I was afraid,
But my brave Greek quite undismay'd
Upon the lustful satrap flew,

Seiz'd

Seiz'd on his hair, his poniard drew,
 Discover'd that he was a man,
 And boldly thus to speak began :
 Your doors this instant open throw,
 Out of this house let us three go ;
 By signs your whole attendant band
 Not to follow after us command ;
 To the shore let us take our way,
 And there embark without delay.
 I'll watch you with attentive eyes,
 If word or gesture I surprize,
 If the least doubtful sign I spy,
 That very instant you shall die ;
 Your corpse into the river thrown
 Shall to the bottom quick go down.
 The satrap, tho' a noble peer,
 Was very liable to fear ;
 He with great readiness obey'd ;
 The man is gentle that's afraid.
 Then in the little bark with haste
 With us the governor we plac'd.
 Soon as in Greece we all were landed,
 The vanquisht's ransom was demanded ;
 A round sum in good gold was paid,
 This money was my dowry made.
 Acknowledge then my lover's deed
 Does that of Lygdamon exceed ;
 That just had been my sad complaint,
 Had he amus'd himself to paint
 My face, or in elab'rate verse
 My various graces to rehearse.

Her passion delighted, Greece heard her display
 With ease unaffected, with simplicity gay,
 All that Teone said was with fire animated,
 Grace in telling has more force than what is related.
 They applauded, they laugh'd, laughter Greeks never
 tires,
 When man's happy, what signifies what he admires.

Apamis.

Apamis then, her eyes with tears flowing, advanc'd,
 Her sorrows enchanted and her charms inhanc'd.
 The Greeks when she spoke to a more serious air,
 No heart in her favour delay'd to declare.
 In moderate measure she related the woes
 Which from her unhappy love's adventure arose;
 The smooth running syllables gave delight to each ear,
 And arrang'd with much art quite neglected appear.
 The melody of this easy metre's divine,
 The long oft' tires the ear, tho' acknowledg'd more
 fine.

A P A M I S.

Tho' some curs'd star then rul'd the earth,
 'Twas Amatonte first gave me birth,
 Bless'd region! where in Greece, 'tis said,
 The mother of the loves was bred,
 Her cradle to that happy shore
 The ever smiling pleasures bore;
 Tho' born the human race to bless,
 Me she has loaded with distress.
 From her pure law no ill cou'd flow,
 She pour'd down only good below,
 Whilst her law nature's law remain'd;
 Curs'd rigour has her altars stain'd:
 The gods are merciful and kind,
 But priests to cruelty inclin'd.
 A law they made severe as new,
 That any nymph that prov'd untrue,
 Her life shou'd in that water close
 From whence Love's goddess once arose,
 Unless her forfeit life to save
 Some lover chose a wat'ry grave.
 Can nothing then but punishment
 Inconstancy in love prevent?
 Should woman, weak and prone to change
 From love to love, inconstant range?

We'll

We'll own 'tis bad, but cannot see
Of drowning the necessity.
Oh Venus, beauty of the skies,
From whom my woes and joys took rise,
Whom I with so devout a care,
Serv'd with young Batilus the fair,
I upon you as witness call
Of my love's force, you know it all ;
You know if e'er my flame to feed
My passion stood of fear in need ;
With love reciprocal delighted,
Our two souls were as one united ;
I and my lover felt that fire
Which once the goddess did inspire.
The sun when he began his course,
Was witness of our passion's force ;
And when his setting rays the vale
Began to glid, he heard our tale ;
But most the sable shades of night
Were conscious of our soft delight.
Arenorax, by love disclaim'd,
Whose heart to ev'ry vice was fram'd,
Lov'd me, but 'was thro' spite alone,
This all his words and deeds made known :
Still he was jealous, for by fate
The wretch was pre-ordain'd to hate ;
Envy's curst poisons he let fall,
His tongue distill'd vile slander's gall.
Hateful informers, monsters dire,
To hell which gave you birth, retire ;
To hurt me so much art was us'd,
That e'en my lover was abus'd,
And innocence a victim fell
To fraud, the off-spring curst of hell.
Do not require to have display'd
The horrid plot this monster laid ;
Such thoughts no place have in my soul,
My lover there still claims the whole.
In vain I to Love's goddess pray'd,
By all I found myself betray'd ;

Condemn'd

Condemn'd to end my life and woes
In the sea whence fair Venus rose.
To death I was a victim led ;
Tears, as I pass, by all were shed ;
With unavailing sorrow all
Lamented my untimely fall ;
When to me Batilus address'd
A letter, which my fate revers'd,
Dear fatal note, which with it brought
Tidings that worse than death I thought !
I almost sunk in endless night,
When words like these first struck my sight ;
" Tho' to my love you were not true,
" I'm yet resolv'd to die for you."
'Twas done as said ; my life to save,
My lover plung'd into the wave.
All at his boldness were amaz'd,
They wept, and much his courage prais'd.
Oh death, thy aid I then requir'd,
To end my woes alone desir'd :
To follow Batilus I meant,
But cruel friendship would prevent ;
By force kept from the shades below,
I was condemn'd to life and woe.
The curs'd impostor's hellish spite,
Altho' too late, was brought to light ;
He in his turn death underwent,
I gain not by his punishment.
Lovely Batilus is no more,
For me he sought the Stygian shore.
To you, O judges, I repair,
Grant to my sighs and tender care
Such needful aid, such kind relief
As may but mitigate my grief :
Grant the youth who resign'd his breath,
The prize he merited by death ;
'Twill cheer him in the shades below,
But I shall comfort no more know :
Then let your generous hearts once more
Force to this trembling hand restore,

That

That on his tomb before your eyes
 It may write, " Athens gives this prize."
 Sobs stopp'd her when she thus had said,
 Ceasing, a flood of tears she shed.

Compassion touch'd each judge's breast ;

They first took Ægle's side,

With Teone laugh'd at each jest,

With Apamis they cry'd.

I'm sorry that I cannot find

To whom the laurel was assign'd.

My friends, close by the fire-side seated,

These tales for you I have repeated ;

I to an antient author owe 'em,

And hope you will some favour show 'em ;

You of their merit must decide,

I by your judgment will abide.



THELEMA and MACAREUS.

THELEMA's lively, all admire
 Her charms, but she's too full of fire ;
 Impatience ever racks her breast,
 Her heart a stranger is to rest.
 A jocund youth of bulky size
 This nymph beheld with tender eyes ;
 From hers his humour differ'd quite,
 Black does not differ more from white.
 On his broad face and open mien
 There dwelt tranquillity serene ;
 His converse is from languor free,
 And boisterous vivacity.
 His sleep was sound and sweet at night,
 Active he was at morn like light ;
 As day advanc'd he pleas'd still more,
 Macareus was the name he bore.

His

His mistress, void of thought as fair,
Tormented him with too much care :
She adoration thought her due,
And into fierce reproaches flew ;
Her Macareus with laughter left,
And of all hopes of bliss bereft.
From clime to clime like mad she ran,
To seek the dear, the faithless man :
From him she cou'd not live content,
So first of all to court she went.
There she of ev'ry one inquir'd,
Is Macareus with you retir'd ?
Hearing that name, the wifings there
To laugh and smile cou'd scarce forbear.
Madam, said they, who is this 'squire
Macareus for whom you inquire ?
Madam, his character display,
Or else we sha'n't know what to say.
He is a man, return'd the fair,
Possess'd of each endowment rare ;
A man of virtue so refin'd,
He hated none of human kind ;
To whom no man e'er ow'd a spite,
Who always knew to reason right,
Who void of care liv'd still at ease,
And knew all human kind to please.
The courtiers answer'd with a sneer,
You are not like to find him here ;
Mortals with such endowments rare
But seldom to the court repair.
The fair then to the city bent
Her way, and stopp'd at a convent.
She thought, that in that calm retreat
She might her tranquil lover meet :
Madam, then said the under-prior,
The man for whom you thus inquire
We long have waited for in vain,
To visit us he ne'er did deign.
But such a loss to compensate,
We've idle time and vigils late ;

We

We have our stated days of fasting,
With discord and divisions lasting.
A short monk then, with crown shav'd o'er,
Said, madam, seek this man no more ;
For I'm by false reports misled,
Or else your lover's long since dead.
What the monk insolently said
Made Thelema with rage grow red :
Brother, said she, I'd have you know
The man, who has caus'd all my woe,
Was made for me, and me alone,
He's in this world on which I'm thrown ;
With me he'll live and die content,
I'm properly his element :
Who ought else told you, on my word,
Has said a thing that's most absurd.
This said, away the fair one ran,
Resolv'd to find th' inconstant man.
At Paris, where the wits abound,
Perhaps, said she, he may be found,
The wits speak of him as a sage ;
One of them said, you by your page,
Madam, perhaps have been misled ;
When there of Macareus you read,
We spoke of one we never knew,
Then near she to the palace drew.
Shutting her eyes, quick pass'd the fair,
My love, she cry'd, can't sure be there ;
There's some attractions in a court,
But who'd to this vile place resort ?
Thémis' black followers needs must prove
Eternal foes to him I love.
Fair Thelema at Rameau's shrine,
Where the muse utters strains divine,
The man, who her so much neglected,
There to meet, was what she expected.
At those feasts oft' she was a guest,
Where meet gay people richly dress'd ;
Such people as we all agree
To call the best of company.

People

People of an address polite,
 She look'd upon at the first sight
 As perfect copies of her lover ;
 But she soon after cou'd discover,
 That striving most to appear the same,
 They still were widest of their aim.
 At last the fair one in despair,
 Finding how vain was all her care,
 And grown of her inquiries tir'd,
 To her retreat wou'd have retir'd :
 The object which she there first spy'd
 Was Macareus by her bed side ;
 He waited there hid from her eyes,
 That he the fair one might surprize :
 Henceforward, said he, live with me,
 From all inquietude be free,
 Do not, like vain and haughty dames,
 Be too assuming in your claims ;
 And if you wou'd henceforth possess
 My person and my tenderness,
 Never more make demands more high
 Than suits me with them to comply.
 Who's understood by either name,
 Both of the lover and the dame,
 The folks who are profound in Greek
 Cannot be very far to seek.
 Taught by this emblem they'll relate
 What's to be ev'ry mortal's fate :
 Thee Macareus,* tho' all men chuse,
 Tho' much they love thee, oft' they lose ;
 And I'm persuaded that you dwell
 With me, tho' this I fear to tell.
 Who boasts that with thee he is bless'd,
 By envy oft' is dispossest ;
 A man shou'd know, to make thee sure,
 How to live happy whilst obscure.

AZOLAN.

* The late Mr. Vadé has done his readers the justice to believe that they know, that Macareus is happiness, and Thelema desire or will.



A Z O L A N.

AT village liv'd, in days of yore,
 A youth bred in Mohammed's lore ;
 His well-turn'd limbs were form'd with grace,
 With blooming beauty glow'd his face ;
 His name was Azolan ; with care
 The Khoran he had wrote out fair ;
 Was on his study ever bent,
 To get it all by heart he meant.
 From the most early youth his breast
 By zeal for Gabriel was possess'd ;
 This minister of the most high
 Descended to him from the sky.
 The zeal that in thy bosom glows,
 Said he, thy guardian Gabriel knows :
 To Gabriel gratitude is dear,
 To make your fortune I'm come here ;
 You'll in short time as first divine
 Of Medina and Mecca shine ;
 This, next to his place who is chief
 Of all who hold the true belief,
 Is the most high and wealthy station
 In holy Mohammed's donation.
 When you your duties once begin,
 Honours on all sides will pour in ;
 But you a solemn oath must make
 The whole sex female to forsake ;
 To lead a life most chaste, and ne'er
 But thro' a grate to view the fair.
 Too hastily the beauteous boy,
 That he church treasures might enjoy,
 Fell easily into the snare,
 Nor of his folly was aware.

Our

Our new-made imam was elate,
Seeing himself become so great ;
His joy the salary enhanc'd,
Which was immediately advanc'd
By a clerk of important air,
Who with him still went share and share.
No joy can dignity supply,
Nor wealth, shou'd love his aid deny.
Each morning, as the day return'd,
The youth, who with love's flames still burn'd,
Being by his curs'd oath enchain'd,
Of his sad slavery complain'd,
Avowing freely in his heart,
That he had play'd a foolish part.
Amina fair by chance he spies,
With youthful bloom and charming eyes ;
He loves Amina, she in turn
For him feels love's flame equal burn.
Then, Medina, farewell, he cry'd,
Mecca, vain pomp and foolish pride ;
Amina, mistress of my breast,
We'll both live in my village blest'd.
From heaven th' archangel made descent,
Severely to reproach him bent :
The tender lover thus replies ;
Do but behold my mistress' eyes ;
I find of me you've made a jest,
I'm by your contract quite distress'd ;
With all you gave I'll freely part,
I ask alone Amina's heart.
The prudent and the sacred lore
Of Mohammed I must adore ;
Love's joys he grants to the elect,
Nay he allows 'em to expect
Amina's and eternal love,
In his bright Paradise above.
To heaven again, dear Gabriel, go,
My zeal for you shall still o'erflow ;
To the empyreum then repair,
Without my love I'd not go there.



T H E
O R I G I N of T R A D E S.

WHEN with a skilful hand Prometheus made
 A statue that the human form display'd,
 Pandora, his own work, to wed he chose,
 And from those two the human race arose.
 When first to know herself the fair began,
 She play'd her smile's enchantment upon man;
 By softness and alluring speech she gain'd
 Th' ascendant, and her master soon enchain'd;
 Her beauty on Prometheus' sense ne'er pall'd,
 And the first husband was the first enthrall'd.
 The god of war soon saw the new-form'd fair;
 His manly beauty and his martial air,
 His golden casque and all his glitt'ring arms
 Pandora pleas'd, and he enjoy'd her charms.
 When the sea's ruler in his humid court
 Had heard of this intrigue from Fame's report,
 The fair he sought, a like reception found,
 Could Neptune fail where Mars a triumph found?
 Day's light-hair god from his resplendent height
 Their pleasures saw, and hop'd the same delight;
 She could not to refuse him have the heart,
 Who o'er the day presides and ev'ry art.
 Mercury with eloquence declar'd his flame,
 And in his turn he triumph'd o'er the dame.
 Squalid and footy from his forge, at first
 Vulcan was ill receiv'd, and gave disgust;
 But he by importunity obtain'd
 What other gods with so much ease had gain'd.
 Pandora's prime thus wing'd with pleasure flew,
 Then she in languor liv'd, nor wherefore knew.

She

She that devotes to love her life's first spring,
As years increase can do no other thing ;
For e'en to gods inconstancy is known,
And those who dwell in heav'n to change are prone.
Pandora of her favours had been free
To gods who left her; happ'ning then to see
A satyr, who thro' plains and meadows stray'd,
Smit with his mien, she love-advances made ;
To these amours our race existence owes,
From such amusements all mankind arose ;
Hence those varieties in talents spring,
In genius, passions, bus'ness, every thing :
To Vulcan one, to Mars one owes his birth,
This to a satyr ; very few on earth
Claim any kindred with the god of day,
Few that celestial origin display.
From parents each his taste and turn derives :
But most of all trades now Pandora's thrives ;
The most delightful, tho' least rare it seems,
And is the trade all Paris most esteems.





THE
BLACK AND THE WHITE.

THE adventure of the youthful Rustan is generally known throughout the whole province of Candahar. He was the only son of a mirza of that country : the title of mirza there is much the same with that of marquis amongst us, or that of baron amongst the Germans. The mirza his father had a handsome fortune. Young Rustan was to be married to a mirzasse, or young lady of his own rank ; the two families earnestly desired their union. Rustan was to become the comfort of his parents, to make his wife happy, and to live blest in her possession.

But he had unfortunately seen the princess of Cachemire at the fair of Kaboul, which is the most considerable fair in the world, and much more frequented than those of Bassora and Astracan ; the occasion that brought the old prince of Cachemire to the fair with his daughter, was as follows :

He had lost the two most precious curiosities of his treasury ; one of them was a diamond as thick as a man's thumb, upon which the figure of his daughter was engraved by an art which was then possessed by the Indians, and has since been lost ; the other was a javelin which went of itself wherever its owner thought proper to send it : this is nothing very extraordinary amongst us, but it was thought so at Cachemire.

A faquir belonging to his highness stole these two curiosities ; he carried them to the princess : keep these

two

two curiosities with the utmost care, said he, your destiny depends upon them: Having spoke thus, he departed, and was not afterwards seen. The duke of Cachemire in despair resolved to visit the fair of Kaboul, in order to see whether there might not, amongst the merchants, who go thither from all the quarters of the world, be some one possessed of his diamond and his weapon. He carried his daughter with him in all his travels. She carried her diamond well fastened to her girdle; but the javelin, which she could not so easily hide, she had carefully locked up at Cachemire in a large chest.

Rustan and she saw each other at Kaboul; they loved one another with all the sincerity of persons of their age, and all the tenderness of affection natural to those of their country. The princess gave Rustan her diamond as a pledge of her love, and he promised at his departure to go incognito to Cachemire, in order to pay her a visit.

The young mirza had two favourites, who served him as secretaries, grooms, stewards, and valets de chambre; the name of one was Topaze; he was handsome, well-shaped, fair as a Circassian beauty, as mild and ready to serve as an Armenian, and as wise as a Guebre. The name of the other was Ebene; he was a very beautiful negro, more active and industrious than Topaze, and one that thought nothing difficult. The young mirza communicated his intention of travelling to these. Topaze endeavoured to dissuade him from it with the circumspect zeal of a servant who was unwilling to offend him; he represented to him the great danger to which he exposed himself; he asked him how he could leave two families in despair? How he could pierce the hearts of his parents? He shook the resolution of Rustan; but Ebene confirmed it anew, and obviated all his objections.

The young man was not furnished with money to defray the charge of so long a voyage; the prudent Topaze would not have lent him any; Ebene supplied him; he with great address stole his master's diamond, made a false one exactly like it, which he put in its

place, and pledged the true one to an Armenian for several thousand roupees.

As soon as the marquis was possessed of his roupees, all things were in readiness for his departure; an elephant was loaden with his baggage, his attendants mounted on horse-back. Topaze said to his master, I have taken the liberty to expostulate with you upon your enterprize, but after expostulating, it is my duty to obey; I am devoted to you, I love you, I will follow you to the extremity of the earth; but let us by the way consult the oracle that is but two parasanges distant from here: Rustan consented. The answer returned by the oracle was, "If you go the east you will be at the west." Rustan could not guess the meaning of this answer. Topaze maintained that it boded no good. Ebene, always complaisant to his master, persuaded him that it was highly favourable.

There was another oracle at Kaboul; they went to it; the oracle of Kaboul made answer in these words, "If you possess, you will cease to possess; if you are conqueror you will not conquer; if you are Rustan, you will cease to be so." This oracle appeared still more unintelligible than the former. Take care of yourself, said Topaze: fear nothing, said Ebene; and this minister, as may well be imagined, was always thought in the right by his master, whose passions and hopes he encouraged. Having left Kaboul, they passed through a vast forest; they seated themselves upon the grass, in order to take a repast, and left their horses grazing. The attendants were preparing to unload the elephant which carried the dinner, the table, cloth, plates, &c. when all on a sudden Topaze and Ebene were perceived by the little caravan to be missing. They were called, the forest resounded with the names of Topaze and Ebene: the lacquies seek them on every side, and fill the forest with their cries; they return without having seen any thing, and without having received any answer. We have, said they to Rustan, found nothing but a vulture that fought with an eagle, and stript it of all its feathers. The mention of this combat excited the curiosity of Rustan; he went on foot to the place,
he

he perceived neither vulture nor eagle; but he saw his elephant, which was still loaden with baggage, attacked by a huge rhinoceros: one struck with its horn, the other with its proboscis. The rhinoceros desisted upon seeing Rustan; his elephant was brought back, but his horses were not to be found. Strange things happen in forests to travellers, cried Rustan. The servants were in great consternation, and the master in despair, for having at once lost his horses, his dear negro, and the wife Topaze, for whom he still had a friendship, though he always differed from him in opinion.

The hopes of being soon at the feet of the beautiful princesses of Cachemire consoled the mirza, when he met with a huge streaked ass, which a vigorous two-handed country-clown, beat with an oaken-cudgel. The asses of this sort are extremely beautiful, very scarce, and beyond expression swift in running. The ass returned the reiterated blows of the clown by kicks, which might have rooted up an oak. The young mirza, as was reasonable, took upon him the defence of the ass, which was a charming creature. The clown betook himself to flight, crying to the ass, You shall pay for this.

The ass thanked her deliverer in her own language, approached him, let herself be caressed, and caressed him in her turn. After dinner, Rustan mounts her, and takes the road to Cachemire with his servants, who follow him on foot and some upon the elephant. Scarce was he got upon his ass, when that animal turned towards Kaboul, instead of proceeding to Cachemire. It was to no purpose for her master to turn the bridle, to kick, to press the sides of the beast with his knees, to spur, to slacken the bridle, to pull towards him, to whip both on the right and the left, the obstinate animal persisted to run towards Kaboul.

Rustan sweated, fretted, and raved; when he met with a dealer in camels, who said to him, Master, you have got a very malicious beast, which carries you where you do not chuse to go; if you will give it to me, I will give you the choice of four of my camels. Rustan thanked providence for having thrown so good a bargain

in his way. Topaze was very much in the wrong, said he, to tell me that my journey would prove unprosperous. He mounts the handsomest camel, the other three follow; he rejoins his caravan, and sees himself in the road to his happiness.

Scarce had he walked four parasangs, when he was stopped by a deep, broad, and impetuous torrent, which rolled upon rocks white with foam; the two banks were frightful precipices which dazzled the sight and made the blood run cold: to pass was impracticable, it was impossible to go to the right or the left. I am beginning to be afraid, said Rustan, that Topaze was in the right in blaming my journey, and that I was in the wrong in undertaking it; if he was still here he might give me good advice; if I had Ebene with me, he would comfort me and find expedients; but every thing fails me. This perplexity was increased by the consternation of his attendants: the night was dark, and they passed it in lamentations. At last fatigue and dejection made the amorous traveller fall asleep. He awakes at day-break, and sees a beautiful marble bridge built upon the torrent, which reached from shore to shore.

Nothing was heard but exclamations, cries of astonishment, and joy. Is it possible? Is this a dream? What a prodigy is this! What an enchantment! Shall we venture to pass? The whole company kneeled, rose up, went to the bridge, kissed the ground, looked up to heaven, stretched out their hands, set their feet on it with trembling, went to and fro, fell into extacies; and Rustan said, At last heaven favours me, Topaze did not know what he was saying, oracles were favourable to me, Ebene was in the right, but why is he not here?

Scarce had the company got beyond the torrent, when the bridge sunk into the water with a prodigious noise. So much the better, so much the better, cried Rustan, praised be God, blessed be heaven; it would not have me return to my country, where I should be nothing more than a gentleman; the intention of heaven is that I should wed her I love; I shall become prince of Cachemire; thus in "possessing" my mistress I shall cease to "possess" my little marquise at Candahar.
"I shall

"I shall be Rustan, and I shall not be Rustan," because I shall become a great prince : thus is a great part of the oracle clearly explained in my favour, the rest will be explained in the same manner. I am too happy : but why is not Ebene with me ? I regret him a thousand times more than Topaze.

He proceeded a few parasangs farther with the greatest alacrity imaginable ; but at the close of day, a chain of mountains, more rugged than a counterescarp, and higher than the tower of Babel would have been if it had been finished, stopped the passage of the caravan, which was seized with dread.

All the company cried out, it is the will of God that we perish here ; he broke the bridge merely to take from us all hopes of returning ; he raised the mountain for no other reason but to deprive us of all means of advancing. Oh Rustan, oh unhappy marquis ! we shall never see Cachemire, we shall never return to the land of Candahar.

The most poignant anguish, the most insupportable dejection, succeeded in the soul of Rustan to the immoderate joy which he had felt, to the hopes with which he had intoxicated himself. He was by no means disposed to interpret the prophecies in his favour. Oh heavens ! oh God of my fathers ! said he, must I then lose my friend Topaze ?

As he pronounced these words, fetching deep sighs and shedding tears in the midst of his disconsolate followers, the basis of the mountain opens, a long gallery appears to the dazzled eyes in a vault lighted with a hundred thousand torches ; Rustan immediately begins to lament, and his people to throw themselves upon their knees, and to fall upon their backs in astonishment, and cry out, a miracle ! and say, Rustan is the favourite of Witsnow, the well-beloved of Brama ; he will become the master of mankind. Rustan believed it, he was quite beside himself, he was raised above himself. Alas, Ebene, said he, my dear Ebene, where are you ? Why are you not witness of all these wonders ? How did I lose you ? Beauteous princess of Cachemire, when shall I again behold your charms ?

He advances with his attendants, his elephants, and his camels, under the hollow of the mountain, at the end of which he enters into a meadow enamelled with flowers and encompassed with rivulets ; at the extremity of the meadows are walks of trees, to the end of which the eye cannot reach, and at the end of these alleys is a river, on the sides of which are a thousand pleasure-houses with delicious gardens. He every where hears concerts of vocal and instrumental music, he sees dances ; he makes halte to go upon one of the bridges of the river : he asks the first man he meets, what fine country that is.

He whom he addressed himself to, answered, You are in the province of Cachemire ; you see the inhabitants immersed in joy and pleasures ; we celebrate the marriage of our beauteous princess, who is going to be married to the lord Barbabou, to whom her father promised her ; may God perpetuate their felicity ! At these words Rustan fainted away, and the Cachemirian lord thought he was troubled with the falling sickness ; he caused him to be carried to his house, where he remained a long time insensible. He sent in search of the two most able physicians in that part of the country : they felt the patient's pulse, who having somewhat recovered his spirits, sobbed, rolled his eyes, and cried from time to time, Topaze, Topaze, you were entirely in the right !

One of the two physicians said to the Cachemirian lord, I perceive by this young man's accent, that he is from Candahar, and that the air of this country is hurtful to him ; he must be sent home : I perceive by his eyes that he has lost his senses ; entrust me with him, I will carry him back to his own country, and cure him. The other physician maintained, that grief was his only disorder ; and that it was proper to carry him to the wedding of the princess, and make him dance. Whilst they were in consultation, the patient recovered his health ; the two physicians were dismissed, and Rustan remained alone with his host.

My

My lord, said he, I ask your pardon for having been so free as to faint in your presence; I know it to be a breach of politeness; I intreat you to accept of my elephant, as an acknowledgment of the kindness you have shewed me. He then related to him all his adventure, taking particular care to conceal from him the occasion of his journey. But, in the name of Witsnow and Brama, said he to him, tell me who is this happy Barbabou, who is to marry the princess of Cachemire; why has her father chosen him for his son-in-law, and why has the princess accepted of him for an husband?

Sir, answered the Cachemirian, the princess has by no means accepted of Barbabou; she is, on the contrary, in tears, whilst the whole province joyfully celebrates her marriage: she has shut herself up in a tower of her palace; she does not chuse to see any of the rejoicings made upon the occasion. Rustan, at hearing this, perceived himself revive; the bloom of his complexion, which grief had caused to fade, appeared again upon his countenance. Tell me, I intreat you, continued he, why the prince of Cachemire is obstinately bent upon giving his daughter to a Barbabou whom she does not like?

This is the fact, answered the Cachemirian: Do you know that our august prince lost a large diamond and a javelin which he had a great value for? Ah! I very well know that, said Rustan. Know then, said his host, that our prince being in despair at not having heard of his two precious curiosities, after having caused them to be sought for all over the world, promised his daughter to whoever should bring him either the one or the other: a lord Barbabou came, who had got the diamond, and he is to marry the princess to-morrow.

Rustan turned pale, stammered out a compliment, took his leave of his host, and galloped upon his dromedary to the capital city, where the ceremony was performed. He arrives at the palace of the prince, he tells him he has something of importance to communicate to him, he demands an audience; he is told that the prince is taken up with the preparations for the wedding. It

is for that very reason, said he, that I am desirous of speaking to him: such is his importunity, that he is at last admitted. Prince, said he, may God crown all your days with glory and magnificence! your son-in-law is a knave.

What, a knave! how dare you speak in such terms? Is that a proper way of speaking to a duke of Cachemire of a son-in-law, whom he has made choice of? Yes, he is a knave, continued Rustan; and to prove it to your highness, I have brought you back your diamond.

The duke, surprised at what he heard, compared the two diamonds; and as he was no judge of precious stones, he could not determine which was the true one. Here are two diamonds, said he, and I have but one daughter; I am in a strange preplexity.

He sent for Barbabou, and asked him if he had not imposed upon him. Barbabou swore he had bought his diamond from an Armenian; the other did not tell him who he had his from; but he proposed an expedient, which was, that his highness would please to permit him to engage his rival in single combat. It is not enough for your son-in-law to give a diamond, said he, he should also give proofs of valour. Do not you think it just that he who kills his rival should marry the princess? Undoubtedly, answered the prince, it will be a fine fight for the court; fight directly: the conqueror shall take the arms of the conquered, according to the customs of Cachemire, and he shall marry my daughter.

The two pretenders to the princess immediately go down into the court. Upon the stairs there was a pie and raven; the raven cried, fight, fight; the pie cried don't fight. This made the prince laugh; the two rivals scarce took any notice of it; they begin the combat; all the courtiers made a circle round them. The princess, who kept herself constantly shut up in her tower, did not chuse to behold this fight; she never dreamt of her lover's being at Cachemire, and she hated Barbabou to such a degree, that she could not bear the sight of him. The combat had the happiest event imaginable;

imaginable; Barbabou was killed outright; and this greatly rejoiced the people, because he was ugly, and Rustan was very handsome; the favour of the public is almost always determined by this circumstance.

The conqueror put on the coat of mail, the scarf, and the casque of the conquered, and came, followed by the whole court, to present himself under the windows of his mistress. The multitude cried aloud, Beautiful princess, come and see your handsome lover, who has killed his ugly rival. These words were re-echoed by her women. The princess unluckily looked out of the window, and seeing the armour of a man she hated, she ran like one frantic to her strong box, and took out the fatal javelin, which flew to pierce Rustan, notwithstanding his cuirass; he cried out loudly, and at this cry the princess thought she again knew the voice of her unhappy lover.

She ran down stairs, with her hair dishevelled, and death in her eyes as well as her heart. Rustan had already fallen, all bloody, into the arms of his father: she sees him. Oh moment! oh fight! oh discovery of inexpressible grief, tenderness, and horror! She throws herself upon him, and embraces him: You receive, said she, the first and last kisses of your mistress and your murderer. She pulls the dart from the wound, plunges it in her heart, and dies upon the body of the lover whom she adores. The father, terrified, in despair, and ready to die like his daughter, tries in vain to bring her to life; she was no more: he curses the fatal dart, breaks it to pieces, throws away the two fatal diamonds; and whilst he prepared the funeral of his daughter, instead of her marriage, he caused Rustan, who weltered in his blood, and had still some remains of life, to be carried to his palace.

He was put into bed: the first objects he saw on each side of his death-bed were Topaze and Ebene. This surprize made him in some degree recover his strength. Cruel men, said he, why did you abandon me? Perhaps the princess would still be alive if you had been with the unhappy Rustan. I have not forsaken you a moment, said Topaze: I have been always with you, said

said Ebene. Ah, what do you say? why do you insult me in my last moments, answered Rustan with a languishing voice? You may believe me, said Topaze; you know I never approved of this fatal journey, the dreadful consequences of which I foresaw: I was the eagle that fought with the vulture, and stript it of its feathers; I was the elephant that carried away the baggage, in order to force you to return to your own country; I was the streaked ass that carried you, whether you would or no, to your father; it was I that made your horses go astray; it was I that caused the torrent that prevented your passage; it was I that raised the mountain which stopped up a road so fatal to you: I was the physician that advised you to return to your own country; I was the pie that cried out to you not to fight.

And I, said Ebene, was the vulture that he stript of his feathers, the rhinoceros who gave him a hundred strokes with my horn, the clown that beat the streaked ass, the merchant who made you a present of camels to hasten to your destruction; I dug the cavern that you crossed, I am the physician that encouraged you to walk, the raven that cried out to you to combat.

Alas! said Topaze, "Remember the oracles, if you go to the east you will be at the west." Yes, said Ebene, here the dead are buried with their faces turned to the west: the oracle was plain enough, though you did not understand it. "You possessed, and you did not possess;" for you had the diamond, but it was a false one, though you did not know it. "You are conqueror and you die, you are Rustan and you cease to be so;" all has been accomplished. Whilst he spoke thus, four white wings covered the body of Topaze; and four black wings that of Ebene. What do I see! cried Rustan. Topaze and Ebene answered together. You see your two geniuses. Good gentlemen, cried the unhappy Rustan, how came you to meddle? and what occasion had a poor man for two geniuses? It is a law, answered Topaze; every man has two geniuses: Plato was the first man that said so, and others have repeated it after him; you see that nothing can be more true: I, who
now

now speak to you, am your good genius; I was charged to watch over you to the last moment of your life; of this task I have faithfully acquitted myself.

But, said the dying man, if your business was to serve me, I am of a nature much superior to yours; and then how can you have the assurance to say you are my good genius, since you have suffered me to be deceived in every thing I have undertaken, and since you suffer both my mistress and I to die miserably? Alas! said Topaze, it was your destiny. If destiny does all, answered the dying man, what is a genius good for? And you, Ebene, with your four black wings, you are doubtless my evil genius. You have hit it, answered Ebene. Then I suppose you were the evil genius of my princess likewise, said Rustan. No, replied Ebene, she had an evil genius of her own, and I seconded him perfectly. Ah, curst Ebene, said Rustan, if you are so malicious, you don't belong to the same master with Topaze: you have been formed by two different principles, one of which is by nature good, the other evil. That does not follow, said Ebene, this is a very knotty point. It is not possible, answered the dying man, that a benevolent being could create so destructive a genius. Possible, or not possible, replied the genius, the thing is just as I say. Alas, said Topaze, my poor unfortunate friend, don't you see that that rogue is so malicious as to encourage you to dispute, in order to inflame your blood and hasten your death? Get you gone, said the melancholy Rustan, I am not much better satisfied with you than with him: he at least acknowledges that it was his intention to hurt me; and you, who pretended to defend me, have done me no service at all. I am very sorry for it, said the good genius. And I too, said the dying man, there is something at the bottom of this which I cannot comprehend. Nor I neither, said the poor genius. I shall know the truth of the matter in a moment, said Rustan. We shall see that, said Topaze. The whole scene then vanished. Rustan again found himself in the house of his father, which he had not quitted, and in his bed, where he had slept an hour.

He

He awakes in astonishment, sweating all over, and quite wild ; he rubs himself, he calls, he rings the bell. His valet-de-chambre, Topaze, runs in, in his night-cap, and yawning. Am I dead or alive, cried out Rustan ? Shall the beauteous princess of Cachemire escape ? Does your lordship rave, answered Topaze coldly.

Ah, cried Rustan, what then is become of this barbarous Ebene, with his four black wings ? It is he that makes me die by so cruel a death. My lord, answered Topaze, I left him snoring above stairs, would you have me bid him come down ? The villain, said Rustan, has persecuted me for six months together ; it was he carried me to the fatal fair of Kaboul ; it is he that cheated me of the diamond with which the princess presented me ; he is the sole cause of my journey, of the death of my princess, and of the wound with a javelin of which I die in the flower of my age.

Take heart, said Topaze, you were never at Kaboul ; there is no princess of Cachemire ; her father never had any children but two boys, who are now at college : you never had a diamond : the princess cannot be dead, because she is not born ; and you are perfectly well in health.

What, is it not then true that you attended me whilst dying, and in the bed of the prince of Cachemire ? Did you not acknowledge to me, that, in order to preserve me from so many dangers, you were an eagle, an elephant, a streaked ass, a physician, and a pie ? My lord, you have dreamt all this, answered Topaze ; our ideas are no more of our own creating whilst we are asleep than while we are awake : God has thought proper that this train of ideas should pass in your head, most probably to convey some instruction to you, of which you may make a good use.

You make a jest of me, replied Rustan, how long have I slept ? My lord, said Topaze, you have not yet slept an hour. Curst reasoner, returned Rustan, how is it possible that I could be, in the space of an hour, at the fair of Kaboul six months ago, that I could have returned from thence, have travelled to Cachemire, and that

Barbabou,

Barbabou, the princess, and I, should have died? My lord, said Topaze, nothing can be more easy and more common, and you might have travelled round the world, and have met with a great many more adventures in much less time.

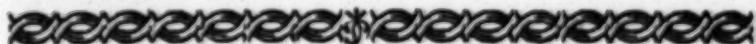
Is it not true that you can, in an hour's time, read the abridgment of the Persian history, written by Zoroaster? yet this abridgment contains eight hundred thousand years. All these events pass before your eyes one after another, in an hour's time. Now you must acknowledge, that it is as easy to Brama to confine them to the space of an hour, as to extend them to the space of eight hundred thousand years; it is exactly the same thing. Imagine to yourself that time turns upon a wheel whose diameter is infinite. Under this vast wheel is a numerous multitude of wheels one within another; that in the centre is imperceptible, and goes round an infinite number of times, whilst the great wheel performs but one revolution. It is evident, that all the events which have happened from the beginning of the world, to its end, might have happened in much less time than the hundred thousandth part of a second; and one may even go so far as to assert that the thing is so.

I cannot comprehend all this, said Rustan. If you want information, said Topaze, I have a parrot that will easily explain it to you. He was born some time before the deluge; he has been in the ark; he has seen a great deal; yet he is but a year and a half old: he will relate to you his history, which is extremely interesting.

Go fetch your parrot, said Rustan, it will amuse me till I again find myself disposed to sleep. It is with my sister, the nun, said Topaze, I will go and fetch it; it will please you; its memory is faithful, it relates in a simple manner, without endeavouring to shew wit at every turn. So much the better, said Rustan, I like that manner of telling stories. The parrot being brought to him, spoke in this manner:—

N. B. Mademoiselle Catharine Vadé could never find the history of the parrot in the common-place book of her late cousin Anthony Vadé, author of that tale:
this

this is a great misfortune, considering what age that parrot lived in.



JEANNOT AND COLIN.

MANY persons worthy of credit have seen Jeannot and Colin at school, in the town of Lissore, in Auvergne, a town famous all over the world for its college and its caldrons. Jeannot was the son of a dealer in mules of great reputation; and Colin owed his birth to a good substantial farmer in the neighbourhood, who cultivated the land with four mules; and who, after he had paid all taxes and duties at the rate of a sol per pound, was not very rich at the year's end.

Jeannot and Colin were very handsome, considering they were natives of Auvergne: they highly loved each other; and they had little secret connections, certain little familiarities, of such a nature as men always recollect with pleasure, when they afterwards meet in the world.

Their studies were very nigh finished, when a taylor brought Jeannot a velvet suit of three colours, with a waistcoat of Lyons, which was extremely well fancied: with these came a letter addressed to Mons. de la Jeannotiere. Colin admired the coat, and was not at all jealous; but Jeannot assumed an air of superiority, which gave Colin some uneasiness. From that moment Jeannot abandoned his studies; he contemplated himself in a glass, and despised all mankind. Soon after, a valet-de-chambre arrives post haste, and brings a second letter to the marquis de la Jeannotiere; it was an order from his father, by which he was desired to repair directly to him at Paris. Jeannot got into his chaise, giving his hand to Colin with a smile, which denoted the superiority of a patron. Colin felt his littleness,
and

and wept. Jeannot departed in all the pomp of his glory.

Such readers, as take a pleasure in being instructed, should be informed that *Monf. Jeannot* the father had, with great rapidity, acquired an immense fortune by business. You will ask how such great fortunes are made? My answer is, by luck. *Monf. Jeannot* had a good person, so had his wife; and she had still some freshness remaining. They went to Paris on account of a law suit, which ruined them; when fortune, which raises and depresses men at her pleasure, presented them to the wife of an undertaker belonging to one of the hospitals for the army, a man of great talents, who might make it his boast, that he had killed more soldiers in a year than cannons destroy in ten. Jeannot pleased the wife; the wife of Jeannot pleased the undertaker. Jeannot was soon employed in the undertaker's business; this introduced him to other business. When our boat runs with wind and stream, we have nothing to do but let it sail on; we then make an immense fortune with ease: the poor creatures, who from the shore see you pursue your voyage with full sail, stare with astonishment; they cannot conceive to what you owe your success; they envy you at random, and write pamphlets against you which you never read. This is just what happened to Jeannot the father, who soon became *Monf. de la Jeannotiere*; and who having purchased a marquisate in six months time, took the young marquis his son from school, in order to introduce him to the polite world at Paris.

Colin, whose heart was replete with tenderness, wrote a letter of compliment to his old companion, and congratulated him on his good fortune. The little marquis wrote him no answer. Colin was so much afflicted at this, that he was taken ill.

The father and mother immediately consigned the young marquis to the care of a governor: this governor, who was a man of fashion, and who knew nothing, was not able to teach his pupil any thing. The marquis would have had his son learn Latin; this his lady was against. They hereupon referred the matter to the judgment

judgment of an author, who had at that time acquired great reputation by his entertaining performances. He was invited to dinner. The master of the house immediately addressed him thus: "Sir, as you understand Latin, and are a man acquainted with the court."—"I understand Latin! I don't know one word of it, answered the wit; and I think myself the better for being unacquainted with it: it is very evident that a man speaks his own language in greater perfection when he does not divide his application between it and foreign languages. Only consider our ladies; they have a much more agreeable turn of wit than the men; their letters are written with a hundred times the grace of ours: this superiority they owe to nothing else but their not understanding Latin."

"Well, was I not in the right? said the lady; I would have my son prove a notable man, I would have him succeed in the world; and you see that if he was to understand Latin he would be ruined. Pray, are plays and operas performed in Latin? Do lawyers plead in Latin? Do men court a mistress in Latin?" The marquis, dazzled by these reasons, gave up the point; and it was resolved, that the young marquis should not mispend his time in endeavouring to become acquainted with Cicero, Horace, and Virgil." "Then what shall he learn? for he must know something; might not one teach him a little geography?" said the father. Of what use will that be? answered the governor: when the marquis goes to his estate, won't the postilion know the roads? they certainly will not carry him out of his way: there is no occasion for a quadrant to travel thither; and one can go very commodiously from Paris to Auvergne without knowing what latitude one is in."

"You are in the right, replied the father: but I have heard of a fine science called astronomy, if I am not mistaken." "Bless me! said the governor, do people regulate their conduct by the influence of the stars in this world? and must the young gentleman perplex himself with the calculation of an eclipse, when he finds it ready calculated to his hand in an almanac, which,

which, at the same time, teaches him the moveable feasts, the age of the moon, and that of all the princesses in Europe?"

The lady agreed perfectly with the governor; the little marquis was transported with joy; the father remained undetermined. "What then is my son to learn?" said he. "To become amiable, answered the friend who was consulted; and if he knows how to please, he will know all that need be known; this art he will learn in the company of his mother, without either he or she being at any trouble."

The lady, upon hearing this, embraced the ignorant flatterer, and said, "It is easy to see, Sir, that you are the most knowing man in the world; my son will be entirely indebted to you for his education: I think, however, it would not be amiss if he was to know something of history." "Alas, madam, what is that good for, answered he; there certainly is no useful or entertaining history but the history of the day: all antient histories, as one of our wits has observed, are only fables that men have agreed to admit as true: with regard to modern history, it is a mere chaos, a confusion which it is impossible to make any thing of. Of what consequence is it to the young marquis your son, to know that Charlemagne instituted the twelve peers of France, and that his successor stammered?"

"Admirably said, cried the governor; the genius of young persons is smothered under a heap of useless knowledge: but of all sciences, the most absurd, and that which, in my opinion, is most calculated to stifle genius of every kind, is geometry. The objects about which this ridiculous science is conversant, are surfaces, lines, and points, that have no existence in nature: by the force of imagination, the geometrician makes a hundred thousand curve lines pass between a circle and a right line that touches it, when, in reality, there is not room for a straw to pass there. Geometry, if we consider it in its true light, is a mere jest, and nothing more."

The

The marquis and his lady did not well understand the governor's meaning, yet they were entirely of his opinion.

"A man of quality, like the young marquis, continued he, should not rack his brains with useless sciences. If he one day should have occasion for a sublime geometry, to take a plan of the lands of his estate, he may get them surveyed for money: if he has a mind to trace the antiquity of his noble family, which leads the inquirer back to the most remote ages, he will send for a Benedictine: it will be the same thing with regard to all other arts. A young man of quality, endowed with a happy genius, is neither a painter, a musician, an architect, nor a graver; but he makes all these arts flourish, by generously encouraging them: it is, doubtless, better to patronize than to practise them; it is enough for the young marquis to have a taste; it is the business of artists to exert themselves for him; and it is in this sense that it is said, very justly, of people of quality (I mean those that are very rich) that they know all things, without having learnt any thing; for they, in fact, come at last to know how to form a judgment concerning whatever they order or pay for."

The ignorant man of fashion then spoke to this purpose: "You have very justly observed, madam, that the grand end which a man should have in view is to succeed in the world: can it possibly be said that this success is to be obtained by cultivating the sciences? Did any body ever so much as think of talking of geometry in good company? Does any one ever inquire of a man of the world, what star rises with the sun? Who enquires at supper, whether the long-haired Clodio passed the Rhine? No, doubtless, cried the marchioness, whom her charms had, in some measure, initiated in the polite world; and my son should not extinguish his genius by the study of all this stuff. But what is he, after all, to learn? for it is proper that a young person of quality should know how to shine upon an occasion, as my husband observes.—I remember to have heard an abbé say, that the most delightful of all the sciences, is something that begins with a *B*."

"With

"With a B, madam? is it not botany you mean?"
 "No, it was not botany he spoke of; the name of the science he mentioned began with *B*, and ended with *on*." Oh, I take you, madam, said the man of fashion; it is *Blason* you mean; it is indeed a profound science; but it is no longer in fashion, since the people of quality have ceased to cause their arms to be painted upon the doors of their coaches; it was once the most useful thing in the world, in a well regulated state. Besides, this study would be endless; now a-days there's hardly a barber that has not his coat of arms; and you know, that whatever becomes common is but little esteemed." In fine, after they had examined the excellencies and defects of all the sciences, it was determined that the young marquis should learn to dance.

Nature, which does all, had given him a talent that quickly displayed itself surprisngly; it was that of singing ballads agreeably. The graces of youth, joined to this superior gift, caused him to be looked upon as a young man of the brightest hopes. He was beloved by the women; and having his head full of songs, he composed some for his mistress. He stole from the song "*Bacchus and Love*" in one ballad; from that of "*Night and Day*" in another; from that of "*Charms and Alarms*" in a third. But as there were always in his verses some superfluous feet, or not enough, he had them corrected for twenty Lewis-d'ors a song; and in the annals of literature he was put upon a level with the *La Fares*, *Chaulieus*, *Hamiltons*, *Sarrazins*, and *Voitures*.

The marchioness then looked upon herself as the mother of a wit, and gave a supper to the wits of Paris. The young man's brain was soon turned; he acquired the art of speaking without knowing his own meaning, and he became perfect in the habit of being good for nothing. When his father found he was so eloquent, he very much regretted that his son had not learned Latin; for he would have bought him a lucrative place among the gentry of the long robe. The mother, who had more elevated sentiments, undertook to procure a regiment for her son; and in the mean time, courtship was his occupation. Love is sometimes more
 defensive

defensive than a regiment. He was extremely profuse, whilst his parents exhausted their finances still more, by living like people of the first quality.

A young widow of quality, their neighbour, who had but a moderate fortune, had an inclination to secure the great wealth of mons. and madame de la Jeannotiere, by appropriating it to herself, by the means of a marriage with the young marquis. She allured him to visit her; she admitted his addresses; she shewed that she was not indifferent to him; she led him on by degrees; she enchanted and captivated him without much difficulty; sometimes she lavished praises upon him, sometimes she gave him advice; she became the most intimate friend both of the father and mother. An elderly lady, who was their neighbour, proposed the match. The parents, dazzled by the glory of such an alliance, accepted the proposal with joy. They gave their only son to their intimate friend. The young marquis was upon the point of marrying a woman whom he adored, and by whom he was beloved; the friends of the family congratulated them, the marriage articles were just going to be drawn up, whilst wedding clothes were making for the young couple, and their epithalamium composing.

The young marquis was one day upon his knees before his charming mistress, whom love, esteem, and friendship were going to make his own; in a tender and spirited conversation, they enjoyed a foretaste of their happiness; they concerted measures to lead a happy life: when all on a sudden a valet-de-chambre belonging to the old marchioness, arrives in a great fright. "Here's sad news, said he; officers remove the effects of my master and mistress; the creditors have seized upon all, by virtue of an execution; and I am obliged to make the best shift I can to have my wages paid." "Let's see, said the marquis, what's this? what can this adventure mean?" "Go, said the widow, go quickly, and punish those villains." He runs, he arrives at the house; his father was already in prison: all the servants had fled different ways, each carrying off whatever he could lay his hands upon. His
mother

mother was alone, without assistance, without comfort, drowned in tears; she had nothing left but the remembrance of her fortune, of her beauty, her faults, and her extravagant expences.

After the son had wept a long time with his mother, he at length said to her: "Let us not give ourselves up to despair; this young widow loves me to excess; she is more generous than rich, I can answer for her; I'll fly to her, and bring her to you." He returns to his mistress, and finds her in company with a very amiable young officer. "What is it you, Mr. de la Jeannotiere, said she; what business have you here?" "Is it proper to forsake one's mother in such a manner? Go to that poor, unfortunate woman, and tell her that I still wish her well: I have occasion for a chambermaid, and will give her the preference." "My lad, said the officer, you are well shaped; if you are willing to list in my company, you may depend upon good usage."

The marquis, thunderstruck, and with a heart enraged, went in quest of his old governor, made him acquainted with his misfortune, and asked his advice. The governor proposed to him to become a tutor, like himself. "Alas! said the marquis, I know nothing, you have taught me nothing, and you are the first cause of my misfortunes;" he sobb'd when he spoke thus. "Write romances, said a wit who was present; it is an admirable resource at Paris."

The young man, in greater despair than ever, ran to his mother's confessor; he was a Theatin of great reputation, who directed the consciences only of women of the first rank. As soon as he saw him, he ran up to him, "My God, Mr. Marquis, where is your coach? said he: how is the good lady your mother." The poor unfortunate young man gave him an account of what had befallen his family. In proportion as he explained himself, the Theatin assumed an air more grave, more indifferent, and more distant. "My son, said he, it is the will of God that you should be reduced to this condition; riches serve only to corrupt the heart: God, in his great mercy, has then reduced your mother

mother to beggary." "Yes, Sir," answered the marquis. "So much the better, said the confessor; her election is the more sure." "But, father, said the marquis, is there in the mean time no hopes of some assistance in this world?" "Farewel, my son, said the confessor; a court lady is waiting for me."

The marquis was almost ready to faint; he met with much the same treatment from all; and acquired more knowledge of the world in half a day than he had done in all the rest of his life.

Being quite overwhelmed with despair, he saw an old fashioned chaise advance, which resembled an open waggon with leather curtains; it was followed by four enormous carts which were loaded. In the chaise there was a young man, dressed in the rustic manner; he had a round, fresh countenance, replete with sweetness and gaiety. His wife, a little woman of a brown complexion, and an agreeable figure, though somewhat fat, sat close by him: the carriage did not move on like the chaise of a *petit-maitre*; the traveller had time sufficient to contemplate the marquis, who was motionless, and immersed in sorrow. "Good God, cried he, I think that is Jeannot." Upon hearing this name, the marquis lifts up his eyes, the carriage stops, and the marquis cries out, "'Tis Jeannot, 'tis Jeannot himself." The little fat bumpkin gives but one spring from his carriage, and runs to embrace his old companion. Jeannot recollected his friend Colin; shame and tears overspread his countenance. "You have abandoned me, said Colin; but though you are a great man, I will love you for ever." Jeannot, confused and affected, with sobs related to him a great part of his history. "Come to the inn where I lodge, and tell me the rest of it, said Colin; embrace my wife here, and let us go and dine together."

They walk all three on foot, followed by their baggage. "What's all this train, said Jeannot; does it belong to you?" "Yes, answered Colin, it all belongs to me and to my wife: we are just come from the country; I am at the head of a good manufacture of tin and copper; I have married the daughter of a merchant well provided

provided with all utensils necessary to the great as well as the little: we work a great deal; God blesses us; we have not changed our condition; we are happy; we will assist our friend Jeannot. Be no longer a marquis; all the grandeur in the world is not to be compared to a good friend. You shall return with me to the country; I will teach you the trade; it is not very difficult; I will make you my partner, and we will live merrily in the remote corner where we were born."

Jeannot, quite transported, felt emotions of grief and joy, tenderness and shame; and he said within himself, "My fashionable friends have betrayed me, and Colin, whom I despised, is the only one who comes to relieve me." What instruction is this! Colin's goodness of heart causes the seeds of a virtuous disposition, which the world had not quite stifled in Jeannot, to sprout up: he was sensible that he could not forsake his father and mother. "We'll take care of your mother, said Colin; and as to the good man your father, who is in jail, I know something of business; his creditors, seeing he has nothing, will compromise matters for a trifle; I take the whole affair upon myself." Colin found means to procure the father's enlargement: Jeannot returned to the country with his relations, who resumed their former way of life: He married a sister of Colin, who, being of the same temper with her brother, made him completely happy. Jeannot the father, Jeannot the mother, and Jeannot the son, were thus convinced that happiness is not the result of vanity.





CANTO of an EPIC POEM.

Composed by JEROME CAREE.

Found amongst his Papers after his Decease.

KING Charles was born to undergo,
 Thro' ev'ry stage of life, much woe;
 To education nought he ow'd;
 Small care was on his youth bestow'd;
 * Burgundy's duke in broils and strife
 Involv'd him in the prime of life;
 A lawyer at † Gones would fain
 Have wrought his ruin by chicane:
 Before a court a crier call'd him ‡:
 An English chief in battle maul'd him:
 He wander'd much, and, like poor finner,
 Oft miss'd a mass, and oft a dinner;
 Not long in the same place he stay'd;
 By || mother, uncle, friends betray'd,
 And by his mistress: thus unfriended
 Was the poor king, and unattended.
 His Agnes' heart an English page
 Found means to share as to engage:
 A forcerer dire, nam'd Conculix,
 By hell inspir'd with magic tricks

His

* The Duke of Burgundy, who assassinated the Duke of Orleans; but the good king Charles paid him well for it at the bridge of Montereau.

† Gones, a village near Paris, famous all over the world for its bakers, and for many battles; but, above all, for the best cloth manufactured then in France.

‡ Charles VII. was cited before the marble table.

|| His own mother, Isabella of Bavaria, was his greatest persecutor, she promoted the treaty of Troyes, by which her son-in-law, Henry V. king of England, obtained the crown of France.

His head quite topsy-turvy turn'd;
 By destiny he long was spurn'd;
 Hardships to bear was his sad case;
 To bear them well God gave him grace.
 The troop of lovers, proud and gay,
 Took distant from that tower its way,
 Where Conculix disturb'd the brain
 Of Agnes, Bonneau, and their train.
 They march'd along that forest wild,
 Which now of Orleans is stil'd.
 The spouse of Titan, queen of night,
 Rising scarce streak'd the shades with light;
 Soldiers they saw on distant ground,
 With doublets short and bonnets round;
 Upon their corslets bright combin'd
 Leopards and flower-de-luces * shin'd.
 The monarch halted when he spy'd
 The cohort thro' the forest ride;
 Dunois and Joan some space before
 Advance, the matter to explore.
 Agnes her arms, as lilies white,
 Extending, urg'd the king to flight.
 But virtuous Joan, who straight drew nigh,
 On captives chain'd soon cast her eye;
 With down cast eyes the earth they view'd,
 Each face sad consternation shew'd:
 Alas, said she, it plain appears,
 That these are captive cavaliers;
 The voice of duty now commands
 From fetters to unloose their hands:
 Let's fall on, Bastard, undismay'd;
 You're Dunois, I am Orleans' maid.
 This said, they fell with rested lance
 On those who with the chiefs advance:
 So fierce were Dunois and the maid,
 Such fury too the ass display'd,
 That all those warriors, fill'd with fright,
 Nimble betook themselves to flight.
 Joan then, transported with delight,

E 2

Accosted

* The arms of England.

Accosted thus each fetter'd knight :
Knights, who the chains of England wore,
Thanks to the king, you're slaves no more ;
Now follow him where'er he goes,
And wreak just vengeance on his foes.
Altho' this was propos'd with grace,
Distrust still sat on each knight's face ;
My readers with impatience glow,
Who were these doughty knights to know.
These knights were blades in Paris known
For deeds, they wou'd not chuse to own,
Who were condemn'd to plow the seas,
Which might by all be seen with ease.
The king, this seeing, deeply sigh'd ;
These stab me to the heart, he cry'd.
Do here the English empire claim,
Are then decrees made in their name ?
The mass is only said for them ;
They can my subjects now condemn.
The king came, by compassion led,
To him who seem'd the band to head.
No felon's air cou'd eyes shock more ;
His beard a pointed chin curl'd o'er,
With strange distortion roll'd his eyes
Replete, more than his mouth, with lies,
They squinted ever on the ground ;
His eye brows red most sternly frown'd ;
There sat imposture, leagu'd with fraud,
Boldness dwelt on his forehead broad,
Contempt of all remorse and laws,
His teeth still gnash'd, and foam'd his jaws.
Seeing his prince, the knave took care
T' assume an humble, contrite air,
And fram'd into some shew of grace
The features of his shocking face.
The mastiff impudent and four,
Hoarse-throated, eager to devour,
Thus fawns when he his master spies,
Licks both his hands, and crouching lies ;
Grows mild, although by nature rude,
And humbly cringes for his food.

Or satan has been painted so,
 When just 'scap'd from the realms below;
 He paws and tail hides from the eyes,
 And in an anchorite's disguise,
 Like lecherous monk, in secret goes
 Sister discreet to tempt, or Rose.
 The king of France, by such grimace
 Impos'd on, pity'd much his case,
 And, thinking him by fraud oppress'd,
 Words of encouragement address'd.
 What is your trade, said he, and name?
 Say for what deed deserving blame
 Severe tribunals thus ordain,
 That you shou'd plough the angry main!
 The man condemn'd, with mournful tone,
 Reply'd, great Sir, my name's Frelon *;
 Nantz is the famous city, where
 These lips first breathed the vital air;
 No mortal e'er lov'd Jesus more,
 Some time the dress of monks I wore;
 My morals are as pure as theirs;
 The prettiest boys had all my cares;
 Urg'd by the love of honest praise,
 To virtue I consign'd my days;
 Genius at Paris I display'd,
 Fam'd in the author's noble trade;
 Dearly L—— my writings bought,
 Great I at Place Maubert am thought;
 There justice never was refus'd me,
 Tho' authors often have abus'd me:
 But impious malice oft' wou'd hit me,
 And with the cloyster's vices twit me;

E 3.

The

* According to the chronicles of that age, there was a fellow of the name of Frelon, who wrote pamphlets and lampoons. He plied some pranks, for which he was frequently confined in the Chatelet, at Biffetre, and at Fort l'Eveque. He had been for some time a monk, and had been expelled the convent. Many celebrated authors have done him justice. He was a native of Nantz; and at Paris carried on the trade of satirical gazetteer. See Froidart's Chronicle.

The world's and many cheats beside,
 But I'm by conscience justify'd.
 The king, when this account he hears,
 Cries, Henceforth lay aside your fears;
 And say are all, now bound like you
 To Marseilles, valiant men and true?
 Oh, royal Sir, Frelon reply'd,
 In all these men you may confide;
 All were alike by nature fram'd,
 This abbé next me, Guignon * nam'd,
 Is, tho' he otherwise might seem
 To some, most worthy of esteem;
 Nor quarrellsome nor liar he,
 Nor stand'rer, but from malice free.
 An humble mien cannot conceal
 In Maucheix † true religious zeal,
 His ardour for the truth to shew,
 He discipline wou'd undergo.
 When Chaugat ‡ talks on gloss and text,
 Rabbins themselves wou'd be perplext.
 That lawyer unemploy'd has taken
 The road to heav'n, the bar forsak'n.
 In Vicerat § all virtues meet,
 He's honest, and his temper's sweet,
 He's mild, to charity inclin'd,
 The love of truth inspires his mind.
 All these, who laurels justly claim,
 Who rival Cicero's great name,
 Oh dire disgrace and sad to tell!
 Victims like me to envy fell.

Unjustly

* An author who lived in the reign of Charles VI. He wrote a Roman history, which, tho' execrably bad, was tolerable for the age in which he lived: he composed also the oracle of philosophers. It is a ridiculous heap of calumnies, which he repented having wrote at the latter part of his life, as we are told by Monstrelet.

† Another calumniator of that age.

‡ Another calumniator.

§ He wrote, in conjunction with Dr. John Petit, to justify assassination.

Unjustly to our charge 'tis laid,
 That we from truth have often stray'd: †
 From virtue persecution springs,
 You know this truth, oh best of kings.
 Whilst thus all faults he strove to hide,
 Two persons grave the monarch spy'd,
 Whilst each to hide his visage tries
 Who are these bashful slaves he cries.
 Said Frelon, there two worthies stand,
 Honest as e'er took oar in hand.
 One's Fantin ‖, preacher of great name,
 Whom neither rich nor poor can blame;
 To spare the living he thought best,
 The dying robb'd whom he confess'd.
 T'other's Brizet *, who nuns directed,
 No favours from them he expected,
 But still their properties wou'd take,
 And only did it for God's sake:
 Tho' money he lov'd not at all,
 He'd not in bad hands have it fall.
 A wretch there meets your royal eye,
 With a long head plac'd quite awry,
 On number three it often runs,
 He looks like one of Tartuff's † sons,

E. 4:

All

† The crimes alluded to here, are the unjust accusations of which these informers were often guilty. Perhaps likewise they were condemned for forgery.

‖ This canto of the abbé Triteme seems to be a prophecy; we have in fact seen one Fantin, a doctor of divinity and curate at Versailles, who was caught stealing a note of 50 Louis-d'ors from a sick person whom he confessed; he was turned off, but he was not hanged.

* Another prophecy. All Paris has seen the abbé Brizet, a famous director of women of quality, squander in secret debaucheries the money he extorted from his penitents, and which he was entrusted with for the relief of the poor. It seems highly probable, that some body, acquainted with our manners, has inserted these lines in the divine poem of Jerome Carré; the same person should have made mention of the abbé la Coste, condemned to be branded and sent to the galleys for life, in the year 1759, for various impositions.

† The author must here have in view some master Gonin of that age, who had been heterodox with regard to the trinity.

All his curst tricks his village knows,
 He's pointed at where'er he goes,
 Such stories of him go about,
 That some are true, I make no doubt.
 But wretches with such malice fraught,
 Are quite below a monarch's thought.
 This noble band of worthies ends
 With Meaulabelle † my best of friends;
 This the most mean but most devoted
 Of six poor dogs, who for me voted;
 He oft', quite wrapt with thoughts high flown,
 Takes others pockets for his own:
 But in his works he is so wise,
 To hide strong truths from feeble eyes:
 Of truth he always had a dread,
 He knows it fools has oft' mislaid;
 Therefore he always wou'd conceal it,
 And never lik'd much to reveal it.
 The truth I to my prince declare;
 That's dealing openly and fair.
 All as a hero you excel,
 This to posterity I'll tell.
 The victims of black calumny
 Protect, as you have made 'em free;
 Save the good from the wicked's snare,
 To pay us, and revenge, take care,
 And here Frelon his word does plight,
 We all will in your favour write.
 Then at the English much he rail'd,
 Who had so long in France prevail'd;
 Spoke loudly for the Salic law,
 And swore that he his pen would draw;
 Wou'd by it save the state alone,
 And prop his injur'd monarch's throne.
 The king admir'd his skill profound,
 Look'd kindly upon all around;
 Telling him with most gracious air,
 They all shou'd his protection share.

Fair

† Meaulabelle, another falsifier of manuscripts, well known in that age.

Fair Agnes sympathy express'd,
 Emotions tender fill'd her breast :
 Her heart was good ; the female mind,
 By love, to mercy is inclin'd ;
 The heroine and the rigid prude
 With virtue are not so endu'd.
 It needs, said she, must be confess'd,
 This day these wretches have been bless'd ;
 Since they behold your royal face,
 Freedom smiles on their happy race.
 Too much the judges now presume,
 Without their prince to fix men's doom ;
 All law my lover should ordain,
 Their sentence is both void and vain.
 But Joan, less tender, told the king,
 They all deserv'd alike to swing ;
 That all who were of Frelon's trade,
 Public examples should be made.
 Dunois, more prudent and more-wise,
 Like warrior deeply skill'd, replies :
 Soldiers we lack t' assert our right,
 Limbs are most needful in a fight ;
 Limbs these men have, and as things stand,
 Whilst we by arms would win the land,
 Whilst combats are our only care,
 Writing we may contrive to spare :
 Then let us lift the fraudulent band,
 And with a musquet arm each hand ;
 Who us'd the pen, should henceforth wield
 The warrior's arms in tented field.
 Dunois' advice the king lik'd well ;
 The band before him prostrate fell,
 They sigh'd, a flood of tears they shed,
 Then to a yard they all were led,
 Before the banquet house, where all
 The courtiers, in a gorgeous hall,
 Waited on Charles, and on the fair,
 And drank and feasted, void of care.
 Agnes to Bonneau gave command,
 With plenty to regale the band ;

And not one soul of them complain'd,
For well they far'd with what remain'd.
The time of supper gayly spent,
To bed the king and Agnes went.
Next day with great surprize they rose,
Finding they all had lost their clothes;
Her jewels Agnes sought with care,
And pearl necklace rich and rare;
But all in vain; yet what she most
Regretted, was Charles' picture lost.
Bonneau, the purser, could not find
The treasure to his care consign'd:
It cost him many a heavy groan,
To see plate, linen, wardrobe flown.
The scribbling crew, to thieving bred,
Who by the Gazetteer were led,
With eager haste, had in the night
Plunder'd the court, and taken flight.
They all with Plato were agreed,
That soldiers luxury don't need;
Then thro' bye-path their way they win,
And share the booty at an inn;
There they a tract compos'd profound
For morals and for doctrine sound;
Pleasure and wealth it taught to scorn,
And shew'd that man for man was born;
That, born equals, they should share
God's gifts, and all their burdens bear;
And that, to make their lot more blest'd.
Goods should in common be possess'd.
'Twas soon expos'd to public view,
Enrich'd with notes and comments too,
Wrote with religious good intent,
With preface and advertisement.
The royal household, quite distress'd,
Was, the mean time, depriv'd of rest;
Thro' ev'ry forest and each plain
They ran about, but all in vain.
Thus Phineus erst whom Thrace obey'd,
And thus Æneas were afraid,

When

When * Harpies, flutt'ring on the wing,
 Seiz'd on the dinner of each king.
 Agnes and Dorothea now
 Their charms to cover knew not how :
 Poor Bonneau griev'd in such a strain,
 From laughter they cou'd scarce refrain :
 Ah, cry'd he, we such loss ne'er bore
 By war's sad fortune heretofore ;
 The rogues took all ; our monarch's mind
 Too much to mercy is inclin'd ;
 Thus his indulgence is repaid ;
 We gain this by the scribbling trade.
 Agnes, compassionate and mild,
 Who on each turn of fortune smil'd,
 In answer said, my dear Bonneau,
 Take not the thing in dudgeon so ;
 Do not from hence conceive a spite
 To learning, and to those that write :
 For I could many authors name,
 Whom Envy's self could scarce defame ;
 Who still prove faithful to the throne,
 Do good, but never make it known :
 Whose song to virtue gives the prize,
 Who practise it before our eyes ;
 Who, on the public good intent,
 T'instruct as well as charm are bent ;

These :

* The Harpies, Cæleno, Ocipete, and Aëllö, daughters of Neptune and the Earth, came to devour all the victuals that were served up to the table of Phineus, king of Thrace, and defiled his whole house. Zetës and Colaës, sons of Boreas, drove these Harpies to the island called the Strophades, near Greece. They treated Æneas as they had done Phineus. But Virgil has represented them as prophetesses : Strange ! that such creatures should be thought inspired by the deities !

Virginei volūcrum vultus, fœdissima ventris
 Proluvies, uncræque manus & pallida semper
 Ora fame.

They upbraid Æneas for making war upon them for a few pieces of beef, and foretel, that he and his people shall be one day reduced to eat their dishes in Italy. The admirers of the antients look upon this fiction as extremely beautiful.

These are belov'd, tho' some are drones * ;
Industrious bees our country owns.
Bonneau replies, 'Tis mighty fine ;
But yet, methinks, the king should dine ;
And I cannot, as I'm a finner,
Without the ready find a dinner.
They comfort him, with courage rare
All strive their suff'rings to repair :
Then to the town they make retreat,
And to the castle, noble seat
Of Charles, and of his valiant knights,
Whither good cheer and wine invites.
The knights were but half clad at best,
The ladies were but simply drest ;
They enter'd harra's'd, fight most odd !
Bare one foot, t'other badly shod.

* In the original there is a quibble upon the word *Frelon*, which signifies a drone.





DISCOURSE addressed to the WELSH.

By ANTHONY VADE, brother of WILLIAM.

OH Welsh ! my countrymen, if you surpass the antient Greeks and Romans, never bite the bosom of your nurses, never insult your masters, be modest in your triumphs ; consider who you are, and from whom you descend.

It is true, you had the honour to be subdued by Julius Cæsar, who caused all the members of your parliament of Vanners to be hanged, sold the remainder of the inhabitants, ordered the hands of the inhabitants of Quercy to be cut off, and then governed you with great mildness. You remained above five hundred years subject to the laws of the Roman empire : your Druids, who treated you as slaves and animals, who piously burned you in osier baskets, no longer retained their influence, when you became a province of the Roman empire. But honestly confess, that you were always somewhat barbarous.

In the 5th age of your vulgar æra, the Vandales, to whom you gave the sonorous appellation of Bougonfions, or Bourguignons, people of great genius, and extremely cleanly, who rubbed their hair with strong butter, to use the phrase of Sidonius Apollinaris, *infundens acidocomam butiro* : these people, I say, made you all slaves, from the territory of your town of Vienne to the source of your river Seine ; and it is one of the remaining customs of that illustrious age, for monks and canons to have
vassals

vassals in this country *. This fine prerogative of the human species subsists amongst you as a testimony of your wisdom.

One part of your remaining provinces, which you so long called the provinces of Oc, and which you so nobly distinguished from the provinces of Oui, were invaded by the Visigoths: and as to your provinces of Oui, they were taken from you by a Sicambrian, named Hilclovie †, whose ancestors had been condemned to be devoured by wild beasts at Triers, by the emperor Constantine. This Sicambrian, dignified with the title of the Roman Patrician, reduced you to slavery with a handful of Franks, which came out of the marshes of the Rhine, the Mayne, and the Meuse. The noble exploits of this great man were the assassinations of three petit kings, his friends and relations, one near the town of Boulogne upon the sea, the other near the village of Cambray, and the third near the village of Mans, which your chronicles call cities: it was at that time that the Welsh country had the melodious name of Frankreick, the antient name of France, in commemoration of its conquerors; and you were the first nation of the world, for you had the standard of St. Denis.

Northern pirates came some time after to pillage you, and took from you the province which has been since called Normandy. You were afterwards divided into many different nations under different masters, and each nation had its peculiar laws, as well as its peculiar jargon.

One half of your country soon belonged to the inhabitants of the island called Britain, or England, in their idiom, which was then as harmonious as yours. Normandy, Bretagne, Anjou, Maine, Xaintonge, Guienne, Gascony, Angoumois, Perigueux, Rouergue, and Auvergne, were a long time in the hands of this people, the Angles: whilst you had neither Lyons, nor Marseilles, nor Dauphine, nor Provence, nor Languedoc.

Not--

* At St. Claude, and other places belonging to the monks, the citizens are still their vassals.

† Clovis.

Notwithstanding this your miserable situation, your compilers, whom you take for historians, often call you, The first people of the earth, and your kingdom, The first kingdom. This is treating other nations somewhat unpolitely. You are an amiable people; and if you add modesty to your graces, the rest of Europe will be highly pleased with you.

Return your hearty thanks to God for delivering you from the Angles, by the factions of the red and white Rose; and above all, return thanks, that the civil wars of Germany prevented Charles V. from swallowing up your country, and making it a province of the empire.

You had a brilliant moment under Lewis XIV. but don't, for that reason, think yourselves superior in every thing to the antient Romans and Greeks.

Consider, that during the space of six hundred years, scarce any body amongst you, except a few of your new Druids, could either read or write. Your excessive ignorance gave you up to the Flamen of Rome and his associates, like children, whom pedagogues govern and correct as they think proper. Your contracts of marriage, when you made contracts, which was but seldom, were written, in bad Latin, by clerks; you did not know what you had stipulated: and when you had children, there came a shaven monk from Rome, who proved to you, that your wife was not your wife, that she was your cousin in the last degree, that your marriage was sacrilegious, that your children were bastards, and that you were damned if you did not, without delay, make over one half of your property to the chamber called Apostolical.

Your basiloï (kings) were not better treated than yourselves: you had nine excommunicated (if I am not mistaken) by the servant of the servants of God. Excommunication implied, of consequence, the confiscation of goods; so that your basiloï lost all right to their crown, which the Roman pontiff made a present of to which ever of his friends he thought proper.

You

You will tell me, my dear Welsh, that the people of Britain, or England, and even the Teutonic emperors, have been worse used than you, and that they were full as ignorant. That is true, but that does not justify you: and if the British nation was so stupid as to be a long time a feudatory province to a Druid beyond the Alps, you will acknowledge, that it contrived to revenge the affront; endeavour to follow the example if you can.

You had formerly a king who, though unfortunate in all his designs and expeditions, deserves some praise, for having taught you to read and write; he even sent to Italy for persons who taught you the Greek language, and for others who taught you painting and statuary: but there passed above a hundred years before you had a tolerable painter or statuary; and as for those who learned the Greek, and even the Hebrew, they were almost all burnt alive, having incurred the suspicion of reading certain Judaical books; a thing highly dangerous.

I am willing to allow you, my dear Welshmen, that your country is the first country in the world; and yet you do not possess the largest domain in the smallest of the four quarters of the earth. Consider that Spain is of somewhat greater extent, that Germany is still more so, that Poland and Switzerland are bigger, and that there are provinces in Russia, of which the country of the Welsh would not make a fourth part.

I wish your country may prove the first in the world for the fertility of its soil: but, for God's sake, think of your forty leagues of lands towards Bourdeaux, of that part of your Champagne to which you have given the noble appellation of the Lousy, of whole provinces where the inhabitants live entirely upon chefnuts, and of others, where there is no bread to be had but rye bread: take notice of the prohibition you lie under to export corn out of your country; a prohibition founded upon your want, and perhaps too upon your character, which would excite you to sell all you have as fast as possible, in order to purchase it again at a very high price three months after: in this you resemble certain inhabitants of America, who sell their beds in the

the morning, forgetting that they will want them at night.

Add to this, that the expence which the fashionable part of the nation is at, in flour to powder themselves, whether you have your hair dressed in the royal bird fashion, or whether you wear it loose, like king Clodio and the privy counsellors, is an expence so universal, that it is very reasonable to prevent the exportation of a commodity of which you make so good a use.

First people of the earth, consider that you have in your kingdom of Frankreich, about two millions of inhabitants who walk in wooden shoes during six months of the year, and who go bare-footed during the remaining six.

Are you the first people of the earth for commerce and maritime glory? Alas!

I have heard it said, but I cannot believe that yours is the only nation in the world that buys the right of judging men, and even of leading them to be killed in battle. I have been assured, that you make the public treasure pass through fifty hands before it arrives at the royal treasury; and when it has gone through all these strainers, it is at last reduced to the fifth part of its value at most.

In answer to this you will alledge, that you are extremely successful in comic operas: but can you deny that you are indebted to Italy for your comic, as well as your serious operas? I will own that you have invented some modes, though you now adopt almost all those of the people of Britain. But was it not a Genoese who discovered the fourth part of the world, where you possess only two or three little islands? Was it not a native of Portugal who opened to you a passage to the East-Indies, where you lately lost your little factories?

Perhaps you may be the first people in the world for the invention of arts: yet, was not the compass invented by John Goya, of Melphi? Was it not the German, Schwartz, who discovered the secret of inflammable powder? Was not printing, which you make so much use of, the fruit of a German's ingenious labour?

When

When you are disposed to read the new pamphlets, which represent you as so learned a people, you sometimes make use of spectacles : thank Francis Spina for this ; for without him you would never have been able to read small characters. You have telescopes ; for them thank James Metius the Dutchman, and Galilei Galilæo the Florentine.

If you sometimes amuse yourselves with barometers and thermometers, to whom are you indebted for them ? To Torricelli, who invented the former ; to Drebellius, who invented the latter.

Many of you study the true system of the planetary world : it was a man born in Polish Prussia, who discovered this secret of the Creator. You are aided in your calculations by logarithms ; it is to the immense labour of lord Napier and his associates that you are obliged for them : it is Guerick of Magdebourg, that you should thank for the air pump.

It is this same Galilæo, whom I have just mentioned, who first discovered the satellites of Jupiter, the spots in the sun, and its rotation upon its axis. The Dutchman Huygens, could see the ring of Saturn ; an Italian could see its satellites when you could perceive nothing at all.

In fine, it was the great Newton who demonstrated to you the nature of light, and who discovered the great law which causes the stars to move, and which directs heavy bodies towards the centre of the earth.

First people of the world, you love to adorn your closets, you hang up fine prints in them ; but reflect, that the Florentine Finiguerra is the father of this art, which immortalizes what the pencil cannot preserve. You have also fine clocks ; this likewise is an invention of the Dutchman Huygens.

You sometimes wear brilliants upon your fingers ; reflect that it was the people of Venice that first began to cut them, and to imitate pearls.

You sometimes contemplate yourselves in a looking-glass ; it is to Venice likewise that you are indebted for this invention.

I should

I should therefore be gald that you would shew in your books a little more respect for your neighbours. You don't indeed do like Rome, where all those who discover any truth are brought before the inquisition, let that truth be of what nature it will; and where Galilæo was obliged to fast upon bread and water, for having taught them that the planets move round the sun. But what do you do? As soon as an useful discovery renders another nation illustrious, you combat it, and that for a long time. Newton shews the astonished world the seven primitive and unchangeable rays of light; you, for twenty years, deny what has been proved by experiments, instead of making those experiments yourselves. He demonstrated gravitation to you; and during forty years, you, in opposition to him, maintain the impertinent romance of the Cartesian vortices. In a word, you never yield, till all Europe has laughed at your obstinacy.

In other countries, inoculation saves the lives of thousands; you exert yourselves, for above forty years, in endeavours to decry this salutary practice. If sometimes, in carrying to the grave your wives or your children, dead of a natural small-pox, you feel a moment's remorse (as you happen to have a moment of grief and regret) if you then repent the not having adopted the practice of nations more wise and more resolute than you; if you sometimes venture to do that which is common among them; this resolution does not hold, prejudice and lightness reassume their antient empire over you.

You either are ignorant, or pretend to be ignorant, that in the London hospitals set apart for the natural and artificial small-pox, one fourth part of the patients who have the common small-pox die, whilst there scarcely dies one out of four hundred of those that have been inoculated.

Thus you let one-fourth of your fellow-citizens perish; and when you are shocked at this calculation, which shews you to be imprudent and so blame-worthy, what do you do? You consult licentiates, either those of the foundation of Robert Sorbon, or others:
you

you present requisitions! It is thus you maintained theses against Harvey, when he had discovered the circulation of the blood: in this manner were decrees issued by the parliament of Paris, which condemned to the gallies those who wrote against the Categories of Aristotle.

Oh, first people of the earth, when will you become reasonable? You are under the necessity of acknowledging the truth of all I have said to you. You make answer, that all your follies do not prevent mademoiselle Du Chap from selling female habits and ornaments all over the North, no more than it prevents your language from being spoken at Copenhagen, Stockholm, and Moscow. I shall not take into consideration the importance of the first of these articles; the second is alone the subject of my discourse. You make it your boast, that your language is almost as universal as the Greek and Latin were formerly. To whom are you indebted for this? To about a score authors of genius; all of whom you neglected, persecuted, and tormented, during their lives. You chiefly owe this triumph of your language in foreign countries, to the multitudes of natives, who were obliged to quit their country about the year 1613: Bayle, Le Clerc, Basnage, Bernard, Rapin Thoiras, Beausobre, L'Enfant, and many more, departed to make Holland and Germany illustrious: literary commerce was one of the greatest advantages of the United Provinces, and was entirely lost to you. The misfortunes of your countrymen contributed greatly to make your language known to so many nations: the Racines, the Corneilles, the Molières, the Boileaus, the Quinaults, the La Fontaines, and your good writers in prose, have doubtless greatly contributed to spread abroad your language and your reputation: it is a great advantage, but it does not justify you in thinking, that you surpass the Greeks and Romans in every thing.

In the first place, be so good as to consider, that you have no art or science, for the knowledge of which you are not indebted to the Greeks: the very names of those arts and sciences sufficiently prove this; logic, dialectics,

dialectics, geometry, metaphysics, poetry, geography, even theology, if it be a science, all declare to you the source from whence you derive them.

There is not a single woman that does not speak Greek without being aware of it; for if she says, that she has seen a tragedy or a comedy; that an ode has been read to her; that one of her relations has had a fit of the apoplexy, or is become paralytic; that he has a quincy, or that a surgeon has bled him in the cephalic vein; that she has been at church, where a deacon has sung the Litany; if she speaks of bishops, priests, archdeacons, pope, liturgy, anthem, eucharist, baptism, mysteries, decalogue, evangelists, hierarchy, &c. it is very certain that she has scarce pronounced a word that is not Greek.

True it is, that those who derive all these terms from a foreign language, may make so happy a use of them, that the disciples may at last surpass the masters. But when, in process of time, you had formed your language of the ruins of the Greek and Latin, blended with your ancient Welsh and Teutonic terms, did you then succeed so far as to compose a language sufficiently copious, expressive, and harmonious? Does not your sterility sufficiently appear from the dry and barbarous terms you employ upon all occasions? *Bout du pied, bout de doigt, bout d'oreille, bout de nez, bout de fil, bout de pont, &c.* End of the foot, end of the finger, end of the ear, end of the nose, end of the thread, end of the bridge, &c. whilst the Greeks express all these different things by terms full of energy and harmony. You have been likewise reproached with using the expressions *un bras de riviere, un bras de mer, un cu d'artichaud, un cu de lampe, un cu de sac, &c.* * Scarcely do you allow yourselves to use the word *cu* in its proper sense before matrons worthy of respect; and yet you make use of no other word to express things with which it has no sort of connexion. Jerome Carré has proposed to you the word *impasse*, to signify your streets that have no passage

* Some of these French phrases would appear indecent if rendered literally.

sage from them, this term is noble and significant; yet, to your shame be it spoken, it is constantly printed in your royal almanac, that one of you lives in the *cu de Sac*, and the other in the *cu de blancs Manteaux*. Fie! are you not ashamed? The Romans called such streets as had no issue, *angiportus*; they could not find any resemblance between a street and the thing signified by the word *cu*.

What shall I say of the word *trou*, hole, of which you make so frequent and so noble a use?

Do not you think that the names of your gates, your streets, and your temples, would have a fine effect in an epic poem? We take pleasure in seeing Hector run from the temple of Pallas to the Scæan gate. The ear is as much pleased as the imagination delighted, when the Greeks advance from Tenedos to the Trojan shore, upon the banks of the rivers Simois and Scamander; but, speak honestly, could a poet represent your heroes descending from the church of *St. Pierre au Bœufs*, St. Peter with oxen; or *St. Jaques du haut pas*, St. James of high step; advancing with fury by the street of *Pet au diable*, devil's fart; and by the street *Troussévache*, drive-cow; embarking upon the galley of St. Cloud, and going to join battle at the square of *Longjumeau*, long-twin?

The curious amongst you preserve a prodigious number of memoirs of the transactions that passed between the death of Henry II. and Henry IV. These are monuments of rudeness produced by the itch of writing; they are collections of satires occasioned by shocking events, transmitted to posterity in the low stile of the populace: at that time you had but one historian, and he was obliged to write in Latin.

At last, you have cleared your language of this barbarous rust, of this sordid meanness; you have composed some good books; but have you in them surpassed Cicero and Demosthenes? Have you wrote better than Livy, Tacitus, Thucydides, and Xenophon? What author, of a genius above mediocrity, has hitherto wrote your annals?

Is it becoming in Daniel to say, in the very first page of his history, "It was not till the reign of the great Clovis, that the French made themselves for ever masters of these vast provinces." Certain it is, that the great Clovis did not make himself master of them *for ever*; as his successors lost the whole tract that lies between Cologne and Franche-compte. This Daniel tells you, from the romancer Gregory of Tours, that the soldiers of Clovis, after the battle of Tolbiac, "Cried out, as it were in concert: We renounce mortal gods; we will no longer adore any but the eternal God; we no longer acknowledge any other God but him, whom the holy bishop Remi preaches to us."

It is not indeed possible that a whole French army should, in concert, pronounce these words, and these antitheses of mortal and immortal. Your Daniel resembles your La Motte, who, in an abridgment of the Iliad, makes the whole Grecian army pronounce this verse, when Achilles is reconciled to Agamemnon.

Que ne vaincra-t-il point? il s'est vaincu lui-même.

Whom can't he conquer? he himself subdues.

How could the army of the Franks renounce mortal gods? Did it worship men? Were not Theut, Irminful, Odin, and Fridda, whom these barbarians adored, immortal in their opinion? Daniel should not have been ignorant, that all the inhabitants of the North adored a Supreme Being, who presided over these secondary divinities; he had nothing to do but to cite the antient book of Edda, quoted by the learned Huet, bishop of Avranches; he had nothing to do but to read what Huet has said expressly in his treatise concerning the manners of the Germans: *Regnator omnium Deus*, God, the ruler of all: this deity was called God, or Goth, Goth the good; and it is matter of much surprise, that barbarians should give the deity a title so worthy of him. Daniel should not therefore have put such an absurdity into the mouth of a whole army; a
folly

folly which suits only a christian pedagogue. But pray in what language did Remi preach to these Bruëteri and Sicambri? He spoke either Latin or Welsh; and the Sicambri spoke the antient Teutonic. Remi, in all appearance, renewed the miracle of the Pentecost: *Et unusquisque intendebat linguam suam*, And each understood his own language. If you examine Mezerai carefully, what a heap of fables, what confusion, and what a stile do you meet with! Deserve Livies, and you will have them.

I am inclined to think, that, amongst you, the eloquence of the bar and the pulpit have had all the improvement they are capable of. The division of your sermons into three heads, when there is no occasion for such division; an address to the virgin Mary, which precedes this Division, a long Welsh discourse upon a Latin text, which is suited, the best it can, to that discourse; and, finally, scraps of common place, repeated a thousand times over, are master-pieces of composition, no doubt; the pleadings of your lawyers upon the customs of Hurepoix or Gatinois, will pass to the latest posterity; but I doubt much whether they will cause the Greek and Roman eloquence to be forgotten.

I am far from denying that Pascal, Bossuet, and Fenelon, were extremely eloquent. It was upon the appearing of these geniuses, that you ceased to be Welsh, and that you became French. But don't compare the Provincial Letters to the Philippics. First, consider that the importance of the subject is something: the names of Philip and Mark Anthony are somewhat above the names of father Annat, Escobar, and Tambourini. The interests of Greece, and the civil wars of Rome, are objects more considerable than sufficient grace which is insufficient; co-operating grace which does not operate; and efficacious grace which is without efficaciousness. The great attractive of these Provincial Letters is lost with the Jesuits; but the Orations of Demosthenes and Cicero still instruct Europe, whilst the objects of these harangues exist no longer; whilst the

the Greeks are only slaves, and the Romans only monks.

I am very sensible, that the funeral orations of Bossuet are exceeding fine, that they do not even want sublimity; but what is a funeral oration? A discourse of meer ostentation, a declamatory piece, a collection of common-place, and of en a violation of the truth. Should these poetical harangues be placed in the same class with the solid orations of Cicero and Demosthenes?

Your Fenelon, an admirer of the antients, whose genius was formed by reading their works, lighted his waxen taper by their immortal flames: you will not be so presumptuous as to maintain, that his Calypso, abandoned by Telemachus, comes near the Dido of Virgil: the cold and unaffecting passion of Telemachus, whom Mentor pushes into the sea with his fist, in order to cure him of his love, does not seem to be one of the most sublime of inventions. And will you presume that the prose of that work is comparable to the poetry of Homer and Virgil? Oh my Welsh countrymen, what is a poem in prose, but an acknowledgment of its author's deficiency in point of genius? Do you not know, that it is easier to compose ten volumes of tolerable prose in your language, than ten good lines in verse, in this language overladen with articles, deprived of inversions, poor in poetical terms, sterile in bold turns of expression, subjected to an eternal monotony of rhyme, and void of rhymes in the most noble subjects.

Do not you recollect, that when Lewis XIV. whom readers were resolved to take for Idomeneus, was dead; when Louvois was forgotten, whose character they discovered in Protefilaus: when the marchioness Scarron de Maintenon, whom they compared to the old Asterbe, was no longer envied; that then Telemachus lost much of its esteem. But the *tu Marcellus eris* of Virgil will always live in the memory of men; these lines, and those which precede them, will be always cited with admiration:

*Ter sese attollens cubitoque innixa levavit,
Ter revoluta toro est, oculisque errantibus alto
Quæsiuit cælo lucem, ingemuitque reperta.*

In a prose translation of Virgil (for it is impossible for you to translate him in verse, and you have not yet had any success in rendering the sense of the Latin authors in prose) an imitation of the admirable speech of Dido, which follows, has been cited :

*Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor,
Qui face Dardanio ferroque sequare colonos.
Littora littoribus contraria, fluctibus undas
Imprecor, arma armis, pugnent ipsique nepotes.*

This is the pretended imitation of Virgil, which is represented as a faithful copy of this grand picture.

*Puisse après mon trepas s'élever de mon cendre
Un feu qui sur la terre aille au loin se repandre :
Excitez par mes vœux puissent mes successeurs,
Jurer des le Berceau qu'ils seront mes vengeurs,
Et du nom de Troiens ennemis implacables.
Attaquer en tous lieux ces rivaux redoutables.
Que l'univers en proie à ces deux nations,
Soit le theatre affreux de leurs dissensions,
Que toute serve à nourrir cette haine invincible ;
Qu'elle croisse toujours jusques au moment terrible ;
Que l'un ou l'autre cede aux armes du vainqueur,
Que ses derniers efforts signalent sa fureur !*

When I am dead, may from my fatal urn
Arise a fire which half the earth may burn :
Rous'd by my vows, may my successors swear
In childhood to make my revenge their care,
And of the Trojan name eternal foes,
May they my rivals in each clime oppose.
Be earth a prey to these two nations' rage,
Let it to their contentions be a stage :

May

May all things serve to feed this direful hate,
 May it grow till the moment mark'd by fate;
 Till one or t'other party yield of course,
 May its last efforts signalize its force!

Do but consider how weak, vitious, forced, and languid, this pretended copy is;

*Puisse apres mon trepas s'elever de mors cendre
 Un feu qui sur la terre aille au loin se repandre!*

When I am dead, may from my fatal urn
 Arise a fire which half the earth may burn!

What means this fire which is to spread itself far and wide over the earth? Do we find in these verses fill'd with breaks, the least word which recalls the ideas of grief, of terror and of vengeance, which breathe in this striking line:

Exoriare aliquis nostris ex ossibus ultor.

The author has a revenger in view, and the bald imitator speaks of a fire which is to burn half the earth. How much do the rhyming epithets, *implacables, redoubtables, invincibles, terribles*, weaken the painting of Virgil! how puerile is any epithet that adds nothing to the sense!

I do not know who is the author of these lines; but this I know, that when the rhyming of a Welsh poet comes in competition with the most beautiful passages of an antient author, it must suffer by the comparison.

Oh, ye French, I take pleasure to join with you in the admiration of your great poets; it is chiefly they who have spread your language to the polar circle, and who have forced even the Italians and Spaniards to learn it. I begin with your natural and pleasing La Fontaine: most of his fables are borrowed from Æsop, the Phrygian, and Phædrus, the Roman: there are about fifty which are master-pieces for nature, for grace, and for

dition. This species of writing is altogether unknown to the rest of the moderns. I must own, I could wish, that this extraordinary man had been less negligent in his other fables; that he had wrote this language which he has made so familiar to neighbouring nations with greater purity; that his style had been more chaste and exact; that whilst he greatly surpassed Phædrus in delicacy, he had equalled him in purity of elocution. I am sorry to see him begin by a short dedication to a prince, in which he says to him:

*Et si de l'agréer je n'emporte le prix,
J'aurai du moins l'honneur de l'avoir entrepris.*

To please him shou'd the glory be deny'd,
'Twill be at least an honour to have try'd.

It is a comical sort of a glory to attempt to please a person; and what an absurd phrase is that of *le prix d'agréer*, the prize of pleasing Phædrus does not express himself in this manner: Phædrus does not make the ant say, *ni mon grenier ni mon armoire ne se remplit à babiller*; neither my barn nor my chest are fill'd by prate. The fox in Phædrus says, "the grapes are too green," but he does not add, "they are good only for little brats."

It vexes me, when I meet with the expressions *la cigale ayant chanté tout été*, the grasshopper having sung the whole summer; to which the ant answers, *Vous chantiez. J'en suis bien aise, he bien dansez maintenant*; You sung! I am glad to hear it; well then, now dance.

The wolf might say to the dog with the chain, that he would not buy plenty with his liberty; but this wolf makes me uneasy when he adds;

*Je ne voudrois pas même à ce prix un trésor;
Cela dit maître loup s'ensuit & court encor.*

Bought at this price, I'd not a treasure prize;
This said, away he fled, and still he flies.

A wolf never desir'd gold or silver.

The man who blows his fingers because he's cold,
and breathes upon his soup because it is too hot, is quite
in the right : he does not at all deserve to have it said of
him,

*Arrière ceux dont la bouche
Souffle le chaud & le froid.*

Avaunt the man, I like him not,
Who blows what's cold as well as hot.

It is abusing a trivial proverb which is not here properly applied ; but these little blemishes do not prevent the fables of La Fontaine from being an immortal work.

His tales are, doubtless, the best we have ; this merit, if it be a merit, is unknown to Greek and Roman Antiquity. La Fontaine has, in this respect, surpassed Rabelais, and often equalled the simplicity and precision which are to be met with in three or four works of Marot ; in his best tales, you meet with that pleasing vein, that nature of Passerat, who lived in the reign of Henry III. and has left us the Metamorphosis of the Cuckow, a work too little known, in which we discover nothing of the rusticity of the age in which it was wrote, and which one would be tempted to think a work of La Fontaine himself.

Thus Passerat ends the tale of this poor, jealous wretch ; who being metamorphosed into a cuckow,

*S' envole au bois, au se tient caché,
Honteux d'avoir sa femme tant cherché ;
Et nean moins quand le printems s'enflame
Nos cœurs d'amour, il cherche encor sa femme :
Parle au passants & ne peut dire qu'ou,
Rien que ce mot ne retint le coucou
D'humain parler : mais par œuvres il montre
Qu'onc en oubli ne mit sa malencontre,
Se souvenant qu'on vint pondre chez lui,
Venge ce tort & pond au nid d'autrui :*

*Voila comment sa douleur il allege
Heureux ceux la qui ont ce privilege.*

Flies to the woods, there shuns the throng,
Vex'd to have sought his spouse so long ;
Yet when the spring revives love's flame
In ev'ry heart, he seeks his dame :
To all that pass he speaks and mutters
Ou, for no other word he utters ;
But by his actions plainly shews,
He recollects his wrongs and woes ;
Remembers how birds on a day
Came in his nest their eggs to lay ;
For which he just revenge prepares,
Resolv'd in turn to lay in theirs.
Thus he alleviates his grief ;
Bless'd who can thus procure relief.

Upon this stile La Fontaine formed his : for all your poets of Lewis XIV's age began by imitating their predecessors ; Corneille at first imitated the stile of Mairet and Rotrou ; Boileau that of Regnier.

Perhaps the grand defect of La Fontaine's tales is, that they almost all turn upon the same subject ; it is always the debauching of a daughter or a wife : the stile of them is not always correct and elegant , they are disfigured by negligence, by prolixities, and by proverbial and trivial expressions. He seems to be inferior to Ariosto in the tales which he has borrowed from that author. Ariosto not only has the merit of being the inventor, but he has woven those little adventures into a long poem, wherein they are related as there occurs occasion. His stile is always pure ; there is in him no prolixity, no defect of stile, no foreign ornaments ; in a word, he is a painter, and a very great painter ; that is the first merit of poetry ; and it is what La Fontaine has neglected. Observe, in the Joconda of Ariosto, the young Greek who finds Fiammetta in her bed whilst she lies between king Astolpho and Joconda.

*Viene all'uscio & lo spinge, & quel li cede;
 Entra pian piano, va a tenton col piede.
 Fa lunghi i passi, e sempre in quel di dietro
 Tutto si ferma, e l'altro par che mova,
 Aquisa che di dar tema nel vetro;
 Non ch'el terreno abbia a calcar ma l'uova.
 E tien la mano innanzi simil metro
 Va bran colando in fin ch'el letto trova;
 E di la dove gli altri avean le piante;
 Tacito si caccia col capo inante.*

The door yields to her hand, she enters slow,
 And groping cautious, forward tries to go;
 Her steps she lengthens, onward tries to pass,
 As if she fear'd to strike against a glass;
 Her hand before resembling motions kept,
 Thus she approach'd the bed wherein they slept;
 And then, from where the others legs were plac'd
 Advancing forward, pass'd with eager haste.

It is surprising that your Boileau, in the judgment he has passed upon the Joconda of Ariosto, and upon that of La Fontaine, should reproach the Italian author with certain liberties; he does not recollect that it is an inn-keeper that speaks; every person should preserve his peculiar character. Ariosto, whilst he attends to this costume, as the painters call it, does not let a single word escape him that is not pure Tuscan; an extraordinary merit in a work of such length, wrote entirely in redoubled stanzas.

I have spoken too long of this trivial species of writing, which, trivial as it is, contributes to the glory of literature;

In tenui labor, at tenuis non gloria.

The subject's trivial, but not so the praise.

I should enlarge upon the superior merit of your theatre, whose only defect is, that it is not sufficiently tragical, if this subject had not been so often treated of already.

It is my opinion, that Euripides would blush at his glory, that he would hide himself through shame, if he was to see the Phædra and Iphigenia of Racine. The tragedies of Racine, and many of the scenes of Corneille, are some of the finest pieces in your language. Many of the scenes of Quinault are admirable, in a species of poetry no more known to the antients than that of La Fontaine's tales. Your Moliere surpasses both Terence and Plautus; I will acknowledge, likewise, that Boileau's Art of Poetry is more poetical than that of Horace; that he sets the example in giving the precept, and that his copy is superior to the original. This is your glory; strive to preserve it: you excel in these two sorts of composition alone; you have rivals or masters in all others. You have been so affected by the charms of verse, that now-a-days your treatises upon physics and metaphysics unhappily breathe the spirit of poetry; no longer able to write poems in the same taste in which they were wrote in the age of Lewis XIV. you have only discovered the secret how to spoil your prose.

You are threatened with another plague: I am informed that there rises amongst you, a set of rigid people who call themselves solid; gloomy geniuses, who pretend to judgment because they are void of imagination; men of learning, enemies to letters, who are for ever banishing polite antiquity and fable. Do not give ear to their insinuations, oh you French! if you do, you will soon become Welsh again.

Imagination, daughter of heaven, built formerly in Greece a temple of transparent marble; she, with her own hands, painted upon the walls of the temple all nature in allegorical pictures: there Jupiter, the sovereign of gods and men, was seen to bring forth the goddess of Wisdom by his brain; the goddess of Beauty is likewise his daughter, but she did not spring from his head: this Beauty is the mother of Love: that this Beauty may have the power of enchanting hearts, she should be never unattended by the three Graces: and who are these necessary companions of Beauty? One is Aglaë, who burns all; another Euphrosine, who inspires hearts with tranquil joy; and the third Thalia, who

who strews flowers upon the footsteps of the goddesses ; this is the signification of their three names. The Muses teach all the elegant arts ; they are daughters of Memory, and their birth informs you, that, without the assistance of Memory, man can neither invent nor combine two ideas.

This then is what barbarians would destroy ; and what can they substitute in the place of these divine emblems ? The pleadings of Mr. de Saci, with some other works of equal merit ? The harangue of Mr. Stephen le Dain, pronounced in the secretary's office ?

Oh ye Welsh, if Janus with a double forehead, representing the year which begins and ends, retains among you still the rude and unintelligible name of January ; if your April, which signifies nothing, is with the ancients the month consecrated to Aphrodite, to Venus, to the principle that makes nature young ; if the barbarous names of *Vendredi & Mercredi*, Friday and Wednesday, recal the ideas of Venus and Mercury ; if the whole heaven in its constellations is still filled with the fables of Greece ; respect your masters, if you have not a mind to resemble that learned Welshman, who maintained that the twelve patriarchs, sons of Jacob, had invented the twelve signs of the zodiac ; that the Ram was that of Isaac, the Twins that of Jacob and Esau, the Virgin that of Rebecca, Aquarius the pitcher of Rebecca ; and that the other signs had been given wrong.

Believe me, my dear brethren, you would not do amiss to retain the beautiful profane inventions of your predecessors.



E S S A Y
UPON THE
ENGLISH THEATRE.

By JEROME CARRE.

TWO little English books inform us, that this nation, famous for so many excellent works, and so many famous enterprizes, is possessed of two excellent tragic poets : one is Shakespeare, who is said, greatly to surpass Corneille ; the other, the tender Otway, much superior to the tender Racine.

This dispute turning entirely upon taste, there does not seem any answer to be made to the English. Who can hinder a whole nation from liking a poet of its own, better than one of another country ? It is impossible to prove to a whole people that it is pleased in the wrong place ; but we may refer the matter in dispute between the stage of Paris and that of London to other nations. We therefore address ourselves to all readers from Peter-sbourg to Naples, and we entreat them to decide the controversy.

There is not a man of learning in Russia, in Italy, in Germany, in Spain, in Switzerland, or in Holland, who is not acquainted with Cinna and Phædra ; and very few of them have any knowledge of the works of Shakespeare

speare or Otway. This is a great prejudice in favour of the former ; however, it is but a prejudice. The papers relative to the suit should be produced before the bar. Hamlet is one of the most admired pieces of Shakespeare, as well as one of those which are ofteneft represented. We fhall faithfully lay it before the judges.

PLAN of the TRAGEDY of HAMLET.

The fubject of Hamlet, prince of Denmark, is pretty nearly the fame with that of Elcetra.

Hamlet, king of Denmark, was poisoned by his brother Claudius and his queen Gertrude, who poured poi-son in his ear whilst he was afleep. Claudius fucceed-
ed the deceased ; and a few days after the burying, the widow married the brother-in-law.

No body had ever entertained the leaft fufpicion of the late king Hamlet's being poisoned in the manner above related. Claudius reigns in peace. Two foldi-ers being upon guard before the gate of Claudius's palace, one fays to the other, How has your hour paffed ? The other answers, Very well, I have not heard a mufe ftir. After fome difcourfe of the fame nature, the ghofl appears, drefl like the late king Hamlet ; one of thefe foldiers fays to his comrade, Speak to this ghofl, you are a fcholar ; That I will, fays the other : Stay and fpeak, phantom, I command you. The apparition difappears without answering. The two foldiers, in aftonifhment, talk of this apparition. The learned foldier remembers that he had heard that " the fame thing had happened at the time of the death of Cæfar ; tombs were opened, the dead in their fhrouds fcreamed and leaped about in the ftreets of Rome : it without doubt is a prefage of fome extraordinary event."

At thefe words the ghofl appears a fecond time : then one of the guards cries out, Phantom, what would you have ? Can I do any thing for you ? Is your coming occafioned by any hidden treasures ? Then the cock crows. The ghofl walks off flowly ; the centinels propofe ftrik-
ing

ing it with a halberd in order to stop it; but it flies; and the soldiers conclude that it is customary with ghosts to vanish at the crowing of the cock, "For, say they, at the time of Advent, (Christmas-eve) the bird of dawning sings all night, and then spirits dare not wander any longer; the nights are wholesome, the planets shed no bad influence; fairies and forcerers are without power at so holy and blessed a season."

Observe, by the bye, that this is one of the striking passages that Pope has marked with commas in his edition of Shakespeare, to make readers take notice of its excellence.

After the ghost has thus made his appearance, king Claudius, Gertrude his queen, and the courtiers, join in a conversation in the hall of the palace. Young Hamlet, son of the poisoned monarch, the hero of the piece, receives with sadness and melancholy the marks of friendship shewn him by Claudius and Gertrude: this prince was far from suspecting that his father had been poisoned by them; but he was highly displeased that his mother had so soon married the brother of her first husband. Gertrude dissuades her son from continuing to wear mourning for his father to no purpose. "It is not, says he, my coat as black as ink, nor the appearances of grief, which constitute the real mourning; this mourning is at the bottom of the heart, the rest is only vain parade." He declares, that he has an inclination to quit Denmark, and go to school to Wittenbergh. "Dear Hamlet, says the queen, do not go to school to Wittenberg, stay with us." Hamlet answers, that he will endeavour to obey her. Claudius is charmed at the answer; and orders that all of his court should go and drink, whilst the cannons were fired off; though gun-powder was not then invented.

Hamlet, left alone a prey to his reflections, makes the following soliloquy. "What, my mother! whom my father loved to such a degree! my mother, for whom my father found his appetite increase the longer he eat! My mother marries another at the end of a month! another, no more to be compared to him, than a satyr's to be compared to the sun! the month
" being

“ being scarce elapsed ! What do I say ? before she had
 “ worn out the shoes with which she followed the bo-
 “ dy of my poor father ! Ah, frailty is the name of wo-
 “ man ! my heart bursts *, for I must hold my tongue.”
 Here again Pope gives notice to his readers, that this
 passage is worthy of their admiration.

In the mean time the two centinels come to inform
 prince Hamlet, that they had seen a ghost which bore a
 strong resemblance to the king his father : this gives the
 prince great uneasiness ; he is impatient to see this ap-
 parition ; he swears that he will speak to it, though
 hell should gape and bid him hold his peace ; and he
 goes home to wait the close of the day with impati-
 ence.

Whilst he is in his apartments at the palace, a young
 person named Ophelia, daughter of lord Polonius, great
 chamberlain, appears in the house of her father, with
 her brother Laertes. This Ophelia has some inclina-
 tion for prince Hamlet. Laertes gives her very good
 advice.

“ Do you see me, sister, a prince, the heir to a king-
 “ dom, should not carve for himself ; his morsels should
 “ be chosen for him ; take care how you lose your
 “ heart with him, and how you open your chaste trea-
 “ sure to his violent importunities. It is dangerous to
 “ pull off one’s mask, even by moon-light : putrefacti-
 “ on often destroys the children of the spring before
 “ their buds are blown ; and in the morning, and the
 “ dew of youth, contagious winds are much to be
 “ feared.”

OPHELIA answers.

“ Ah, dear brother, don’t deal with me as some un-
 “ gracious pastors do, who shew the steep and thorny
 “ road to heaven, whilst they themselves, like bold liber-
 “ tines, do the reverse of what they preach.”

The

* Here Mr. de Voltaire’s translation of Shakspeare is evidently
 defective ; the line in the original is,

But burst my heart, for I must hold my tongue.

The brother and sister having had this conversation, leave the stage to prince Hamlet, who returns with a friend and the same centinels who had seen the ghost. The apparition again presents itself before them: the prince speaks to it with respect and resolution; the ghost answers only by making Hamlet a sign to follow him. Ah, do not follow him, said his friend; he that follows a ghost is in danger of losing his senses. No matter, answers Hamlet, I will go with him. They endeavour to prevent him, but without success. "My destiny cries out to me to go, says he, and makes the smallest of my arteries as strong as the lion of Nemea. Yes, I'll follow him, and I'll make a ghost of whoever opposes me."

Then he goes out with the ghost, and they both return soon after, quite familiar with each other. The ghost informs him, "That he is in purgatory, and that he is going to relate to him things that will make his hair stand on end like quills upon a porcupine. 'Tis thought, says he, that I died of the bite of a serpent in my garden; but the serpent is the man that wears my crown, it is my brother; and what is most horrible is, that he put me to death without my so much as receiving extreme unction; revenge me: farewell my son; glow-worms shew that the morning approaches; farewell, remember me." The friends of prince Hamlet then return, and ask him what the ghost had said. "It is a very honest ghost, answers the prince, but swear, that you will divulge nothing of what it has entrusted me with." Immediately the voice of the ghost is heard, which cries out to Hamlet's friends, "Swear." "You must swear by my sword," says the prince to them. The ghost cries under ground, "Swear by his sword." They swear. Hamlet goes with them without forming any resolution. You may remember that this same prince Hamlet was in love with the lady Ophelia, daughter of lord Polonius, great chamberlain, and sister of young Laertes, who travels to France for his improvement. The good man, Polonius, recommends his son Laertes to his governor, and tells him in plain terms, that the young man sometimes goes to the bawdy-

bawdy-house, and that he should be narrowly watched. Whilst he is giving directions to the governor, his daughter Ophelia enters in a terrible fright, "Ah, my lord! " whilst I was at work in my closet, prince Hamlet entered with his waistcoat unbuttoned, without hat or garters, with his stockings upon his heels, with knees trembling and knocking against each other, pale as his shirt: he a long time examined my face, as if he was going to draw it, shook my arm, shook his head, heaved several deep sighs, and went off like a blind man who gropes his way." The chamberlain, Polonius, who does not know that Hamlet has seen a ghost, and hat he may possibly have lost his senses, thinks that his excessive love for Ophelia may have turned his head; and here the matter rests. The king and queen talk a long time of the madness of the prince. Ambassadors from Norway arrive at court, and hear this accident. The good man, Polonius, who is an old dotard, much more crazy than Hamlet, assures the king that he will take care of this disordered person; "'Tis my duty," says he, for what is duty? 'Tis duty just as day is day, night night, and time time; therefore since brevity is the soul of wit, and loquacity the body, I will be brief: Your noble son is mad; I call it mad: for what is madness but being mad? In fine, madam, he is mad; this is fact; it is a great pity, it is a great pity it should be true; the only business now is to find the cause of the effect. Now the cause is, that I have a daughter." To prove that it was love that had deprived the prince of his senses, he reads to the king and queen the letters that Hamlet had written to Ophelia.

Whilst thus the king, the queen, and all the court, talk of the melancholy condition of the prince, he arrives in great disorder, and by his discourse confirms the opinion that had been conceived of his madness; he, however, sometimes makes answers that discover a soul deeply wounded, and which are replete with good sense. The chamberlains, who have orders to amuse him, propose to him to hear a company of comedians, who were just arrived. Hamlet talks very rationally of plays;
the

the players act a scene before him, he gives his opinion of it with great good sense. Afterwards, when he is alone, he declares "that he is not so mad as he appears to be." What, says he, a player has wept for Hecuba! "What's Hecuba to him? What would he then do if his uncle and his mother had poisoned his father, as Claudius and Gertrude have poisoned mine? Ah, curst poisoner, assassin, fornicator, debauchee, base villain, and I now, what an ass am I? is not this fine conduct in me, the son of a king who has been poisoned, me, from whom heaven and hell demand vengeance, to content myself with evaporating my resentment in words like a common whore? I am satisfied with cursing like a slut, a beggar woman, a scullion."

He then forms a resolution to avail himself of the above-mentioned players, to discover whether his uncle and his mother had in fact poisoned his father; for after all, says he, the apparition may have deceived me; it is perhaps the devil that hath spoken to me; this matter must be cleared up. Hamlet then directs the players to play a pantomime, in which one is to sleep, and another to pour poison into his ear. It is very certain, that if king Claudius is guilty, he will be greatly surprised when he sees the pantomime; he will turn pale, his guilt will be seen upon his face; Hamlet will be sure of the crime, and will have a right to revenge.

Thus said, thus done. The company comes and represents this scene in dumb shew before the king, the queen, and the whole court; and the dumb shew is succeeded by a scene in verse. The king and queen look upon these two scenes as highly impertinent; they suspect Hamlet of having played them this trick, and of not being quite so great a madman as he appeared to be; this idea gave them great perplexity; they trembled with fear of having been detected. What course could they take? King Claudius resolves to send Hamlet to England, upon pretext of curing his madness; and writes to his good friend the king of England, to desire it as a favour of him, that he would hang the young traveller upon the receipt of his letter.

But

But the queen is desirous of questioning and sounding Hamlet before his departure ; and for fear he should do some mischief in his madness, the old chamberlain, Polonius, hides himself behind a tapestry hanging, in order to come to the queen's assistance, if there should be occasion.

The prince, who was mad, or who pretended to be so, comes to confer with his mother Gertrude. In his way, he sees in a corner king Claudius, who was seized with a fit of remorse ; he is afraid of being one day damned for having poisoned his brother, married his widow, and usurped his crown. He kneels down and makes a short prayer, not worth repeating. Hamlet, at first, has an inclination to take that time in order to kill him ; but reflecting that Claudius is in a state of grace, because he is then offering up his prayers to God, he takes care not to kill him in such circumstances. " What a fool should I be, says he, I should send him directly to heaven, whereas he sent my father to purgatory. Come, my sword, wait for another time in order to stab him ; wait till he is drunk, gaming or swearing, or till he is in bed with some incestuous woman ||, or till he is doing some other deed that is not likely to work out his salvation ; then fall upon him, that he may kick at heaven ; and that his soul may be damned, and black as hell, to which he will descend." This likewise is a passage which Pope's commas direct us to admire.

Hamlet then having deferred the murder of Claudius, in order to damn him, comes to confer with his mother ; and notwithstanding his madness, overwhelms her with such bitter reproaches of her crime, as pierce her to the very heart. The old chamberlain, Polonius, is apprehensive of his carrying matters too far ; he cries out for help behind the hangings ; Hamlet takes it for granted that it was the king who had hid himself there,
to

|| A mistranslation. The verse in Hamlet is,
Or in the incestuous pleasures of his bed.
Meaning in the embraces of Gertrude, who had been his brother's wife.

to listen to their conversation; Ah, mother, cries he, there is a great rat behind the hangings; he thereupon draws his sword, runs to the rat, and kills the good man Polonius. " Ah, my son, what are you about?" cries the queen. " Mother, returns Hamlet, it is the king that I have slain!" " It is a wicked action to kill a king||; " Almost as wicked, my good mother, as to kill a king, " and lie with his brother." This conversation lasts a long time; and Hamlet, as he goes out, walks upon the dead body of the old chamberlain, and is ready to fall down †.

The good lord chamberlain was an old fool, and is represented as such, as has already been seen: his daughter Ophelia, who, no doubt, resembled him in this respect, becomes raving mad when she is informed of her father's death: she runs upon the stage with flowers and straw upon her head, sings ballads, and then goes and drowns herself. Thus there are three mad people in the play, the chamberlain, and Hamlet, without reckoning the other buffoons who play their parts.

The corpse of Ophelia is taken out of the river, and her funeral is prepared. In the mean time king Claudius had made the prince embark for England; Hamlet, whilst upon his passage, had conceived a suspicion that he had been sent to London with some treacherous design: he finds in the pocket of one of the chamberlains his conductor, the letter of king Claudius to his friend the king of England, sealed with the great seal; in it he finds it earnestly recommended to the king of England to dispatch him the moment of his arrival. What does he do? He happened luckily to have the great-seal of his father in his purse; he throws the letter into the sea, and writes another, which he signs with the name of Claudius, and requests the king of England to hang the bearers upon their arrival; then he folds up the

|| This passage is manifestly translated wrong.

† This circumstance is entirely of the invention of *Monf. de Voltaire*; not contented with depreciating *Shakespeare*, he even misrepresents him.

the whole packet, and seals it with the seal of the kingdom.

This done, he finds a pretext for returning to court. The first thing he sees is two grave-diggers digging Ophelia's grave; these two labourers are likewise buffoons in the tragedy. They discuss the question, whether Ophelia should be buried in consecrated ground after having drowned herself? and they conclude that she should be buried in christian burial because she was a young lady of quality. Then they maintain that labourers are the most ancient gentlemen upon earth, because they are of the same trade with Adam; but was Adam a gentleman? says one of the grave-diggers. Yes, answers the other, for he was the first that ever bore arms. What, did he bear arms? says the grave-digger. Without doubt, says t'other, can a man till the ground without spades and pickaxes? He therefore bore arms, he was a gentleman.

In the midst of these fine harangues, and the songs sung by these gentlemen in the parish-church of the palace, arrives prince Hamlet with one of his friends, and they contemplate the skulls found by the grave-diggers. Hamlet thinks he has discovered the skull of a statesman able to cheat God, then that of a courtier, then the skull of a court lady, and of a knavish lawyer, and he is very liberal of his railleries upon the owners of those skulls. At last the skull of the king's jester is found, and it is concluded that there is not any great difference between the brain of Cæsar or Alexander and that of this jester; in fine, the grave is made whilst they dispute and sing. Holy-water is brought by the priests. The body of Ophelia is brought upon the stage. The king and queen follow the bier; Laertes in mourning accompanies the corps of his sister Ophelia; and when the body is laid in the ground, Laertes, frantic with grief, leaps into the grave. Hamlet, who remembers that he had once loved Ophelia, leaps in likewise. Laertes, enraged at seeing in the same grave with him the person who had killed the chamberlain, Polonius, taking him for a rat, flies in his face; they wrestle in the grave, and the king causes them to be parted,

parted, in order to preserve decency in the funeral ceremonies.

In the mean time, king Claudius, who is a great politician, perceives that it is absolutely necessary to dispatch such a dangerous mad-man as prince Hamlet; and since that young prince had not been hanged at London, it is thought highly proper that he should be dispatched in Denmark.

The artful Claudius has recourse to the following stratagem. He was used to poisoning: Hark ye, says he to young Laertes, prince Hamlet has killed your father, my great chamberlain; that you may have it in your power to revenge yourself, I shall propose to you a little piece of chivalry; I will lay a wager with you that in twelve passes you will not hit Hamlet three times; you shall fence with him before the whole court. You shall have a sharp foil, the point of which I have dipped in a poison exceeding subtle. If you unluckily should not be able to hit the prince, I will take care to have a bottle of poisoned wine ready for him upon the table. People that fence must drink: Hamlet will drink, and one way or other must lose his life. Laertes thinks the expedient, for amusement and revenge, admirably devised.

Hamlet accepts the challenge; bottles are placed upon the table; the two champions appear with foils in their hands in the presence of king Claudius, queen Gertrude, and the whole Danish court; they fence; Laertes wounds Hamlet with his poisoned foil, Hamlet finding himself wounded, cries out, Treachery; and, in a rage, tears the poisoned foil from Laertes, stabs him, and stabs the king: queen Gertrude, in a fright, drinks in order to recover herself; thus she is poisoned likewise; and all four, that is, king Claudius, Gertrude, Laertes, and Hamlet, die upon the stage.

It is remarkable that an express just then arrives that the two chamberlains, who had sailed for England with the packet sealed with the great seal of Denmark, had been dispatched upon their landing. Thus there does not remain one person of the drama alive: but, to supply the place of the deceased, there is one *Fort-en-bras*,

a re-

a relation of the family, who had conquered Poland during the representation of the piece, and who comes at the conclusion of it to offer himself as a candidate for the throne of Denmark.

This is the whole plan of the celebrated tragedy of Hamlet, the master-piece of the London theatre. Such is the work that is preferred to Cinna!

Here there are two important questions to be solved: the first is, how so many wonderful things could be generated in one head alone? For it must be acknowledged that all the plays of the divine Shakespeare are in the very same taste. The second is, how audiences have been able to work themselves up to see these pieces with transport, and how they can still be attended to in an age which has produced the Cato of Addison?

The astonishment, occasioned by the first wonder, will cease entirely when it is known that Shakespeare has taken the subjects of all his tragedies from history or romances; and that he has done nothing more than turn into dialogues the romances of Claudius, Gertrude, and Hamlet, written entirely by Saxo the grammarian, to whom the whole glory of the performance is due.

The second part of the question, that is, the pleasure taken in seeing these tragedies, is somewhat more difficult to be accounted for; but this seems to be the reason of it, according to the profound reflections of certain philosophers:

Chairmen, sailors, hackney-coachmen, prentice-boys, butchers and clerks, are passionately fond of fights; give them cock-fights, bull-fights, or prize-fighters, buryings, duels, executions, witchcraft and ghosts, and they crowd to the theatre; many a nobleman is as curious as the populace. The citizens of London found in the tragedies of Shakespeare every thing that can please the curious. Those at court were obliged to conform to the current taste: how could they avoid admiring what the most rational of the citizens admired? There was nothing better to be seen during a hundred and fifty years; admiration gathered strength, and was converted into idolatry. A few strokes of genius, a few
happy

happy lines replete with nature and force, which spectators got by heart whether they would or no, procured indulgence for the rest; and soon the whole piece succeeded by means of a few detached beauties.

Certain it is, that such beauties are to be met with in Shakespeare. Mr. de Voltaire is the first that caused them to be known in France; it is he who taught us, about thirty years ago, the names of Milton and Shakespeare: but the translations which he has given us of some passages of these authors, are they faithful? He apprizes us himself that they are not; he has rather copied than translated. In this manner he has rendered in verse the soliloquy of Hamlet at the beginning of the second scene of the third act:

*Demeure, il faut choisir & passer à l'instant
De la vie à la mort, & de l'être au néant.
Dieux justes, s'il en est, éclairez mon courage.
Faut-il vieillir courbé sous la main qui m'outrage,
Supporter ou finir mon malheur & mon sort?
Qui suis je? Qui m'arrête? Et qu'est-ce que la mort?
C'est la fin de nos maux, c'est mon unique azyle;
Après des longs transports c'est un sommeil tranquille.
On s'endort & tout meurt: mais un affreux reveil
Doit succéder peut-être au douceurs du sommeil.
On nous menace, on dit que cette courte vie
De tourmens éternels est aussitôt suivie.
O mort! moment fatal! affreuse éternité!
Tout cœur a ton seul nom se glace épouventé.
Eh! qui pourroit sans toi supporter cette vie?
De nos fourbes puissants bénir l'hypocrisie?
D'un indigne maîtresse encenser les erreurs?
Ramper sous une ministre, adorer ses hauteurs?
Et montrer les langueurs de son ame abbatue
A des amis ingrats qui détournent la vue?
La mort seroit trop douce en ces extremitez;
Mais le scrupule parle & nous crie, arrêtez.
Il défend a nos mains cet heureux homicide,
Et d'un héros guerrier fait un chrétien timide, &c.*

Let's

Let's make a choice, and in a moment pass
 From life to death, from being to the grave.
 Just gods, if gods there be, instruct my soul.
 Must I grow grey beneath oppression's weight;
 Support or end at once my life and woe?
 What holds my hand, what is it then to die?
 Death is the end of all our ills, 'tis rest;
 After much tossing, 'tis a sleep profound.
 But we are menac'd, we are told, that death
 Is followed by eternal punishments.
 Oh death! dire moment! oh eternity!
 Each heart with horror shrinks to hear thee nam'd.
 Wer't not for thee, who could this life endure?
 Who'd bear to cringe and fawn on knaves in pow'r?
 Who would a mistress' follies idolize;
 Adore the caprice of a minister;
 And shew the sorrows of his wounded soul
 To those who see his grief with scornful eyes?
 Death were a good in these extremities;
 But conscience speaks, it cries, Rash mortal, hold.
 Conscience forbids this happy homicide,
 And of the brave it timid christians makes.

After this piece of poetry, the reader is requested to cast his eye upon the literal translation *.

Through all the obscurity of this literal translation, which can only render each word of the English by the word which answers to it in French, it is easy to discover the genius of the English language; its natural turn, which is neither afraid of the lowest or of the most gigantic ideas; its energy, which other nations would look upon as harshness; its boldnesses, which minds, not accustomed to foreign turns of expression would look upon as bombast: but under these veils may be discovered profoundness, something that engages and

* Here follows a literal translation in French, which it was thought entirely unnecessary to translate, as it renders Shakespeare's meaning word for word, and would have laid us under a necessity of almost transcribing him.

and that effects much more than eloquence could. Hence it is that almost all the English have this soliloquy by heart. It is an unpolished diamond that has spots; but if it was polished it would lose part of its weight.

There, perhaps, is not a more striking example of the diversity of tastes in different nations. After this let critics talk of the laws of Aristotle, the three unities, decency, and the necessity of never leaving the stage empty, as well as of never making any person of the drama enter or go out without an obvious reason; of connecting an intrigue with art, and unravelling it naturally; of expressing one's self in terms at once noble and simple; of making princes speak in such a manner as becomes their quality, and as they would chuse to do; of never deviating from the rules of language. It is evident that there is a way of charming a whole nation without taking all this trouble.

If Shakespeare, for these reasons, bears the palm from Corneille, we will acknowledge that Racine is contemptible, in comparison of the tender and elegant Otway. To be convinced of this, it will be sufficient to cast an eye upon the following abstract of the tragedy intitled the Orphan.

PLAN of the ORPHAN.

AN old gentleman of Bohemia, named Acasto, had retired to his castle with his two sons, Castalio and Polydore: it is true, these are no more Bohemian names, than that of Claudius is Danish. Serina his daughter lives with him; he has also at his house a Monimia, who is very different from the Monimia of Racine. This young lady was intrusted to his care by her deceased father. In the castle of lord Acasto there is a chaplain, a page, and two valets-de-chambre: this is the retinue of the good man, at least all of it that is seen upon the stage. Add to these, Serina's maid, and a brother of Monimia's, a passionate man, just come from

from Hungary, and you have all the persons of the drama.

If the tragedy of Hamlet is opened by two centinels, that of the orphan is opened by two domestics; for great men should by all means be imitated. These domestics talk of their good master Acasto, and his two sons, Castalio and Polydore, whose only amusement is hunting. Not to keep the reader any longer in suspense, it is proper to inform him, that if he suspects, that the two brothers are both in love with Monimia, as in Racine, he is not mistaken; but he will, in all likelihood, be somewhat surprised at being told that Castalio, one of the brothers, who is loved by Monimia, gives his dear Polydore leave to lie with her if he can; he is satisfied, provided he himself may have the same liberty; for he swears that he has no desire to marry her, and "that he will marry when he is old, in order to mortify the flesh."

However, immediately after having thus declared against marriage, he privately marries Monimia, and Acasto's chaplain gives them the nuptial benediction. During these transactions, Mr. Chamont, brother of Monimia, arrives from Hungary; this Mr. Chamont is a very odd man, and very hard to be pleased; he immediately asks his sister whether she has her maidenhead *? Monimia swears to him that her honour is unviolated. "Ah, wherefore have you any doubt concerning my maidenhead, brother?" says she.—"Hear me, my sister, says Chamont, I not long since had a dream in Hungary; my bed shook, I saw you between two young fellows, who caressed you, turn about. I took my great sword, I ran to them; and upon waking, I found that I had pierced the figured tapestry, just

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* This passage sufficiently shews how unfairly Mr. de Voltaire plays the critic upon English Authors; there is no such low expression in the tragedy refer'd to.

at a place that represented the † Theban brothers, Polinices and Eteocles, killing one another."

"Well, brother, says Monimia, since you have been tormented in your sleep, you must torment me waking." "Oh, this is not all, sister, do not justify yourself too fast. As I walked along, thinking of my dream, I met a toothless old hag, bent double with age, her vaulted back was cloathed with a piece of an old hanging, her thighs were hardly covered by rags of all sorts of colours (variety of wretchedness) she gathered a few sticks, she asked me where I was going, and bid me make haste, if I desired to preserve my sister: in fine, she spoke to me of Castalio and Polydore."

Monimia is greatly surpris'd at this adventure: she immediately confesses, that she was engaged to Castalio; but she swears to her brother, that she had never lain with him.

Mr. Chamont is by no means satisfied with this confession; he is a rough man, as has been already hinted; he goes in quest of the chaplain. "Come, says he, Mr. Gravity, tell me, are not you chaplain to the family?" "And you, Sir, are you not an officer?" returns the chaplain. "Yes, friend," says Chamont. "I † was once an officer myself, says the chaplain, but my friends consigned me to the church; yet I am an honest man, though I wear black; I am tolerably respected in the family; I do not pretend to know more than other people, I concern myself about nobody's affairs but my own; I rise early, study little, eat and drink merrily; and for this my behaviour am held in esteem by every body." "Did you know old Chamont, my father?" says the officer. "Yes, says the chaplain, I was greatly concerned for his death."

"What,

† It seems probable that Mr. de Voltaire had not Otway's piece by him when he wrote this, otherwise it is hardly possible to conceive how he could give such a translation of the following passage of Otway:

I found my weapon had the arras pierc'd,
Just where the fatal tale was interwoven,
How the unhappy Theban slew his father.

‡ Wrong translated.

"What, you loved him? says Chamont, I could embrace you for that: tell me, do you think Castalio loves any sister?" "Do I think he loves her?" says the chaplain. "Aye, do you think he loves her?" replies Chamont. "Faith I never asked him," answers the chaplain, "and I am surprised you should ask me such a question," "Ah hypocrite," cries Chamont, "you are like all those of your profession, a good for nothing fellow; you have not courage to speak the truth, and you pretend to teach it: are you a party concerned in this affair? What do you do in it? Curse upon the villain's serious face; you goggle your eyes just as bawds do; they talk of heaven, they look devoutly and tell lies; they preach like a priest, and thou art a bawd †."

What is pleasant enough is, that the chaplain, won by these obliging expressions, owns that he had that morning married Castalio and Monimia in a garret §.

The brother is well enough satisfied, and goes with the chaplain. The married couple arrive; nothing remains but to consummate the marriage. Those that are not let into the secret might think, from what had passed before, that this ceremony was to be performed on the stage; but the modest Monimia only bids her husband come and knock three times at her chamber door, when all the family should be asleep. Polydore, the brother, hears what was said from between the side scenes; and not knowing that his brother Castalio is Monimia's husband, he resolves to be beforehand with him, and to go without delay and make sure of Monimia's first favours. He addresses himself to the little rogue of a page, promises him sweetmeats and money, if he would amuse his brother Castalio during part of the night: the page plays his part admirably; he talks to Castalio of Monimia's love, of her garters, and her breasts; he is for singing him a song; and thus he makes him lose time.

Polydore did not lose his; he went to Monimia's door, he struck three times gently, the maid opened to

G 2.

him;

† It is a question in Otway: "Art thou a bawd?"

§ In the original, it is in a grove.

him; and thus he contrived to lie with his brother's wife.

At last Castalio comes to the door, and gives three gentle taps; the servant, who ought to know both him and his brother by their voices, does not so much as apprehend a mistake; she thinks that Polydore is the pretended husband who desires admittance, and that it is the true husband Castalio who is in bed; she bids him go about his business, tells him he is a madman; it is to no purpose for him to tell his name, she shuts the door in his face; he is treated by the maid just as Amphitryon is by Sofia.

Polydore having reaped the fruits of his stratagem, probably without uttering a single word, leaves his conquest, and returns to his own bed. Castalio, who was refused admittance, is seized with despair, becomes frantic, rolls himself upon the floor, inveighs against the whole sex; and concludes, that from the time of Eve, who fell in love with the devil, and damned the human species, women have always given rise to ills of every kind.

Monimia, who rose in haste to meet her dear Castalio, in whose company she hoped to enjoy some rapturous moments, meets him, and is going to embrace him; he treats her with the utmost cruelty, and pulls her by the hair off the stage.

Mr. Chamont, who still remembers his dream, and the old witch he had met, comes with great gravity to ask his sister an account of the consummation of her marriage. The poor woman owns that her husband, after having past the night with her in raptures, had dragged her about by the hair upon the floor.

This Chamont, who is not to be trifled with, goes in quest of the father (who by the bye had been taken ill during the representation of the tragedy, through his great age) he speaks to him in the same tone that he had before spoken to the chaplain; "Do you know, says he, that your son Castalio has married my sister?" "I am sorry for it," answers the good man. "How! sorry for it! says Chamont; by God, there's not a nobleman that might not be proud to marry my sister: but damn

me

me he has used her ill; either teach him manners, or I'll set your house on fire." "Well, well, I'll do you justice, farewell, my dear boy," says Acasto.

The poor father goes in quest of his son Castalio, in order to examine him with regard to what had passed; whilst he is in conversation with him, Polydore is desirous of knowing how Monimia was, after having passed the night with him; he thinks he had only enjoyed his brother's mistress in virtue of the permission he had received from him: this discourse makes Monimia begin to suspect her mistake; in fine, Polydore owns that he had enjoyed her; Monimia faints away, and recovers her senses only to abandon herself to the transports of despair.

If such a subject, such language, and such manners, disgust persons of taste all over Europe, they ought to excuse the author: he never so much as suspected, that there was any thing extravagant in his piece: he dedicates it to the dutchess of Cleveland with the same simplicity and want of art with which he wrote it; he congratulates that lady upon having had two children by Charles the Second.

SHORT REFLEXIONS.

We are fully sensible how much the Monimia of Racine in Mithridates is inferior to the Monimia of Mr. Thomas Otway; it is the same author who wrote Venice Preserved: it is a pity this Venice Preserved has not been translated with exactness; we are deprived of a senator who bites the legs of his mistress, who plays the dog, who barks, and is whipt out of doors; we should likewise have had the pleasure of seeing a scaffold, a wheel, a priest who comes to exhort captain Pierre at his execution, and who is abused, and bid to go about his business by the latter; there are many other strokes of this nature, which the translator has omitted in compliance with our false delicacy.

We cannot sufficiently lament, that the translator has, with the same cruelty, deprived us of the finest scenes of Shakespeare's Othello. With what pleasure should we have seen the first scene at Venice, and the

last at Cyprus! First of all, a Moor runs away with the daughter of a senator: Iago, the Moor's officer, runs to the window of the father's house; the father appears in his shirt at the window. "Zounds, says he, put on your cloths; a black ram has got upon your white ewe; come, come, rise and come down, or the devil will make you a grandfire.

SENATOR.

"What's the matter, what would you be at? Are you a madman?"

IAGO.

"Zounds, Sir, are you one of those, who would not serve God if the devil forbid them? We are come to do you a service, and you take us for ruffians; I tell you your daughter will be covered by a Barbary horse; your grand-children will neigh after you, and African nags will be your cousin Germans.

SENATOR.

"What profane rogue talks to me at this rate?"

IAGO.

"Know that your daughter Desdemona and the Moor Othello now make the beast with two backs."

The same Iago accompanies to Cyprus the Moor Othello and the lady Desdemona, whom the senate of Venice kindly grants, in † spite of the father, for a wife to the Moor, whom they appoint governor of Cyprus.

Scarce are they arrived in that island, when Iago undertakes to make the Moor jealous of his wife, and to inspire him with a suspicion of her fidelity. The Moor begins to feel some inquietude, he makes the following reflexions. "After all, says he, what sense had I of the pleasure that others had given her, and of her

† This is false, for Brabantio, in Shakespeare, consents to the match as soon as his daughter declares in favour of Othello.

her debauchery? I did not see it, it did not hurt me, I slept as well as usual. When a thing has been stolen from us of which we had no occasion, if we are ignorant of the theft, we have lost nothing. I had been happy if the whole army, and even the pioneers, had enjoyed her, so as I had known nothing of the matter.—Oh no—farewel all content—farewel the plumed troops, farewel the proud war that makes a virtue of ambition, farewel the neighing steeds and the shrill trumpets, the fife that pierces the ear, and the drum that excites the courage, the royal banner, and all the ranks, pride, pomp, and various circumstances of glorious war; and you, you mortal engines, whose rude throats imitate those of the immortal Jupiter; farewel, Othello has now no occupation.”

This is another of the admirable passages distinguished by Pope's commas.

IAGO.

“ Is it possible, my Lord?”

OTHELLO, *taking him by the throat.*

“ Villain, prove that my wife's a whore, give me an ocular proof of it, or by the worth of the eternal soul of man, it would have been better for you, you had been born a dog.”

IAGO.

“ This office by no means pleases me; but since I have gone so far through pure honesty and friendship for you, I will proceed. I lay the other night with your lieutenant Cassio; and could not sleep for the tooth-ach. You cannot but know, that there are people so loose of soul, that in their sleep they talk of their affairs; Cassio is one of these: he said in his sleep, Dear Desdemona, let us be careful, let us hide our loves. In speaking, he took me by the hand, he patted me, he cried, Oh, charming creature! he kissed me with transport, as if he had by the roots torn up kisses

G 4

planted

planted upon my lips, he put his § thighs upon my legs, he sighed, he breathed short, he kissed me, he cried out, Curst fate which has given you to the Moor!"

Upon these proofs, so very decently related, and the handkerchief of Othello, which Cassio had found by accident, the Moorish general strangles his wife in her bed; but he kisses her before he puts her to death. "Come, says he, die thou whore." "Ah, kill me to-morrow, let me live to-night," says she. "Wretch, if you stir"—cries he. "Give me but one half hour," says she. "No"—answers he. After that I will delay you no longer; let me at least say my prayers," says she. "No, it is too late" answers Othello. He strangles her; and Desdemona, after she is strangled, cries out that she is innocent.

When Desdemona is dead, the senate recalls Othello: he is seized in order to be carried to Venice to take his trial. "Hold, says he, a word or two: Tell the senate, that one day at Aleppo I found a turban'd Turk, who beat a Venetian, and made a jest of the republic; I took by the beard the circumcised dog, and smote him thus." At these words, he stabs himself.

A French translator, who has given us sketches of several English pieces, and amongst others, of the Moor of Venice, partly in verse, partly in prose, has not translated any of these important passages which we have laid before our readers; he makes Othello express himself thus:

*L'art n'est pas fait pour moi; c'est un fard que je bais,
Dites leur qu'Othello plus amoureux que sage,
Quoique epou s'adore, jaloux jusques a la rage,
Trompé par un esclave, aveuglé par l'erreur
Immola son epouse, & se per ça le cœur.*

Art I detest, I all disguise abhor.
Say that Othello, more in love than wise,
Impos'd on by a slave, with error blind,
Murder'd his wife, then pierc'd his guilty breast.

There

There is not a word of this in the original ; *l'art n'est pas fait pour moi*, is taken from the tragedy of Zara, but the rest is not.

The reader now has it in his power to decide the dispute for pre-eminence between the tragedies of London and Paris.





O F

The several REVOLUTIONS

Which have happened in the

T R A G I C A R T.

WHO would think it, that the tragic art is partly due to Minos! if one of the infernal judges is the inventor of this species of poetry, it is no wonder it should be of a nature somewhat gloomy: a more gay origin is, generally speaking, assigned to it. Thespis and other drunkards are thought to have introduced this shew amongst the Greeks at the time of vintage; but if we may credit what Plato says in his dialogue, entitled Minos, there were dramatic pieces played during the reign of this prince. Thespis carried his actors about in a cart. But in Crete and other countries, long before the age of Thespis, actors performed only in the temples. Tragedy, at its first invention, was consecrated to the gods; hence the hymns of the chorusses almost always turn upon the praises of the gods in the tragedies of Æschylus, Sophocles, and Euripides. A poet was not permitted to present the public with a piece till he was forty years of age; they were called *Tragedidaskaloi*, doctors in tragedy. The works were represented only at the time of the great festivals; the money spent by the public upon these spectacles was a sacred treasure.

Eubulus, or Eubolis, or Ebylys, made a law to punish with death whoever should propose applying this money

money to prophane purposes. For this reason Demosthenes, in his second Olynthian, uses so much caution and address in order to engage the Athenians to spend this money in the war against Philip; it is much the same thing as if an attempt should be made in Italy to pay soldiers with the treasure of our lady of Loretto.

These public diversions were, amongst the Greeks, connected with their religious ceremonies. It is well known, that amongst the Egyptians songs, dances, and representations, made an essential part of the ceremonies reputed sacred. The Jews borrowed these customs of the Egyptians, as every ignorant and barbarous nation endeavours to imitate its learned and polite neighbours; hence those Jewish festivals, those dances of priests before the ark, those trumpets, those hymns, and so many other ceremonies entirely Egyptian.

This is not all; the truly great tragedies, the awful and terrible representations, were sacred mysteries which were celebrated in the greatest temples of the earth in the presence of the initiated alone; there the habits, the decorations, and the machines, were adapted to the subject, and the subject related to the present life as well as to that which is to come.

At first it was a great chorus, at the head of which was the Hierophantes: "Prepare, cried he, to see, with the eyes of the soul, the governor of the universe. He is single, he is alone self-existent, and all other beings owe their existence to him; he extends his power and his works every where; he sees all things; he cannot be seen by mortals."

This strophe was repeated by the chorus; silence was kept for some time after; this was a true prologue. The piece began by darkness spread over the theatre; actors appeared by the feeble glimmering of a lamp; they wandered upon mountains, and descended into caves; they hit one another; they marched like wild people; their discourse and their gestures expressed the uncertainty of human conduct and all the errors of our lives. The scene changed; hell appeared in all its horror; criminals confessed their crimes, and acknowledged the justice of divine vengeance. Of this Virgil gives

gives an admirable detail, in the sixth book of his *Æneid*, which is nothing else but a description of the mysteries; and this proves that he is not in the wrong in putting these words in the mouth of Phlegias:

Be just, ye mortals, and the gods revere.

The fool in Scarron makes a mistake when he says:

This was indeed said very well,

But what's advice, when given in hell?

It was of use to the spectators. At last the Elysian fields, inhabited by the just, were seen: they sung the goodness of God, of one only God the architect of the universe; they instructed the spectators in all their duties. In this manner Stobæus speaks of these sublime exhibitions, of which some faint traces are to be found in the scattered fragments of antiquity.

Amongst the Romans, comedy was admitted after the first Punic war, in order to accomplish a vow which was made in order to avert a plague, and to appease the gods, as Livy informs us in his seventh book. It was a very solemn act of religion. The pieces of Livius Andronicus made a part of the holy ceremony of the secular games. There never was a theatre without images of the gods and altars.

The Christians held the Pagan ceremonies in the same horror with the Jews, though they retained some of them. The first fathers of the church were desirous of separating the Christians from the Gentiles in every respect; they declaimed loudly against exhibitions. The theatre, which was the place of residence of the inferior divinities of the antients, appeared to them the devil's empire. Tertullian the African says, in his book concerning theatrical exhibitions, that "The devil raises actors upon buskins to give the lie to Jesus Christ, who has declared that no man can add a cubit to his stature." St. Gregory of Nazianzen opened a Christian theatre, as we are told by Sozomenes; one St. Apollinarius did as much; it is Sozomenes likewise who informs us of this in his ecclesiastical history. The subjects of these pieces were taken from the Old
and

and New Testament; it seems highly probable, that a tradition concerning these theatrical performances gave rise to the mysteries which were for some time represented almost all over Europe.

Castelvetro assures us, in his Treatise upon Poetry, that the passion of Jesus Christ was played from time immemorial throughout all Italy. We imitated these representations of the Italians, from whom we derive every art; and we began to imitate them very late; as we have done in all the liberal as well as mechanical arts.

We did not begin these exercises till about the fourteenth century: the citizens of Paris made their first essays at St. Maur. The mysteries were represented at Paris upon the entry of Charles VI. in the year 1380.

It is generally thought, that these pieces were scandalous exhibitions, indecent pleasantries upon the mysteries of our holy religion, upon a God's being born in a stable, upon the ox and the ass, upon the star that guided the three kings, upon those kings themselves, upon the jealousy of Joseph, &c. We may form a judgment of this from our Christmas gambols, which are pleasantries as comic as blameable, and improper upon all these ineffable events. Almost every body has heard of the verses with which one of these tragedies concerning the Passion begins:

Matthieu ? Plait-il Dieu ?

Prends ton épée.

Prendrai-je aussi mon épée ?

Oui Et suis moi en Galilée.

Matthew ? Thy will God let me know ?

Take up your staff without delay.

Shall I not take my sword also ?

Do, and to Galilee take thy way.

It is said, that in the tragedy of the Resurrection, an angel, speaks to God the Father in terms that are absolutely blasphemous.

There

There is not a word of this in the mysterious pieces which have reached our times; these works were, for the most part, extremely serious; there was nothing worthy of censure in them, but the uncouth language spoken in those days: they consisted of the holy scripture reduced to dialogues, and represented in actions; in them, choruses sung the praises of God: there was more pomp and magnificence of decoration upon the stage than was ever seen by us; the city company consisted of above a hundred actors, exclusive of attendants, servants, and scene-drawers: accordingly the house was crowded, and a single box, for the time of Lent, was hired for twenty crowns, even before the establishment of the Hotel de Bourgogne. This appears from the register of the parliament of Paris for the year 1541.

Preachers complained, that their sermons were no longer frequented, for the monologue was always jealous of the dialogue: the sermons were very far from being as decent as the dramatic pieces of those ages: those who desire to be convinced of this, need only read the sermons of Menot, and of all his contemporaries.

In 1541, however, the attorney-general, by his requisition of the 9th of November, maintains, in article the 2d, that "Sermons are much more decent than mysteries, as they are preached by divines, of learning and knowledge; whereas the acts are exhibited by illiterate persons."

Without entering into any longer detail upon the mysteries, and the moral pieces that succeeded them, it will be sufficient to say, that the Italians, who first exhibited these plays, were the first who relinquished them: cardinal Bibiena, pope Leo X. and the archbishop Trissino restored the theatre to the Greeks as far as they were able; there was not then an insolent pendant to be found, who had the impudence to think he could brand the art of Sophocles, which the popes themselves had undertook to revive in Rome.

The city of Vicenza, in 1514, was at a vast expence to represent the first tragedy that had been seen in Rome since the downfall of the empire: it was played in

in the town-house, and spectators repaired to it from the extremities of Italy. The piece is the work of the archbishop of Trifino; it is noble, regular, and wrote with purity of language: it has chorusses; the spirit of antiquity breathes through it: the author may, however, be reproached for his prolix declamation, his want of intrigue, and languor: these were the faults of the Greeks; he copied them too much in their faults, but he attained to some of their excellencies. Two years after, the pope, Leo X. caused the *Rosamonda* of Ruccelai to be represented at Florence, with a magnificence greatly surpassing that of Vicenza. Italy was divided between Ruccelai and Trifino.

Comedy rose long before by the genius of cardinal Bibiena, who gave the *Calandra* in 1482. After him came the comedies of the immortal Ariosto, then the famous *Mandragora* of Machiavel; in fine, the taste for pastoral prevailed. The *Aminta* of Tasso had the success it deserved, and the *Pastor fido* had still greater. An hundred passages of the *Pastor fido* both formerly were, and still are, known by heart all over Europe; they will pass to the latest posterity; nothing is really excellent but what all nations acknowledge to be so: that people is to be pitied that is single in admiring its music, its painting, its eloquence, or its poetry.

Whilst the *Pastor fido* charmed all Europe, whilst whole scenes of it were repeated every where, whilst it was translated into all the languages of Europe, in what a state were polite literature and the theatres in other countries? They were in the same state in which we were all, that is, in a state of barbarism. The Spaniards had their *autos sacramentales*, that is, their sacramental acts. Lopez de Vega, a genius worthy to be the reformer of that age, was subdued by his age: he says, that, in order to please, he is under a necessity of locking up antient authors of merit, lest they should reproach him with his absurdities: in one of his best pieces, entitled *Don Raymond*, this Don Raymond, son to the king of Navarre, is disguised like a clown; the Infanta of Leon, his mistress, is disguised like a
faggot-

faggot-maker; a prince of Leon like a pilgrim. The scene is partly laid at a public house.

With regard to the French, what were their favourite books and theatrical exhibitions? Garagantua's Chapter upon Bum-fodder, the Oracle of the Bottle, and the pieces of Christian and Hardy. Seventy-two years passed from the time of Jodelle, who in the reign of Henry II. had made a vain attempt to revive the art of the Greeks, without any thing supportable being once produced by the French: at last, Mairet, gentleman to the duke of Montmorenci, after having long struggled with the depraved taste of his age, composed his tragedy of Sophonisba, which has not the least resemblance to that of the archbishop of Trissino. It is somewhat singular, that the revival of the theatre, and of the rules of dramatic poetry, should begin both in Italy and France by a piece entitled Sophonisba. This piece of Mairet's is the first we have in which the three unities are not unviolated; it served as a model to most of the tragedies which were wrote afterwards: it was played in 1629, a little before Corneille began to cultivate tragedy; and it was so well liked, notwithstanding its faults, that the piece which Corneille afterwards wrote upon the same subject, had no success; therefore that of Mairet opened the true career of tragedy, into which Rotrou entered, and this poet surpassed his master: his tragedy of Winceflaus is still played: it is indeed a very faulty piece, but the first scene of it, and almost all the fourth act, are master-pieces.

Corneille afterwards made his appearance; his Medea, which is merely declamatory, had some success; but the Cid, an imitation of a Spanish tragedy, was the first piece whose reputation was extended beyond France, and that obtained all suffrages, except those of cardinal de Richelieu and Scuderi. Every body knows to what pitch of sublimity Corneille soared in the fine scenes of the Horatii and Cinna, in the characters of Cornelia and Severus, and in the fifth act of Rodogune. If Medea, Partharite, Theodore, Œdipus, Berenice, Surena, Otho, Sophonisba, Pulcheria, Agestilaus, Attila, Don Sancho, and the Golden Fleece, were

were altogether unworthy of him; his fine pieces, and the admirable passages scattered up and down in the indifferent ones, will cause him to be always justly considered as the father of tragedy.

It is unnecessary to speak here of the poet who rivalled and even surpassed this great man, when his genius began to decline. Authors were then no longer allowed to neglect language and the art of versification in their tragedies; and whatever was not written with the elegance of Racine was despised.

It is true, we have been reproached, and not without reason, that our theatre was an eternal school of gallantry, and of a sort of coquetry which has in it nothing of a tragic nature. Corneille has been justly censured for having made Theseus and Dirce talk of love during the time of the plague; for having put little ridiculous pieces of coquetry in the mouth of Cleopatra; and finally, for having almost always treated love in an unaffecting manner in his works, without ever making it a strong passion, except in the phrenzy of Camilla, and the tender scenes of the Cid, which he borrowed from the Guilen de Castro, and embellished. The elegant Racine was not reproached with insipid courtship and low expressions; but it was soon perceived that almost all his pieces, as well as those of succeeding authors, contained a declaration of love, a quarrel, a reconciliation, and a scene of jealousy. It has been asserted, that this uniformity of little unaffecting intrigues would have greatly debased the tragedies of this amiable poet, if he had not known how to conceal this defect by all the charms of poetry, the graces of diction, the sweetness of a soft eloquence, and all the resources of art.

Among the striking beauties of our theatre, there was another concealed defect which was not perceived, because the public could not of itself have ideas superior to those of these great masters. This defect was first taken notice of by St. Evremont: he says that "our pieces do not make an impression sufficiently strong; that what should excite compassion, causes at most only tenderness; that emotion holds the place of agitation

agitation, astonishment of horror; and that our sentiments are almost always defective in the profound."

It must be acknowledged that St. Evremont has laid his finger upon the secret wound of the French theatre: critics may talk ever so much of St. Evremont's being the author of the wretched comedy of *Sir Politic Wou'd-be*, and of that of the opera; that his little poems, wrote for the amusement of company, are the most insipid of any extant in our language, that he only piddled with phrases; notwithstanding all this an author, entirely destitute of genius, may have a considerable share of penetration and taste. He, doubtless, shewed a very just taste when he thus discovered the cause why most of our pieces are so languishing.

We have almost always wanted a degree of warmth; every other quality we possess. The source of this languor, of this weak monotony was partly that little spirit of gallantry then so dear to the courtiers, and to women, which converted tragedy into conversation in the spirit of those of *Clelia*. Other tragedies were sometimes long political debates; these have spoiled *Sertorius*, rendered *Otho* altogether insipid, and have made *Surena* and *Attila* quite insupportable. But another reason prevented authors from employing much of the pathetic upon the stage, and made it impossible for an action represented to be completely tragic; this was the construction of the theatre, and the narrowness of the place of exhibition. Our theatres were in comparison of those of the Greeks and Romans, what our market places, our Greve, and our little village fountains, to which water-carriers repair to fill their pails, are in comparison of the aqueducts, the fountains of *Agrippa*, the *Forum Trajani*, the *Coliseum* and the *Capitol*.

Our theatres deserved excommunication, no doubt, when buffoons hired a tennis-court to play *Cinna* upon boards, and when these ignorant creatures, dressed like mountebanks, personated *Cæsar* and *Augustus* in full-bottomed wigs and laced hats.

The stage was then altogether low and despicable. Comedians had a patent, they bought a tennis-court, they

they formed a company as merchants form a society. This was not the theatre of Pericles. What could they perform upon about a score of boards loaden with spectators? What pomp or magnificence could entertain the eye? What grand theatrical action could be carried into execution? What liberty could the imagination of the poet enjoy? There was a necessity for pieces to consist of long narratives; a dramatic piece was rather a concatenation of conversations than an action. Every performer was desirous of shining in a long soliloquy; they rejected a piece that was without such: Corneille was obliged to open his tragedy of Cinna with Emilia's unnecessary soliloquy, which is now omitted.

This form excluded all theatrical action, all emphatical expressions of the passions, those striking pictures of human misery, those terrible and affecting strokes which tear the heart; it was only touched by the poet, it should have been torn. Declamation, which, till the time of mademoiselle La Couvereur was a measured recitative, a noted song in a manner obstructed still farther those falls of nature, which are represented by a word, by an attitude, by silence, by a cry which escapes in the anguish of grief. These strokes were first made known to us by mademoiselle Dumesnil, when in Merope, with distracted eyes and a broken voice, she, raising her trembling hand, prepared to sacrifice her own son; when Narbas stopt her; when, letting her dagger fall, she was seen to faint away in the arms of her women; when she started from this momentary death with the transports of a mother, and when afterwards, darting forward to Polifontes, and crossing the stage in an instant, she, with tears in her eyes, a face as pale as death, thick sobs, and arms extended, cried out, "*Barbare, il est mon fils*;" "Wretch, he is my son." We have seen Baron, his deportment was noble and becoming; but that was his whole excellence. Mademoiselle La Couvereur had grace, just expression, simplicity, truth and dignity, combined with ease; but for the grand pathetic of action, we saw the first instance of it in mademoiselle Dumesnil.

Something

Something still superior, if possible, we have seen in mademoiselle Clairan, and the player who acts Tancred in the third act of the piece of that name, and at the end of the fifth; souls were never agitated by such violent emotions, never were tears shed in greater abundance. The perfection of the player's art shewed itself upon those two occasions with a force, of which, till then, we had no idea; and mademoiselle Clairon must be allowed to have surpassed all the painters in the kingdom.

If in the fourth act of Mahomet there had been young players, who could form themselves upon this great model, a Seid who could be at once enthusiast and tender, fierce through fanaticism, humane by nature, who knew how to shudder and to weep; a Pal-mira animated, compassionate, terrified, trembling at the crime she is going to commit; who could feel horror, repentance, and despair, at the moment the crime is committed; a father, truly so, who should appear to have the bowels, the voice, and the deportment of a father; a father, who should acknowledge his two children in his two murderers, who should embrace them shedding tears with his blood; who should mix his tears with those of his children, who should rise to clasp them in his arms, who should fall back and throw himself upon them; in fine, if there was every thing that the natural horror of death can furnish a picture with, this situation would even surpass those already mentioned.

It is but a few years since players have ventured to be what they should be, that is, living pictures; before, they declaimed. We know, and the public knows it better than we do, that poets should not be too lavish of those terrible and shocking actions, which make the greatest impression when they are well introduced and properly managed, but are quite impertinent when they have no relation to the subject. A piece badly wrote, whose plot is badly unravelled, obscure, loaden with incredible incidents, which has no other merit but that which pantomime and decorations bestow upon it, is a disgusting monster.

Place

Place a tomb in Semiramis, dare to make the ghost of Ninus appear, let Ninias come out of that tomb with his arms stained with his mother's blood; all that will be allowed you. Respect, for antiquity, mythology, the majesty of the subject, the heinousness of the crime, something gloomy and terrible, which breathes thro' that tragedy from its very opening, carry the spectator, in imagination, far from his age and country; but do not often take such liberties, let them be rare and let them be indispensable; if they are idly lavished, they will make spectators laugh.

The abuse of theatrical action may make tragedy become barbarous. What is then to be done? We should cautiously avoid all rocks; but as it is easier to make a fine decoration than a fine scene, and to direct performers what attitudes to assume than to write well, it is probable that authors will spoil tragedy whilst they think they are bringing it to perfection.

Parallel between HORACE, BOILEAU, and POPE.

The Encyclopedic Journal, one of the most curious and instructive of Europe, gives us an account of a parallel between Horace, Boileau, and Pope, wrote in England; it mentions the verses addressed to the king of Prussia, in which Pope is preferred to the French as well as the Roman poet.

*Quelques traits échappés d'une utile morale
Dans leurs piquans écrits brillent par intervalle;
Mais Pope approfondit ce qu'ils ont effleuré:
D'un esprit plus hardi, d'un pas plus assuré
Il porta le flambeau dans l'abîme de l'être;
Et l'homme avec lui seul apprit à se connoître.*

Of with instructive and with moral lines,
Brightly each finish'd composition shines;
But Pope, possess'd of genius more profound,
What lightly they skimm'd over, knew to sound.
Light in th' abyss of being first he brought;
And man by him to know himself was taught.

These

These lines are to be found at the beginning of the Poem upon the Law of Nature; a work at once philosophical and moral, in which poetry reassumes its first intention, namely, that of teaching virtue, the love of our neighbour, and indulgence; and in which the author explains the principles of that universal law, which God has implanted in all our hearts. We agree with the author, that the Essay on Man of the celebrated Pope is an excellent work, and that neither Horace, Boileau, nor any other poet, have produced any thing of the kind. Rousseau is the first that made an attempt somewhat similar, in a poem entitled: "No body knows why, an allegory:" he does his best to explain the system of Plato: but how weak and languishing is that work! it is neither poetry nor philosophy; there is neither proof nor painting in it.

*L'homme & les dieux de ton souffle animez,
Du même esprit diversement formez,
Furent douez par ta bonté fertile,
D'un chaleur plus vive ou moins fertile,
Selon les corps ou plus vifs ou plus lents,
Qui de leurs feu retardent les elans;
Par ces degres de lumiere iregale,
Tu sus remplir le vuide & l'intervale
Qui se trouvait ob magnifiqu'roi
De l'homme au dieux & de dieux jusque a toi;
Et dans ton oeuvre eclatante, immortelle,
Ayant comblé ton idu eternelle,
Tu fis du ciel la demeure de dieux
Et tu mis l'homme dans ce terrestre lieu,
Comme le terme & l'equateur sensible
De l'univers invisible & visible.*

Gods and immortals by thy fire inflam'd,
By the same spirit differently fram'd;
Thy pow'r endu'd them, whom it could create
With a more lively or less subtile heat,
Just as the bodies are more quick or slow,
Plac'd to retard the fires that from them flow;

Thus

Thus by light plac'd in a gradation due,
 Great king, to fill the mighty void you knew,
 That mighty void which Reason's eye can see
 'Twixt men and gods, betwixt the gods and thee,
 When in that work with ev'ry wonder fraught,
 Complete was made the image of thy thought;
 Heaven with the presence of the gods was grac'd,
 And man on this terrestrial ball was plac'd;
 Who, like th' equator's circle, stands between
 The world that's visible and that unseen.

It is no wonder such a poem should have lain in oblivion; it is, as appears by this quotation, a heap of fustian, consisting of improper terms, a concatenation of unmeaning epithets in dry and rugged prose, which the author has turned into rhyme.

Very different from this is the Essay of Pope; poetry never presented so many great ideas in so few words: 'tis the plan of the lords Shaftesbury and Bolingbroke, carried into execution by the most consummate artist: accordingly it is translated into almost all the languages of Europe. We do not enter into the question, whether this complete performance is orthodox; whether even its boldness has not in some measure contributed to its extraordinary sale; whether it does not sap the foundation of the christian religion, by endeavouring to prove, that things are exactly in the state in which they should be: and whether this system does not overturn the dogma of the fall, and the holy scriptures. We do not profess theology, we leave it to those that do to refute Pope, Shaftesbury, Bolingbroke, Leibnitz, and other great men; we confine ourselves entirely to philosophy and poetry. We presume, with a view of being instructed, to ask how we are to understand this line.

“ All partial evil universal good.”

It is a strange universal good that is composed of the sufferings of each individual! Let him that is able understand this. Did Bolingbroke well understand himself

self when he digested this system? What is the meaning of this maxim? "Whatever is, is right." Is it true with regard to us? Doubtless it is not. Is it true with regard to God? It is certain that God does not suffer by our ills. What then is at the bottom of this Platonic reverie? It is a chaos, like all other systems, but it has been adorned with diamonds.

With regard to the other epistles of Pope, which admit of a comparison with those of Horace and Boileau, I would gladly ask, if these two authors, in their satires, ever had recourse to the weapons of which Pope has made use. His polite treatment of lord Harvey, one of the most amiable men in England, is somewhat extraordinary; this is the passage, word for word:

*Que Harvey tremble! quoy? cette chose de foye!
Harvey, ce fromage mon fait de lait d'anesse?
Helas! il ne peut jentir ni satire ni raison,
Qui voudrait faire mourir un papillon sur la roue!
Pourtant je veux frappe cette punaise volantes a ailles dorees,
Cet enfant de la boue qui se peint & qui put,
Dont le bourdonnement fatigue les beaux esprits & les belles,
Qui ne peut tater ni de l'esprit ni de la beaute:
Ainsi l'Epagneul bien elevé se plait civelement
A mordiller le gibier qu'il n'ose entamer.
Son sourire eternel trahit son vuide—
Comme les petits ruisseaux se rident dans leurs cours,
Soit qu'il parle avec son impuissance flourie,
Soit que cette marionette barbouille les mots que le compere
lui souffle,
Soit que crapaud familier a l'oreile d'Eve,
Moitié ecume, moitié venin, il se crache lui-même en compagnie,
En quolibets, en politiques, contes, en mensonges;
Son esprit roule sur des oui-dires, entre ceci & cela;
Tantot haut, tantot bas, petit maître ou petite maîtresse;
Et lui-même n'est qu'une vile anti-these;
Etre amphibie qui en joue les deux roles,
La tête frivole & le cœur gaté
Fat à la toilette, flateur chez le roi,
Tantot trotte en lady, tantot marche en milord.
Ainsi les rabbins ont peint le tentateur,*

Avec

*Avec face de cherubin & queue de serpent.
 Sa beauté vous choque, vous vous desiez de son esprit;
 Son esprit rampe & sa vanité leche la poussière.*

Let Sporus tremble! what, that thing of silk?
 Sporus, that mere white curd of asses milk;
 Satire or sense, alas! can Sporus feel?
 Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?
 Yet let me slap this bug with gilded wings,
 This painted child of dirt that stinks and stings;
 Whose buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
 Yet wit ne'er tastes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
 So well-bred Spaniels civilly delight
 In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
 Eternal smiles his emptiness betray,
 As shallow streams run dimpling all the way:
 Whether in florid impotence he speaks,
 And as the prompter breathes, the puppet squeaks;
 Or at the ear of Eve familiar toad,
 Half froth, half venom, spits himself abroad,
 In puns or politics, or tales or lies,
 In spite or smut, or rhymes or blasphemies:
 His wit all see-saw between *that* and *this*,
 Now high, now low, now master up, now miss,
 And he himself one vile antithesis:
 Amphibious thing, not acting either part,
 The trifling head or the corrupted heart;
 Pop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
 Now trips a lady, and now struts a lord.
 Eve's tempter thus the rabbins have express'd,
 A cherub's face, a reptile all the rest;
 Beauty that shocks you, parts that none will trust;
 Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the dust.

It is true, Pope is discreet enough not to name the lord that he characterizes; he good-naturedly calls him Sporus, which was the name of an infamous prostitute of Nero's: take notice too, that most of these invectives are levelled at the person of lord Harvey, and that Pope goes so far as to reproach him with its gracefulness.

When we take it into consideration, that he was a little ill-shaped man, deformed both before and behind, who spoke thus, we have a striking instance of the blindness of anger and self-love.

Readers may very likely ask, whether it was Pope or one of the chairmen who carried him that wrote these lines. This bears no resemblance to the stile of Boileau. May we not justly conclude, that politeness and decency vary in different countries?

To render this difference, which nature and art has made between two neighbouring nations, still more evident, if possible, let us cast our eyes upon a literal translation of a passage in the *Dunciad*; it is in the second book. Dulness had offered a prize for whichever of her favourites should conquer the rest at a race. The London booksellers are competitors for the prize; one is Lintot, who is somewhat corpulent in person; the other was Curl, a man rather lighter than his antagonist: they run, and this was the consequence:

*An milieu du chemin on trouve un boubier,
Que * madam Curl avait produit le matin;
(C'etoit sa coutume de se defaire au lever de l'aurore
Du mare de son souper devant la porte de sa voisine.)
Le malheureux Curl glisse; la troupe pousse un grand eri;
Le nom de Lintot resonance dans toute la rue;
Le mecreant Curl est couché dans la vilenie,
Couvert de l'ordure qu'il a lui-même fourni, &c.*

Full in the middle way there stood a lake,
Which Curl's Corinna chanc'd that morn to make:
(Such was her wont at early dawn to drop
Her ev'ning cates before his neighbour's shop)
Here fortun'd Curl to slide; loud shout the band,
And Bernard, Bernard, rings thro' all the Strand.

Obscene

* Wrong translated: Curl's Corinna, spoken of in the original, was not his wife, but one Mrs. Thomas, who wrote for him, and who first gave occasion to the publication of Pope's literary correspondence.

Obscene with filth the miscreant lies bewray'd,
Fall'n in the plash his wickedness had laid.

The picture of Indolence, in the *Lutrin*, is of another kind ; but we are told that tastes are not to be disputed.

Another conclusion which we will venture to draw from the comparison of little detached poems with great poems, such as the epic and tragedy, is, that they should have their proper rank assigned them. I cannot conceive how an epistle or an ode can be compared to a dramatic piece of merit. Let an epistle, or what is still more easy to be composed, a satire, or what is often insipid enough, an ode, be as well written as a tragedy, there is a hundred times more merit in the composition of the latter, and more pleasure in seeing it, than in transcribing or reading common-place morality ; I say common-place morality ; for all that can be said upon moral subjects has been said already. A good moral epistle teaches us nothing ; a well wrote ode still less ; it may at best amuse those who have a taste for poetry about a quarter of an hour ; but to create a subject, to invent an intricate intrigue, and unravel it ; to give each person of the drama his proper character, and to support it ; to contrive that none of them should enter or make their exits without a reason visible to all the spectators ; never to leave the stage empty ; to make every one say what he should say, with elevation but without bombast, with simplicity free from meanness ; to compose fine verse which does not discover the poet, but is such as the person who speaks might make if he spoke in verse ; this is part of the duty which every author of a tragedy must discharge, upon pain of not succeeding amongst us. And when he has accomplished all this, he has hitherto done nothing. *Esther* is a piece in which all these conditions are fulfilled ; but when it was acted upon the stage, the audience could not endure the representation. A poet should, as it were, hold the hearts of spectators in his hand ; he should force tears from the most insensible ; he should wring the most obdurate hearts : without terror and

pity, tragedy has no existence; and even though you should excite both pity and terror, if with these advantages you fail in the observance of other laws, if your verse is not excellent, you are only a middling writer who has treated a well chosen subject.

How difficult is a tragedy, and how easy is an epistle or a satire! Who then could presume to place in the same class a Racine and a Boileau? Who can esteem a portrait painter as much as a Raphael? Can a head by Rembrandt be compared to the picture of the Transfiguration, or that of the Wedding of Cana?

We are well aware that most of the epistles of Boileau are fine, and that they have truth for their foundation, without which nothing is supportable; but with regard to the epistles of Rousseau, what falsehoods are there in the subjects, what contorsions in the stile! how frequently do they excite disgust and indignation! What is the meaning of his epistle to Marot, in which he attempts to prove, that fools only are wicked? How ridiculous is this paradox!

Were Sylla, Cataline, Cæsar, Tiberius, and even Nero, fools? Was the famous duke of Borgia a fool? Need we seek for examples in antient history? Besides, who can bear the harsh and constrained manner in which this false notion is expressed?

*Et si par fois on vous dit qu'un vaunien
A de l'esprit, examinez le bien,
Vous trouverez qu'il n'en a que le casque,
Et qu'en effet d'est un sot sous le masque.*

Tho' sometimes that a knave has wit men say,
The matter with attention duly weigh,
You'll find he has its covering alone,
And that a mask his folly keeps unknown.

The covering of wit! Good God; was it thus Boileau wrote? Who can endure the epistle to the duke de Noailles, which he has in his latter editions christened, An Epistle to the Count of C——?

Jacobi

*Jacoit qu'en vous gloire et haute naissance,
Soient alliez a titres et puissance,
Que de splendeurs et d'honneurs meritez
Vetre maison luise de tous cotez,
Si toutefois ne sont-ce ces bluettes
Qui vous ont mis en l'estime ou vous etez.*

Tho' birth and fame in you combine,
With titles and with power to shine,
Altho' your house on every side
Is with high honours dignify'd,
You are not by those trifles rais'd,
'Tis not for these that you are prais'd.

This wretched burlesque, this impertinent mixture of the jargon of the sixteenth century and of the language spoken at present, a mixture held in such contempt by persons of taste, cannot procure the prize for a subject which of itself teaches nothing, means nothing, and is neither useful nor entertaining.

The grand defect which we meet with in all the works of this author, is, that we never meet with our own resemblance in his paintings; we in them see nothing which *renders man dear to himself*, to use the expression of Horace: nothing pleasing, nothing agreeable. This gloomy writer never once spoke to the heart. Most of his epistles turn upon himself, upon his quarrels with his enemies; the public is no way interested in his pitiful concerns; they mind his verses against La Motte no more than his Rocks of Salisbury: what is it to them that amongst those rugged rocks,

*Qui par magic en ces lieux sont venus
S'en trouvent sept, trois de chacune part,
Une au dessus; le tout fait par tel art,
Qu'il represente une porte effective,
Porte vraiment bien faite et bien naive;
Mais c'est le tout; car qui voudroit y voir
Tours ou châtél; doit ailleurs se pourvoir.*

Rocks to that place by magic brought,
There seven were with such art wrought,
That they a gate most perfect made,
Where nature force of art display'd ;
But this was all, for vain it were
To look for towers or castle there.

Can these shocking lines, and this wretched subject, come in competition with the worst tragedy extant : We are overstocked with poetry : a commodity too common is become a drug. The rule of *ne quid nimis*, not too much, takes place here. The poetry of the theatre, where the nation assembles, is almost the only sort that interests us now-a-days ; yet new dramatic poems should not be exhibited too often :

Namque voluptates commendat rarior usus.

For moderate use gives relish to delight.





O F

HISTORY.

AS we have already twenty thousand works, most of them consisting of several volumes, upon the history of France alone, and as the most studious man, though his life were to last an hundred years, could not find time to read them, we should know how to set proper bounds to our desire of knowledge. We are obliged to join to the knowledge of our own country that of the history of our neighbours. It is required of us still more to be acquainted with the illustrious actions of the Greeks and Romans, and their laws, which are still our laws. But if we were desirous of adding to this study that of a more remote antiquity, we should then resemble a man who should lay by Tacitus and Livy to make a serious study of the Arabian Tales. The accounts we have of the origin of all nations are evidently fabulous; the reason of this is, that men must have lived a long time embodied as a people, and have learned to make bread and cloaths (which was a difficult matter) before they could learn to transmit their thoughts to posterity, which was a thing still more difficult. The art of writing is certainly not above six thousand years old amongst the Chinese; and let the Chal-

deans and Egyptians say what they will, it is not at all probable that they could write and read earlier.

The history of ages prior to these could therefore be transmitted by tradition alone; and it is well known how much the remembrance of past events is altered from generation to generation. The first histories were dictated by imagination alone. Every nation not only invented the account of its own origin, but it likewise invented that of the origin of the whole world.

If we may credit Sanchoniathon things began by a thick air, which was rarefied by the wind; desire and love sprung from thence, and by the union of desire and love were formed the several animals. The stars did not come till afterwards; but it was only to adorn the heavens, and to delight the eyes of the animals who were upon earth.

The Kneph of the Egyptians, their Osiret and their Ischet, whom we call Osiris and Isis, are no less ingenious and ridiculous. The Greeks embellished all their fictions; Ovid collected and adorned them with all the charms of the most beautiful poetry. What he says of a god who reduced chaos to order, and of the formation of man, is sublime.

*Sanctius his animal mentisque capacius alti
Deerat adhuc Et qui dominari in cætera posset
Natus homo est——
Pronaque cum spectent animalia cætera terram,
Os homini sublime dedit, cælumque tueri
Jussit et erectos ad sidera tollere vultus.*

Hesiod and other authors, who wrote long before Ovid, are far from expressing themselves with this elegant sublimity. But from the important moment in which man was formed to the time of the Olympiads, we meet with nothing but profound obscurity.

Herodotus repairs to the Olympic games, and tells stories to the assembled Greeks as an old woman tells stories to children. He begins by saying, that the Phœnicians sailed from the Red Sea to the Mediterranean, whereby he takes it for granted that these Phœnicians had

had doubled our Cape of Good-Hope, and sailed round Africa.

Then follows the rape of Io, then the fable of Giges and Candaules, then fine stories of robbers, and of a daughter of an Egyptian king, named Cheops, who, having required a piece of freestone from each of her lovers, had enough to build one of the finest of the pyramids.

To this add oracles, prodigies, and the tricks of priests, and you have the whole history of the human species.

The early periods of the Roman history seem to have been wrote by Herodotus's ; our conquerors and legislators had no other way of reckoning their years but by causing their high priest to drive a nail into a wall.

The great Romulus, king of a village, was the son of the god Mars and of a vestal who went to fill her pitcher with water. He had a god for his father, a prostitute for his mother, and a she-wolf for his nurse. A buckler fell from heaven for Numa. Wonderful books of the Sibyls were found. An augur cut a thick flint with a razor by the permission of the gods. A vestal drew a large stranded vessel into the sea with her girdle. Castor and Pollux came to fight for the Romans, and left the tracks of their horses feet imprinted upon the stones. The Gauls who dwelt beyond the mountains came to sack Rome ; some say they were driven away by geese, others that they carried off with them great quantities of gold and silver : but it seems probable that geese were at that time much more plentiful in Italy than gold or silver. We have imitated the antient Roman historians, at least in their taste for fables. We have our standard brought from heaven by an angel, the sacred ampulla, or phial, brought by a pidgeon ; and if we add to these the cloak of St. Martin, there will be enough of the wonderful.

What sort of history would be of real utility ? One that should instruct us in our duties and our rights, without seeming to pretend to teach them.

It has often been asked whether the fable of the sacrifice of Iphigenia is taken from the history of Jephthah ?

Whether the deluge of Deucalion is an imitation of that of Noah? Whether the adventure of Baucis and Philemon is taken from that of Lot and his wife? The Jews declare that they had no communication with strangers; that their books were not known to the Greeks, till after a translation had been made by order of one of the Ptolomies; but the Jews had been long before brokers and usurers among the Greeks of Alexandria. The Greeks never went to Jerusalem to sell old cast cloaths. It appears that no people ever imitated the Jews; and that the latter borrowed many things from the Babylonians, the Egyptians, and the Greeks.

We consider all the Jewish antiquities as sacred, notwithstanding our hatred and contempt for this people. Our reason does not indeed allow us to believe them, but we yield to the Jews by faith. There are about fourscore systems relative to their chronology, and the different ways of explaining the events of their history are still more numerous; we do not know which is the right one; but we are ready to believe it whenever it should be discovered. We have so many things to believe with regard to this learned and brave people, that our whole stock of faith is exhausted, and we have none left for the prodigies with which the history of other nations abounds. 'Tis to no purpose for Rollin to repeat to us the oracles of Apollo, and the wonders of Semiramis; it is to no purpose for him to transcribe all that has been said of the justice of those antient Scythians, who so often plundered Asia, and eat men upon certain occasions; he finds some incredulity amongst people of education. What I admire most in our modern compilers is the wisdom and ingenuousness with which they prove to us that all the events that formerly came to pass in the greatest empires of the world, happened only for the instruction of the inhabitants of Palestine. If the kings of Babylon, amongst their other enterprizes, sometimes fall occasionally upon the Hebrew nation, it is merely to punish that people for their sins. If a king named Cyrus makes himself master of Babylon, it is in order to give the same Jews permission to return home. If
Alexander

Alexander conquers Darius, it is to settle the Jewish pawn-brokers in Alexandria. When the Romans join Syria to their extensive empire, and unite the little country of the Jews to their other dominions, 'tis also for the instruction of the Jews: the Arabians and Turks came for nothing but to correct this amiable people. It must be owned they have been admirably educated; no nation had ever so many tutors: such is the utility of history.

But what is most instructive of all is the impartial justice which the clergy have done to all the princes with whom they were dissatisfied. Observe with what candour St. Gregory of Nazianza passes a judgment upon the philosophical emperor Julian; he declares that this prince, who did not believe in the devil, had a secret commerce with the devil; and that, upon a day when the demons appeared to him all in flames, and under the most shocking figures, he drove them away by inadvertently making the sign of the cross.

He calls him a frantic wretch; he declares that Julian sacrificed young boys and girls every night in caves. Thus he revenged himself upon the mildest of mankind, who constantly forgave the invectives which this very Gregory poured out against him during his reign.

One of the most successful methods of justifying the calumnies with which an innocent person is loaded, is to apologize for one that is criminal. Thus a compensation is made; and this is the method made use of by the same Saint of Nazianza. The emperor Constantius, uncle and predecessor of Julian, had, at his accession to the empire, massacred Julius, brother to his mother, and his two sons, who all had received the name of Augustus; in this he copied the great Constantine his father. He then caused Gallus, the brother of Julian, to be assassinated. He shewed the same cruelty to the empire that he treated his family with; but he was devout; and even in a decisive battle with Magnentius, he said his prayers at church during the whole time the armies were engaged. This is the man whom Gregory celebrates. If saints in this manner make us acquainted with the truth, what must we expect from the
the

the prophane, especially when they are ignorant, superstitious, and passionate ?

Men now-a-days sometimes make an use of history, which is somewhat odd. Charters of the age of Dagobert are brought to light, most of them of doubtful authority, and ill understood ; and it is from them inferred, that customs, duties, and prerogatives, which subsisted in those days, should be now revived. I would advise those who study and reason in this manner, to address the sea in these terms : Sea, thou wert formerly at Aiguemortes, at Frejus, at Ravenna, at Ferrara ; go to those places again without delay.





CONVERSATION

BETWEEN THE

INTENDANT DES MENUS,

AND THE

ABBÉ BRIZEL.

NOT long ago, a counsellor of the order of advocates being consulted by a person of the comedians order, who desired to know what degree of censure they incur who have a fine voice, noble gesture, feeling, taste, and all the talents requisite for speaking in public; the counsellor examined the affair † according to the order of law. The order of the Convulsionaries having laid this work before the order of the grand chamber which sits at Paris, this latter issued an order to the hangman to burn the consultation, as if it had been a bishop's mandate, or a book composed by a Jesuit. I flatter myself that it will do the same honour to the Conversation of the intendant des Menus and the abbé Brizel:

† The work of this counsellor, which turned very much upon Order, was complained of by Mr. le Dain, and burnt at the bottom of the stairs.

Brizel : I was present at that conversation ; I have collected it with the utmost exactness ; I here present the public with an abstract of it, which every reader of the order of those that have common sense may extend as he thinks proper.

“ I put the case, said the intendant des Menus to the abbé Brizel, that we had never heard of plays before the age of Lewis XIV. I put the case that that prince had been the first that caused dramatic pieces to be exhibited ; that he had caused *Cinna*, *Athaliah*, and the *Misanthrope*, to be composed and represented by noblemen and ladies, before all the ambassadors of Europe ; I ask, if it would ever have entered into the head of the curate *la Chetardie*, or the curate *Fantin*, both known in the world by the same adventures, or into that of any other curate or monk, to excommunicate these noblemen, these ladies, and Lewis XIV. himself, to refuse them the sacraments of marriage and burial ? ” “ No, doubtless, answered the abbé Brizel, such an absurdity could never have entered into the head of any man living. ” “ I will go still farther, said the intendant des Menus ; when Lewis XIV. and his whole court danced upon the stage, when Lewis XV. danced with so many young noblemen of the same age with himself, do you think they would have been excommunicated ? ” “ You jest, said the abbé Brizel, we are great fools, I own, but not enough so to imagine such an absurdity. ”

“ But, said the intendant, you have excommunicated the pious abbé d’Aubignac, father Bossu, the superior of St. Genevieve, father Rapin, the abbé Gravina, father Brumoy, father Porce, madam Dacier, and all who have taught the arts of tragedy and epic poetry according to the laws of Aristotle. ” “ We are not yet fallen into such an excess of barbarism, answered Brizel ; it is true, the abbé de la Coste, mons. de la Solle, and the author of the Ecclesiastical Gazette, maintain, that theatrical declamation, music, and dancing, are mortal sins ; that David was permitted to dance no where but before the ark, and that neither David, Lewis XIV. nor Lewis XV. ever danced for money ; that the empress of Germany never sung but in the presence of a few grandes of her court ;

court ; and that there is no pleasure in excommunicating any but those who are gainers by speaking, singing, and dancing in public."

" It is then evident, said the intendant, that if there was a tax called that of the king's recreations, and if the expences of them were to be paid by that tax, the king would incur the penalty of excommunication, at the pleasure of any priest who should think proper to launch his thunder at the head of his most christian majesty."

" You puzzle me, excessively," said Brizel.

" I will push the matter home," said Menus ; not only Lewis XIV. but cardinal Mazarine, cardinal de Richelieu, the archbishop Trissino, and pope Leo X. were at a considerable expence in causing tragedies, comedies, and operas to be represented. The people contributed towards these expences : yet I cannot find in the history of the church, that any vicar of St. Sulpitius has for this excommunicated pope Leo X. and these cardinals."

" Why then was mademoiselle La Couvreur carried in a hackney coach to the corner of Burgundy-street ? Why was Romagnesi, a player belonging to our Italian company, buried upon the high-road, like an antient Roman ? Why was an actress belonging to the dissonant chorusses of the royal academy of music, kept three days in her own cellar ? Why are all these persons to be burned by a slow fire till the great day of judgment, without having bodies ; and why are they, after that day, to be burned to all eternity when they have found their bodies again ? It is for no other reason, you will say, but because a pit ticket costs twenty sols ?

" Yet these twenty sols do not change the nature of things : they are neither better nor worse in themselves whether the twenty sols are paid or not. *A de profundis* has equal power to deliver a soul out of purgatory, whether it be skilfully sung for ten crowns, harshly chanted for twelve livres, or sung as the Psalms are, *gratis*. It follows then, that there is nothing more diabolical in Cinna or Athaliah when they are represented for twenty sols, than when the king causes them to be played for the amusement of his court. Now if Lewis XIV. was

not

not excommunicated when he danced for his diversion, nor the empress when she played in an opera, it does not appear to be just, that these should be excommunicated who give us these entertainments for money by the permission of the king of France, or the empress."

The abbé Brizel felt the force of this argument ; he made this answer : There are ways of compromising matters : it is wisely ordered that all should depend upon the arbitrary will of a curate or a vicar. We are so happy and so wise as to have no fixed rule in France. No body would venture to bury the illustrious and inimitable Moliere in the parish of St. Eustachius ; but he had the happiness to be carried to St. Joseph's chapel, according to our excellent and healthy custom of making charnel-houses of our churches. It is true, St. Eustachius is so great a saint, that it would have been improper to have caused the body of the infamous author of the *Misanthrope* to be carried thither : but St. Joseph afforded some consolation ; it was consecrated ground even there. There is an immense difference between consecrated ground and profane ; the first is, without comparison, the most light ; and then the value of the ground is increased in proportion to that of the man. That in which Moliere was interred has acquired reputation. Now as this man was buried in a chapel, he cannot be damned, like mademoiselle la Couvereur and Romagnesi, who were buried upon the highway. Perhaps he is punished in purgatory for having wrote *Tartuff* ; I would not venture to swear to the contrary : but I have no doubt of the salvation of John Baptist Lulli, fidler to the king's sister, king's musician, superintendant of the king's music, who played in Cariselli and Pourceaugnac, and was, moreover, a Florentine ; he is gone to heaven as sure as I shall go thither myself : that is evident, for he has a fine marble monument at St. Eustachius's church : he was not thrown upon a dung-hill : fortune rules the globe. Thus reasoned the abbé Brizel, and his reasoning must be allowed to be strong.

The intendant des Menus, who is well versed in history, replied as follows : You have, doubtless, heard of the reverend father Girard ; he was a forcerer ; nothing

can

can be more certain. It is well attested, that he bewitched his penitent by flogging her. Nay more, he breathed upon her as all forcerers do. Sixteen judges declared Girard to be a magician; yet he was buried in consecrated ground. Tell me, now, why should a man that was both a Jesuit and a forcerer have all the honours of sepulture notwithstanding? and why should mademoiselle Clairon be deprived of them, if she should happen to die immediately after playing Paulina, who makes her exit in order to be baptized?

I have already told you, answered the Abbé Brizel, that this is arbitrary. I should be very ready to bury mademoiselle Clairon if there was any thing considerable to be got by it; but some curates might possibly make a scruple to do so; in such a case, no one would think of making a disturbance in her favour, and of making a sort of appeal to parliament as though on account of an abuse. His majesty's comedians are, generally speaking, citizens descended of poor families: their relations have neither money nor credit sufficient to succeed in a law-suit; the public does not concern itself about them; it enjoyed the talents of mademoiselle La Couvereur, during her life; suffered her to be treated like a dog after her death, and looked upon all this as a mere jest.

The example of forcerers is a great deal more serious. It was formerly, certain that there were forcerers; it is now certain that there are none, in spite of sixteen judges of Provence, who thought Girard so extraordinary a personage. Excommunication still subsists notwithstanding. If you have no forcerers, it is so much the worse for you; we shall not change our rituals because the world has changed; we resemble Pourceaugnac's physician, we must have a patient, and we take the first that offers.

Excommunication extends even to grass-hoppers; grass-hoppers they are; it is a sad case, I own, that the church should continue to stigmatize them, for they make a jest of excommunication. I have seen clouds of them in Picardy; it is very dangerous to offend great companies, and to expose the thunders of the church to the contempt

contempt of persons in power ; but as to three or four hundred poor comedians scattered up and down through the kingdom of France, there is nothing to fear from treating them like grass-hoppers, and those who play tricks of legerdemain.

I shall now tell you something still more to the purpose : Mr. Intendant, are you not the son of a farmer-general ? No, Sir, said the Intendant, that was my uncle's place ; my father was receiver-general of the finances, and both were secretaries to his majesty, as well as my grandfather. Well then, replied Brizel, your uncle, your father, and your grandfather, are excommunicated, anathematized, damned to all eternity ; and whoever has the least doubt of this, is an impious wretch, a monster, in a word, a philosopher.

Des Menus hearing this, did not know whether he should laugh at the abbé or beat him ; he, however, chose rather to laugh ; I wish, Sir, said he to Brizel, you would be so good as to shew me the bull or decree of council, that damns the receivers of the king's finances, and those who are concerned in the king's five great farms. I will produce twenty councils, said Brizel ; I will do more, I will shew you a passage in the gospel, which declares that every receiver of king's money is placed in the class of Pagans ; and you will find by the antient constitutions, that they were not suffered to enter the church in its early centuries. *Sicut Ethnicus & Publicanus*, as a Gentile and a publican, is a passage well known ; the ecclesiastical law has admitted of no charge upon this head ; the anathema thrown out against tax-gatherers, against receivers of the public money, was never revoked. Would you then have that revoked which was launched, in the earliest centuries, against actors who played *Œdipus* of Sophocles ; an anathema which is still in force against those who no longer play the *Œdipus* of Corneille. Begin with bringing your father, your grandfather, and your uncle out of hell ; and then we will do what we can for his majesty's comedians.

" You talk madly, Mr. Brizel, said the intendant ; my father was the chief person in his parish, he is buried

ed in his own chapel; my uncle erected to his memory a marble mausoleum, as fine as Lulli's; and if his curate had ever talked to him of *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus*, he would have had him thrown into a ditch. I do not doubt but St. Matthew might have damned tax-gatherers, though he had been one himself, or that they stood at the church doors in ancient days: but you must own, that in the present times no body would venture to tell us so to our faces; and that if we are excommunicated, it is only *incognito*."

"You have hit it, said Brizel: we leave the *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus* in the gospel; we no longer open the antient rituals, and we live in peace with the farmers-general, provided they pay well for receiving the sacrament.

Mr. Intendant was somewhat appeased, but he could not digest the *Ethnicus* and *Publicanus*. I intreat you, my dear Brizel, said he, to tell me why that satyrical stroke was inserted in your books, and why we are so ill treated in the early ages. That is no difficult matter, said Brizel: those who pronounced this excommunication were poor people, and most of them Jews; about a quarter of the number consisted of Greeks; the Romans were their masters; the receivers of tribute were either Romans, or elected by the Romans; there could not be a more infallible method of drawing in the populace, than by anathematizing the officers of the revenue: conquerors, masters, and tax-gatherers are always hated. The populace run after folks who preach up equality of conditions, and damn the farmers of the revenue: exclaim in the name of the Most High against powers and taxes; the mob will certainly declare for you, if you are not stopped in your career; and when a sufficient number of those of the lower sort is devoted to you, then men of abilities will not be wanting to put saddles upon their backs, bits in their mouths, and to ride them till they have subverted states and thrones: then they will erect a new building, but they will preserve the old stones, though rude and unformed, because they were of service before, and are dear to the people; they will be added to the new marble, the gold and the precious

precious stones will be afterwards lavished ; and there will be always bearded antiquaries who will prefer the old rubbish to the new marble.

This, Sir, is the succinct history of what has passed amongst us. France was a long time immersed in barbarism ; and even now that it begins to be civilized, there are still amongst us persons attached to the antient barbarism. We have, for example, a small number of virtuous people, who would willingly deprive the farmers general of all their wealth condemned by the gospel, and deprive the world of an art as noble as innocent, which the gospel never forbid, and which none of the apostles have spoken of. But the sensible part of the clergy leaves the financiers to jog on to the devil in peace, and only suffers the comedians to be damned for mere matter of form. I understand, said the intendant des Menus ; you take care not to offend the financiers, because they invite you to dinner ; you fall upon the comedians because they never invite you. Do you forget, Sir, that the comedians receive the king's pay, and that you cannot excommunicate an officer of the king's for doing his duty ? You are not therefore to excommunicate a comedian of the king's, who plays Cinna or Polieuctes by his special command."

" And where did you learn, said Brizel, that we have not power to damn one of the king's officers ? I suppose from the rights of your Gallican church. But are you ignorant that we excommunicate even kings themselves ? We proscribed the great Henry IV. Henry III. and Lewis XII. the father of his people, whilst he called a council at Pisa ; Philip the Fair, Philip Augustus, Lewis VIII. Philip I. and the pious king Robert, though he had burnt so many heretics : know that we have it in our power to anathematise all princes, and to cause them to die suddenly ; consider that, and then complain, if you will, that we fall upon a few theatrical princes."

The intendant des Menus, somewhat nettled, interrupted him, and said : " You may excommunicate my masters as you please, but they will know how to punish you ; but reflect that it is I that go to his majesty's comedians

comedians with his orders to come and damn themselves before him: if they are out of the pale of the church, I am out of it also: if they are guilty of a mortal sin, in drawing tears from virtuous men by acting in virtuous pieces, it is I who give occasion to that sin: if they go to the devil, it is I that conduct them to hell. I receive the order from the first gentlemen of the chamber, they are more guilty than I; the king and queen, who command them to act for their instruction and delight, are yet a hundred times more guilty. If you cut off soldiers from the body of the church, you must inevitably at the same time cut off the officers and the generals; you will never extricate yourself out of this difficulty. Do but reflect in what an absurdity you involve yourself; you suffer citizens in his majesty's service to be thrown to the dogs, whilst at Rome, and in all other countries, they are treated honourably during their lives and after their deaths."

Brizel answered, "Do you not see that it is because we are a grave, serious, consistent people, in every respect superior to the inhabitants of other countries. One half of Paris has embraced the sect of Convulsionaries; people of this stamp should check those libertines who are satisfied with obeying the king, who do not controul his actions, who love his person, who cheerfully supply him wherewithal to support the dignity of his throne, who, after having discharged their duty, pass their lives with tranquillity in cultivating the arts; who respect Sophocles and Euripides, and who damn themselves by living like people of virtue and sense.

This world, I must acknowledge, is composed of knaves, fanatics, and ideots, amongst whom there is a little separate society called Good Company; this little society being rich, well bred, knowing, and polite, is, as it were, the flower of human kind; for this society elegant pleasures are intended; the greatest men have exerted their talents for their pleasure; 'tis they that give reputation; and, to tell you all, 'tis this society that despises us, whilst it behaves politely to us whenever we fall in its way. We all endeavour to gain admittance to this small number of select persons, and,
from

from the Jesuits to the Capuchins, from father Quesnel to the scoundrel who composes the Ecclesiastical Gazette, we assume a thousand forms, in order to acquire some credit with this small number, of which it is impossible for us ever to be. If we find any lady weak enough to listen to us, we persuade her that it is absolutely necessary to have white cheeks in order to go to heaven, and that red is highly displeasing to the saints in Paradise. The lady leaves off painting, and we squeeze money out of her.

We love to preach because chairs are hired at church; but how can it be expected that people of taste should listen to a tedious discourse, divided into three articles, whilst they have their minds full of the beautiful passages of Cinna, Polieuctes, the Horatii, Pompey, Phædra, and Athaliah! This exasperates us.

We enter the house of a lady of quality; we ask the company's opinion of the last sermon of the preacher at St. Roc; the lady's son answers us by repeating some lines of Racine. We then ask them whether they have read the theological tract intitled, *The Work of Six Days*? We are told in return, that a new tragedy has just appeared. In fine, the time is approaching, that we shall have no longer any influence except over the rabble. This piques us; and when we are in an ill humour, we excommunicate as many as we are able.

The case is not the same at Rome, and in the other states of Europe. When a fine mass has been sung at St. John of Lateran, or St. Peter's church, with grand chorusses in four parts, and when twenty castrati have sung a hymn with quavering voices, all is ours: those who composed the congregation go in the evening to drink chocolate at the opera of St. Ambrose, and nobody takes umbrage at this. Churchmen take care not to excommunicate la Signora Cuzzoni, la Signora Faustina, la Signora Barbarini, and above all Signor Farinelli, knight of Calatrava, and actor of the opera, who is possessed of diamonds, as big as my thumb.

In that country persons in power never persecute; this is the reason why a king who is never opposed always proves a good king, if he does not want common sense.

sense. All the mischief is done by low wretches, who endeavour to domineer. These alone persecute with a view of acquiring importance. The pope is so powerful in Italy, that he has no occasion to excommunicate persons of worth, possessed of talents which challenge esteem; but there are creatures in Paris with flat hair and mean understandings, who find it necessary to make themselves considerable by such means. If they do not form cabals, if they do not preach up rigid tenets, if they do not declaim against the elegant arts, they are overlooked in the crowd. Passengers take no notice of dogs except when they bark, and it is the desire of all to be taken notice of. The jealousy and rivalry of professions have great influence over this world. I have divulged our secret; don't discover what I have said, and do me the favour to procure me a box in the lettice at the first tragedy of Mr. Collardeau."

"That you shall have, said the intendant des Menus; but make a complete discovery of your mysteries. Why is there not one of those with whom I have conversed upon this subject, who will agree with me that the excommunication of a society paid by the king is the highest insolence and absurdity? And at the same time why does nobody make an effort to put an end to this scandalous abuse?"

"I think I have already answered you, said Brizel, by owning, that we swarm with contradictions. France, to speak seriously, is the region of wit and folly, of industry and sloth, of philosophy and fanaticism, of gaiety and pedantry, of laws and abuses, of just taste and impertinence. The ridiculous contrast between the renown of the tragedy of Cinna, and the infamy of those that represent it; the right possessed by the bishops of having a box to themselves at the representation of Cinna, and their right of anathematizing the actors, the author and the spectators, must be allowed to form an inconsistency worthy of the folly of this people; but produce me an instance of one human establishment that is not contradictory.

Tell me why, since the apostles were all circumcised, and the first fifteen bishops of Jerusalem circumcised,
you

you are not circumcised likewise? Why you can with impunity eat puddings, though the prohibition to eat them was never cancelled? Why the successors of the apostles, who earned their bread by their labour, should wallow in riches and honours? Why, though St. Joseph was a carpenter, and though his divine son stooped to learn that trade, has his vicar driven out the emperors, and without ceremony taken their place? Why have those who asserted that the Holy Ghost proceeds from the Father and the Son, been excommunicated and anathematized during a succession of ages? And why are those now damned who think the contrary? Why is a second marriage expressly forbid in the Gospel to those whose first marriage has been annulled, and why do we permit second marriages in this case? Tell me, how comes it to pass, that the same marriage that is declared null and void at Paris, is still in force at Avignon?

To turn our conversation to the theatre, of which you are so fond, explain to me the reason why you applaud the brutal and factious insolence of Joad, who causes Athaliah to be beheaded because she was desirous of having her grandson Joas educated at her own court, at the same time that if a priest amongst us was to make any such attempt upon those of the royal family, there is not a soul that would not condemn the delinquent to capital punishment?

Custom regulates all things: dancing, for example, has been, in almost all nations, a religious ceremony; the very Jews danced through devotion. If the archbishop of Paris, was to take it into his head to dance a minuet at high mass, people would laugh at it as much as at his certificates of confession; sacramental acts are still represented at Madrid upon holy-days. A comedian plays Jesus Christ; another plays Satan; an actress represents the Holy Virgin; another, Mary Magdalen at her toilet; harlequin repeats the Ave-Maria; Judas says his Pater-noster.

During these representations, they sometimes, with great ceremony, burn the descendents of our good father Abraham; and whilst the poor wretches roast, they

they gravely sing to them pious ballads, composed by one of their kings, and translated into bad Latin. Notwithstanding all this, there is as much good sense, politeness, and wit, at Madrid, as at any court in Europe.

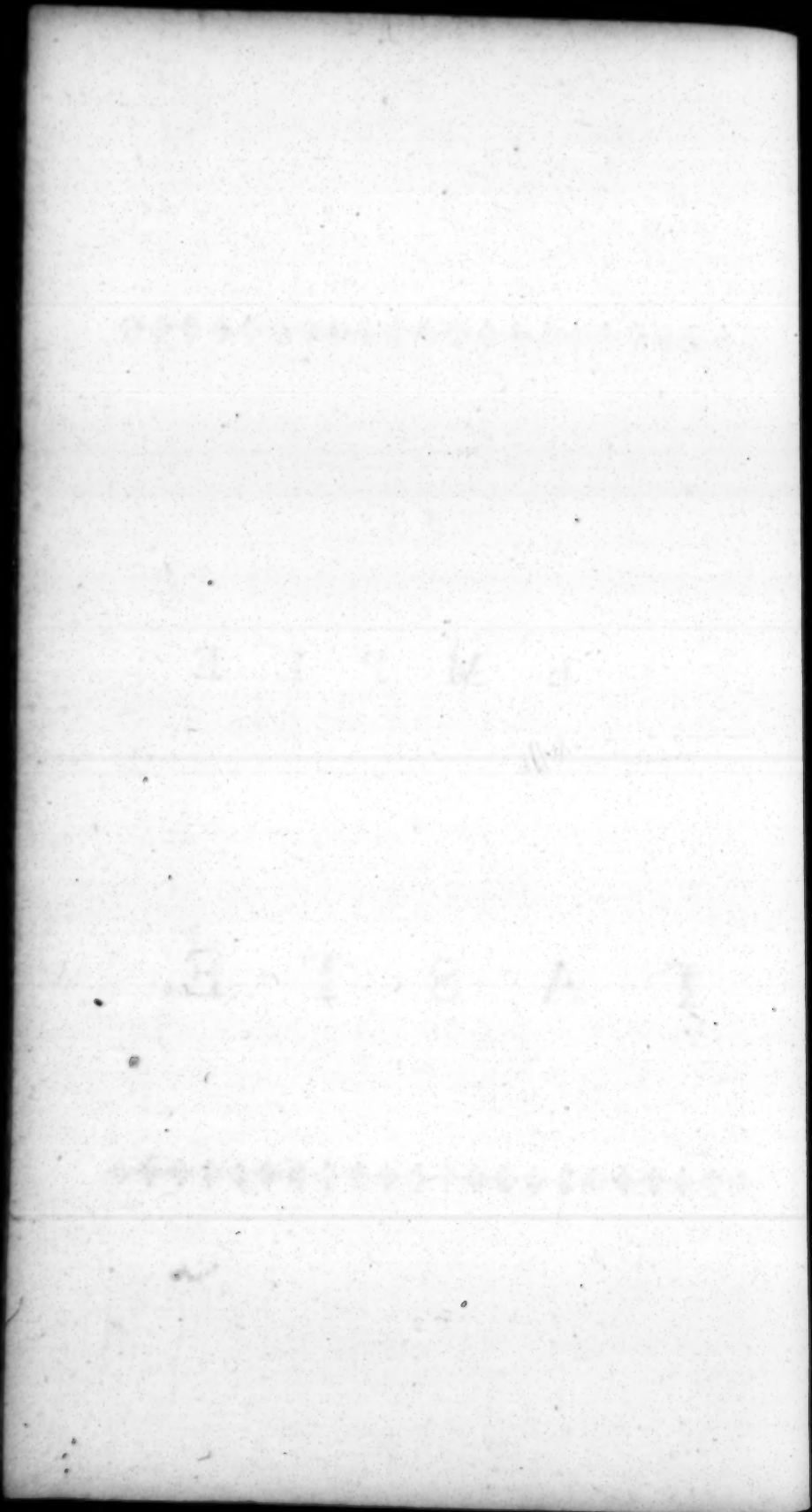
Horses at Rome receive a benediction; were we to cause our stables at St. Genevieve to be blessed, half Paris would exclaim against the scandal.





THE
T E M P L E
O F
T A S T E.







T H E

T E M P L E O F T A S T E*.

THAT cardinal o'er all the realm
 Rever'd, not he who holds the helm,
 But he who o'er Parnassus reigns,
 Renown'd for his harmonious strains;
 The patron whom all bards respect,
 Who can instruct them and protect,
 Whose eloquence we all admire,
 Who with a true poetic fire
 In Latin verse can reason right,
 Plato with Virgil can unite,
 Who vindicates high heaven to man,
 And quite subverts Lucretius' plan †.

That cardinal, whom every one must know by this
 picture, desired me one day to accompany him to the

I 3

Temple

* This work was composed in 1731. Several editions of it have been published; but that of which we here give a translation, is by all means the best and most correct.

† The cardinal Polignac wrote a Latin poem against Lucretius. No man of learning is unacquainted with these lines at the opening of it.

Pieridum si forte lepos austera canentes
 Deficit, eloquio victi re vincimus ipsa.

Tho' in poetic grace our lines may fail,
 By solid argument we must prevail.

Temple of Taste. 'Tis a place, said he, which resembles the Temple of Friendship, which every body speaks off, which few visit, and which most of those, who travel to it, have never thoroughly examined.

I answer'd frankly, I must own,
To me taste's laws are little known,
To favour you that God inclines,
He to your hands the keys consigns;
You are his vicar here deputed,
And o'er his church Pope constituted.
In furious fret all Rome may rage,
And rave at this my honest page;
But there's a difference very plain—
'Twixt you and Rome's Pope, I'll maintain;
For Sorbonne's doctors all aver,
God's vicar upon earth may err:
But when I hear you reason strong,
I think you can't be in the wrong;
So just your reasoning, wit so bright,
You seem infallible outright.

Ah, replied he, at Rome infallibility is confined to things which men do not comprehend: in the Temple of Taste, it concerns what all think they understand. You must positively come with me. But, continued I, if you carry me with you, I will make it my public boast.

I shall be importun'd I'm sure
To write a volume on this tour:
Voltaire's account shall be at best,
But a short narrative in jest.
But town and court will without fail,
Loudly at the relation rail;
The court will murmur, and the town
Will, as a fibber, run me down;
As one who talks with serious air
Of places, when he ne'er was there,

And

And, readers better to engage,
Tells a flat lie in ev'ry page.

However, as we should never refuse ourselves an innocent pleasure, for fear others should think ill of us, I followed the guide who did me the honour to be my conductor.

Abbé, with taste and genius fraught,
With us the sacred shrine you sought;
You, who with sage enlighten'd mind,
At once both knowing and refin'd,
Have by example shewn the way
Which we may take, nor fear to stray,
When in pursuit of taste we go,
That God which wits so seldom know.

In our journey we had many difficulties to encounter. We first of all met with Messrs. Baldus, Scioppius, Lecicocrassius, Scriblerius, and a crowd of commentators, who made it their business to restore passages, and compile volumes upon a word which they did not understand.

* Dacier, † Salmasius the profound,
With learned lumber stor'd I found;

I 4

Their

* Dacier was a man of great learning. He was perfectly acquainted with every thing in ancient authors, except their grace and elegance. His commentaries are replete with erudition, but destitute of taste. He has translated the most refined strokes of Horace like a pedant. When Horace says to his mistress, "Miseri quibus intentata nites," Dacier translates the passage, "Wretched are they who suffer themselves to be allured by the calm, without knowing you." He translates, "Nunc est bibendum, nunc pede libero pulsanda tellus." "Now is the time to drink and dance till we are tired, without being under any apprehensions." "Mox juniores querit adulteros." He translates thus, "They are no sooner married, but they look out for new galants." But tho' he has disfigured Horace, and tho' his notes shew him to be a man of much learning, but little genius, his work abounds with useful researches, and his industry is highly commendable.

† Salmasius is a learned author, whom nobody reads. He begins his defence of Charles II. in this manner: The English, who play

Their faces wan, their fire quite spent,
 With poring o'er Greek authors bent.
 Soon as the squalid troop I spy'd,
 I rais'd my voice, and to them cry'd,
 To Taste's fam'd Temple do you bend?
 No, sir, we no such thing intend.
 What others have with care express'd,
 With accuracy we digest,
 On others thoughts we spend our ink,
 But we for our part never think.

After this ingenious confession, these gentlemen would have had us read some passages of Dictys of Crete, and Methrodorus of Lampachus, which Scalliger had spoiled. We thanked them for their kind offer, and continued our journey. We had not walk'd a hundred steps, when we met a person surrounded with painters, architects, carvers, gilders, pretended connoisseurs, and flatterers. They turned their backs to the Temple of Taste.

With air important, pride repos'd,
 His face with gravity compos'd,
 And Crassus snoring, cry'd, I've store
 Of gold, of wit, of genius more:
 With taste, sir, I am amply fraught,
 I know all things, yet ne'er was taught;
 I'm skill'd in council and affairs,
 In spite of tempests and corsairs;
 My vessel safe to port I've brought,
 With pyrates, and with winds I've fought,
 A palace, therefore, I shall raise,
 Which ev'ry man of taste will praise,
 Where ev'ry art shall be display'd,
 Which shall with wonder be survey'd:
 The money's ready no delay,
 He said and slept, they all obey:

This

play at tennis with the heads of kings, who play bowls with crowns, and who use sceptres as so many baubles.

This is no sooner said than done,
 To labour all the workmen run.
 To a Vitruvius pride erects
 One of our modern architects,
 Resolving to do something new,
 A plan too much adorn'd he drew ;
 No porch or front the pile could shew,
 But your eye meets an endless Row,
 Your walls not thick, your closets great,
 Your Salon without depth complete ;
 Windows, each one of which appears
 Like a church door and little peers ;
 Gilt, wainscoted, and painted white,
 It shall with wonder strike the sight.
 Wake, fir, a painter cry'd aloud,
 Be to my art just praise allow'd ;
 The skill of Raphael ne'er was such,
 He had not half so soft a touch.
 To nature I can give new grace,
 And cover all the cieling's space
 With various figures, which the sight
 Beholds at distance with delight.
 Crassus awaking took the plan,
 And to examine it began :
 Having at length the whole inspected,
 At random he its faults corrected ;
 Then glass in hand a connoisseur
 Said, look upon this picture, fir ;
 Buy it, fir, 'twill your chapel grace,
 God in his glory suits the place ;
 The taste alone's enough to shew,
 That 'tis the work of fam'd Vatau *.
 Mean time a bookseller, a cheat,
 Whom wits are often forc'd to treat,
 Opens tomes which the works contains,
 Of Gacon, Noble, Desfontaines ;

* A Flemish painter who worked at Paris, where he died some years ago. He succeeded in little figures, but never produced any thing great, it was above his capacity.

Miscellanies of journals store,
My lord begins to read and snore.

I thought we should meet with no farther delay, but that we should approach the Temple without encountering any other difficulty; but the journey is more dangerous than I imagined. We soon after fell into a new ambuscade.

Thus in the path which to salvation
Leads, Devotees meet much temptation;
And with the devil oft contend,
Before they reach their journey's end.

This was a concert given by a gentleman of the long robe, infatuated with music, which he never learned, and chiefly with the Italian music, which he had no knowledge of, but from some indifferent airs which were never heard at Rome, and which are very badly sung in France by some girls belonging to the opera.

He then caused a long French recitative, set to music by an Italian, who did not understand our language, to be performed. It was to no purpose to remonstrate to him, that as this sort of music is nothing more than noted declamation, it is of consequence subjected to the genius of the language; and that nothing can be as ridiculous as French scenes sung in the Italian taste, but Italian ones sung in the French taste.

Nature, ingenious, fertile, wise,
Earth with gifts various beautifies;
She speaks to all in language fit,
They differ both in tongue and wit;
Their tone, their voices suit; each note
Is by the hand of nature wrote;
And ev'ry difference must appear
To a refin'd, judicious ear.
Music to charm in France, the tone
Of France must imitate alone.

Lully

Lully could to our taste descend,
Not strive to alter but amend.

No sooner were these judicious remarks made, but the pretended connoisseur, shaking his head, cried, come, come, you shall soon see something new. We could not refuse to enter, and immediately after the concert began.

The rivals then of Lully's fame,
Their taste and skill in art the same,
French verse most dissonantly play'd
With the Italian music's aid :
A lady, with distorted eyes,
Acted a thousand extasies :
A coxcomb, of his dress quite vain,
Quaver'd and thrill'd a frantic strain,
And beat time false, which made them soon
All equally play out of tune.

We left the place as fast as we could, and we did not arrive at the temple of Taste, till after we had met with many adventures of this kind.

On basis firm, in antient days,
Greece did this famous temple raise :
The building, with revolving years
Increas'd, to menace heaven appears.
The world, upon its altars laid,
Incense and adoration paid :
To own the power Rome long delay'd,
At length to taste the homage paid.
The Turk, a more inveterate foe,
In dust the edifice laid low.
The ruins, by the Goths neglected,
Were all in Italy collected.
Soon the first Francis, nobly bold,
Rais'd a new temple like the old ;
But his posterity despis'd
An architecture once so priz'd.

Next Richlieu made it all his care
 Th' abandon'd temple to repair.
 Lewis adorn'd the sacred shrine,
 Colbert invited all the nine;
 Each art, in which the wise excel,
 Beneath the temple's roof to dwell.
 By this the first shrine was surpass'd,
 But much I doubt it will not last.
 Here might I in descriptive verse
 The beauties of the shrine rehearse;
 But let us not, to shew our skill in
 Description, simply write for filling;
 Let us prolixity avoid,
 By which Felibien's reader's cloy'd;
 Whilst he each trifle to explain,
 Launches into rhetoric strain.
 This noble building's nor disgrac'd
 With heaps of rubbish round it plac'd;
 For thus our fires, but little skill'd,
 Their Gothic structures us'd to build.
 The shrine from all the faults we see,
 In Versailles Chapel sam'd, is free;
 That gewgaw, which strikes vulgar eyes,
 But which all men of taste despise.

It is much easier to give a negative than a positive idea
 of this temple. To avoid so difficult an attempt I shall
 only add,

The structure's of a simple taste,
 Each ornament is justly plac'd;
 The whole's arrang'd with so much care,
 Art seems to copy nature there;
 The beauteous structure fills the sight,
 Not with surprize, but with delight.

The temple was surrounded with a crowd of virtuo-
 sos, artists and connoisseurs of various kinds, who en-
 deavoured to enter, but did not succeed.

For

For criticism, severe and just,
 Still stood before that shrine august,
 Repelling all the efforts rude
 Of Goths, who would in crowds intrude.

How many men of quality, how many persons in high vogue with the public, who dictate so imperiously to little clubs, are refused admittance into that temple !

There the cabals of wits no more
 Have the same power they had before ;
 When they could make an audience praise
 Pradon's and * Scuderi's wretched lays,
 And think their writings did excel
 Those of Racine and great Corneille.

The obscure enemies of all-shining merit, those insects of society, which are taken notice of only because they bite, were repelled with equal rudeness. These would have envied the great Condé the glory he acquired at Rocroy, and Villars the reputation he gained at Denain, as much as they envied Corneille for having written *Polleucte*. They would have assassinated Le Brun for having painted the family of Darius ; and they in fact forced Le Moine to lay violent hands upon himself for having painted the admirable *Salon of Hercules*. They always hold in their hands a bowl of aconite,
 like

* Scuderi was, as well he might, the declared enemy of Corneille. He had a party, which greatly preferred him to that father of the stage. There is still extant a wretched book of Sarrazin, written to prove, that a certain piece of Scuderi's, entitled *Tyrannic Love*, is the best dramatic Piece in the French language. This Scuderi boasted, that four door-keepers were killed when one of his pieces was represented, and said he would never yield to Corneille till there were five door-keepers killed at the representation of the *Cid* or the *Horatii*. As to Pradon, it is well known, that his *Phedra* was at first much more favourably received than that of Racine ; and that it required a considerable time to make the influence of a party give way to merit.

like that which men of the same character caused Socrates to drink.

Pride mixing with envy in odious embrace,
 Gave birth to this curs'd and detestable race,
 Suspicion, self-interest, malignant detraction,
 And of devotees a most dangerous faction;
 These often in secret confed'racy combine,
 And to the cabal ope the gates of the shrine.
 There a Midas's eyes they impose on with ease,
 Knaves yield them support, and fools glut them
 with praise;
 True merit indignant a sad silence keeps;
 Time alone wipes his tears, whilst in secret he
 weeps.

These persecuting wretches fled as soon as they saw my two guides. Their precipitate flight was followed by something of a more diverting nature: this was a crowd of writers of every rank, age and condition, who scratched at the door, and begged of Criticism to permit them to enter. One brought with him a mathematical romance, another a speech made before the academy; one had just composed a metaphysical comedy; another held in his hand a poetical miscellany long since printed, with a long approbation and a † privilege; another presented a mandate, wrote in an affected and over-refined style, and was surprised to find, that all present laughed instead of asking his blessing. I am the reverend father—said one: make room for my lord, said another.

A prating fir, with voice acute,
 Cries, I'm the judge of each dispute,
 I argue, contradict and prate,
 What others like I'm sure to hate.

Then

† Many bad books have been printed with approbation replete with praises.

Then Criticism appearing cry'd,
Your merit is by none deny'd;
But since Taste's godhead you reject,
Do not to enter here expect.

Bardou then cried out, the world's in an error, and will always continue so: there's no god of Taste, and I'll prove it thus: then he laid down a proposition, divided and subdivided it; but nobody listened, and a greater multitude than ever crowded to the gate.

Amidst the various coxcombs chac'd
By judgment from the shrine of Taste,
La Motte || Houdard amongst the rest
Approach'd, and words like these address;
Receive my Œdipus in prose;
Roughly, 'tis true, I verse compose:
I must with Boileau hold converse,
And rail against all sorts of verse.

Criticism knew him by his gentle deportment and the roughness of the two last lines, and she left him a-while between Perrault and Chapelain, who had laid a fifty years siege to the temple, and constantly exclaimed against Virgil.

At that very moment there arrived another versifier, supported by two little satires, and crowned with laurels and thistles.

* I come hither to laugh, to sport and to play,
And make merry, said he, till the dawn of the
day.

What's

|| Houdard La Motte in 1728, wrote an Œdipus in prose, and another in verse. As for his Œdipus in prose, nobody could ever bear to read it. His Œdipus in verse was acted three times. It was printed with his other dramatic works; and the author took care to prefix to it an advertisement, importing, that the performance of it was interrupted during the most extraordinary success. This author composed several works, which are very much esteemed, some fine odes, pretty operas, and dissertations extremely well wrote.

* A couplet of Rousseau's.

What's this I hear? said Criticism. 'Tis I, answered the rhymers; I am just come from Germany to visit you, and I have chosen the spring of the year to travel in.

Spring, the season in which the young Zephyrs
dissolve

† The bark of the floods, and to fluid resolve.

The more he spoke in this style, the less was Criticism disposed to open the door to him. What, said he, am I then taken for

|| A frog, who from his narrow throat
Still utters, in discordant note,
Boekekeex, roax, roax?

Heavens, cried Criticism, what horrible jargon is this! She could not immediately guess who the person was that expressed himself in this manner. She was told it was Rousseau, and that the Muses had altered his voice as a punishment for his misdeeds. She could not believe it, and refused to open the door. He blushed, and cried out,

A rigour so extreme abate,
I come to seek Marot my mate;
Like him, ill luck I had awhile,
But Phœbus now does on me smile;
I'm Rousseau, and to you well known;
Here's verses against fam'd † Bignon.
O thou, who always didst inspire
My bosom with thy sacred fire,

Kind

† Lines of Rousseau's.

|| Verses of Rousseau's.

‡ A privy-counsellor; a man whose merit was acknowledged all over Europe. Rousseau had wrote some bad Verses against him.

Kind Criticism a welcome give
To one, who elsewhere cannot live.

Criticism upon hearing these words, open'd the door
again and spoke thus :

Rousseau, my temper better know,
I'm just, and ne'er with gall o'erflow ;
Unlike that fury, whose fell rage
Suggested thy malicious page ;
Who pour'd her poison in your heart,
And arm'd you with the deadly dart.
The calumnies you strove to spread,
Drew Themis' vengeance on your head ;
Your muse was into banishment §
For certain wicked couplets sent.
And for a wretched, ill-wrote case,
Which added to your dire disgrace ;
But Phœbus quickly did pursue
Your malice with the vengeance due ;
Your soul of genius he depriv'd,
Genius which you from him deriv'd,
Of harmony he robb'd your lays,
Which by that only merit praise ;
Yet you the scribbling itch retain,
Whilst Phœbus disavows each strain.

Criticism, after having given this advice, adjudged,
that Rousseau should take place of La Motte as a ver-
sifier ; but that La Motte should have the precedence,
whenever

§ 'Tis universally known, that Rousseau was condemned to
make an amende honourable, and banished for life, on account of
certain infamous verses, which he wrote against his friends, and
laid to the charge of Mons. Saurin of the French academy. The
papers relating to this suit have been preserved by the curious.
Rousseau's case is said to be extremely ill wrote ; that of Mr.
Saurin is a masterpiece of genius and eloquence. Rousseau when
in exile broke with his patrons, and persisted to declaim without
effect against all, whose writings were an honour to France, as
Mrs. de Fontenelle, Crebillon, Destouche, Dubos, &c.

whenever genius or understanding were the subjects of dispute.

These two men, so different from each other, had not walked four steps, when the one turned pale with rage, and the other leapt with joy, at the sight of a man, who had been a long time in the temple, sometimes in one place, and sometimes in another.

This was the learned Fontenelle,
Who could in all the arts excel,
And on each branch of science threw
A light that pleas'd, because 'twas new;
He from a planet came post-haste
Back to the sacred shrine of taste;
Reason'd with Mairan, with Quinault
Trifled away an hour or so;
And manag'd with an equal skill
The lyre the compass and the quill.

What, cried Rousseau, shall I see that man here, that man against whom I have wrote so many epigrams? What, shall Taste suffer in her temple the author of the chevalier D'Her's letters, of an *autumnal passion*, of *moon-light*, of a *brook in love with a meadow*, of the *tragedy of Aspar*, of *Endymion*, &c. No, answered Criticism, 'tis not the author of those works that you see before you; 'tis the author of the plurality of worlds, who compos'd *Thetis and Peleus*, an opera that excites your envy, and the history of the academy of sciences, which you are not capable of understanding.

Rousseau was going to write an epigram, and Fontenelle looked upon him with that philosophical compassion, which every man of an enlightened mind must have for a meer rhymers, and then went and seated himself with great composure between Lucretius and Leibnitz §.

I ask'd

§ Leibnitz was born at Leipzig, on the 23d of June 1646, and died at Hanover on the 14th of November, 1716. He was the greatest ornament of learning that Germany ever produced: he was

I ask'd how Leibnitz came to be there? I was told that it was because he had wrote tolerable good Latin verses, though he was versed both in metaphysics and geometry, and that Criticism admitted him into her temple, to soften by such an example the austerity of his scientific brethren.

Criticism then turned to the author of the plurality of worlds, and said: I shall not reproach you with some of your juvenile performances, as these zealous cynics have done: but I am Criticism; you are now in the presence of the god of Taste, and I must thus address you in the name of that god, the public, and myself; for we all three agree in the main.

Your sportful and instructive muse
Of art should not be so profuse;
Her charms are not sure so faint,
As to require the aid of paint.

As for Lucretius, he blushed as soon as ever he saw the cardinal his adversary; but no sooner did he hear him speak but he conceived a friendship for him: he ran to him, and accosted him in very fine Latin verses, which I translate into indifferent French ones.

Misled by Epicurus' lore,
I thought I nature could explore,
And as a god the man admir'd,
Who, with presumptuous fury fir'd,
Dar'd impious war with heav'n to wage,
The gods dethroning in his rage.

I thought

was a more universal genius than Newton, though, perhaps, not so great a mathematician. To a profound knowledge in every branch of natural philosophy, he added a refined taste for polite learning; he even wrote French poetry. He was guilty of some errors in metaphysics; but in that he resembles all who have attempted to frame systems. He owed his fortune entirely to his reputation. He enjoyed considerable pensions from the emperor of Germany, the emperor of Russia, the King of England, and many other sovereigns.

I thought the soul a transient fire,
 Dissolv'd the moment we expire;
 I now no more with truth contend:
 The soul shall never have an end;
 But, of existence always sure,
 Shall like your deathless verse endure.

The cardinal answered this compliment in the language of Lucretius. All the Latin poets present, from his air and stile, judged him to be an antient Roman: but the French poets are highly displeased at authors composing verses in a language which is no longer spoken; and they affirm, that since Lucretius, born at Rome, wrote a Latin poem upon the philosophy of Epicurus, his adversary, born at Paris, should have wrote against him in French. To conclude; after several such amusing delays, we at last arrived at the temple of the god of Taste.

I saw the god, whom I in vain
 Implore for aid in every strain;
 That god, who never was defin'd;
 Whose essence 'scapes the searching mind;
 To whom just service few can pay,
 Tho' they with such devotion pray;
 Who animates La Fontaine's strain,
 And Vodus searches for in vain.
 The Graces he consults, whose ease,
 With native beauty join'd, can please;
 Graces, which other nations own,
 Are best to the French writers known;
 Which others oft to copy try'd;
 Which by strict rules are never tied;
 Which reign'd at court in times of yore,
 With which love crowns the Gallic shore.
 Around the god the tender band
 Of Graces still obsequious stand;
 They to adorn the god attend;
 He pleases by the charms they lend;

They

They crown him with a wreath divine,
Where Phœbus self took care to twine
Laurels, which once fam'd Maro crown'd,
For epic poetry renown'd.

Myrtle and ivy leaves, which grac'd
Horace supreme in wit and taste;

The roses, which in times of yore

The lyric bard Anacreon wore.

His front, the mirror of his mind,
Shew'd wisdom by true taste refin'd;

Wit sparkled in his eyes, his air

Was such as might his soul declare.

To prove his beauty is divine,

Silvia, his face resembles thine;

I thus conceal your real name,

Last envious beauties should declaim

Against you should it once be known,

Your charms are greater than their own.

¶ Rollin not far, with action grave,

To youth his learned lessons gave.

And tho' in his professor's chair,

Was listen'd to a thing most rare!

Meantime

¶ Charles Rollin, formerly principal of the university and royal professor, is the first member of the university that ever wrote in elegant French for the instruction of youth, and that recommended the study of our language as necessary, though neglected in the schools. His treatise upon the belles lettres breathes elegant taste, and is replete with learning throughout. He is reproached with nothing but having dwelt too much upon things of little importance. He has never lost sight of taste, but where he has aimed at humour, tom. 3, page 303, in speaking of Cyrus he says, *immediately little Cyrus was dressed out as a cup-bearer; he approached gravely with a napkin on his shoulder, and holding the cup gently with three fingers, I was in doubt, said he, whether this liquor was not poison. How so? Yes, papa.* And in another place, speaking of the several sorts of play which children may be indulged in, he expresses himself thus: *A ball, a foot ball, a top, are very much to their taste.* From the top of the house to the cellar there was nothing spoken but Latin at Robert Stephens's. It were to be wished these exceptionable passages were corrected in the first new edition of a book so valuable in other respects.

Meantime in an apartment by §,
 Which Girardon with Puget vie
 With statues to adorn, where taste
 As well as just expression's trac'd;
 Poussin || upon stretch'd canvas shew'd
 What genius in his bosom glow'd.
 † Le Brun with elevated mind,
 And genius nobly bold, design'd.
 ‡ Le Sueur, in his art complete,
 Between both painters took his seat;
 None murmur'd to behold him there,
 All own'd him worthy of the chair.

The

§ Girardon's statues excelled in grace, Puget's in expression. The baths of Apollo were done by Girardon, but the horses are not of his workmanship; they are of Marfisi's, a statuary worthy to work in concert with Girardon. The Milo and the gladiator are Puget's.

|| Poussin, born at Andelis in 1594, had no master but his genius, assisted by a few prints of Raphael's, which accidentally fell into his hands. A desire to consult the beautiful remains of antiquity made him undertake a journey to Rome, notwithstanding the obstacles which extreme poverty laid in his way. He there produced several master-pieces, which he sold for but seven crowns apiece. Being invited to France by the secretary of state Desnoyers, he there established the fine taste in painting; but being persecuted by his rivals, he returned to Rome, where he died with a great reputation and no fortune. He has sacrificed colouring to the other articles of painting. This is too gloomy in his sacraments; yet there is in the duke of Orleans's closet, a conversion of St. Paul by Poussin, which hangs by Raphael's vision of Ezekiel, and is lively enough in its colouring. This picture owes nothing by being compared to that of Raphael; they both give equal satisfaction to the beholder.

† Le Brun, the scholar of Vouet, was defective only in the colouring. The colours in his pictures of Alexander's family are better than those of his battles. This painter has not so exquisite a taste for antiquity as Poussin and Raphael: but he is equal to Raphael in invention, and superior to Poussin in vivacity. The prints of Alexander's battles, by le Brun, are more bought, than those by Raphael and Julius Romano.

‡ Eustachius le Sueur was an excellent painter, though he never was in Italy. All his works were in the high taste; but he was defective in his colouring as well as the other two. These three painters are at the head of the French school.

The god, who with a critic eye
 Could ev'ry pencil's stroke espy,
 Grevi'd, whilst he much admir'd their art,
 They could not to their works impart
 Those vivid colours, whose bright glow
 On nature's self new charms bestow.
 A crowd of loves before him play'd,
 And to his touch new force convey'd,
 And rais'd each beauty to its height,
 By adding || Rubens' colours bright.

I was surpris'd that I did not meet at the sanctuary
 several persons, who, sixty or eighty years ago, pass'd
 for the greatest favourites of the god of Taste. The
 Pavillons, the Benserades, the Pelissons, the Segrais's,*
 the St. Evremonds, the Belzacs, the Voitures, were
 no longer in possession of the first places. They pos-
 sessed them heretofore, said one of my guides; they
 made a figure before the bright period of the learned
 world;

|| Rubens is equal to Titian in his colouring; but he is very
 much inferior to our French painters in the correctness of design.

* Segrais is but a very indifferent poet. Nobody reads his
 eclogues, though they are praised by Boileau. His *Æneid* is in
 the style of Chapelain. He wrote an opera upon the subject of
 Roland and Angelica, with the title of *Love cured by Time*. In
 the prologue are these lines:

Pour couronner leur tête
 En cette fête,
 Allons dans nos jardins,
 Avec les lys de Charlemagne,
 Assembler les jessmins
 Qui parfument l'Espagne.

Their heads to crown,
 On such a day
 Let's walk into our gardens gay,
 And with the lilies of Charlemagne
 Gather the jessamy of Spain.

Zada is a romance, written with great purity of language, and
 read by every body; but it was not wrote by Segrais.

world; but they have at length given place to men of real genius. At present they are but little considered; and, in fact, most of them had only the wit peculiar to their age, and not that species of wit which reaches posterity.

The graces of their feeble lays
Are tarnished, and they lose their praise;
None them as geniuses admit,
But all agree to praise their wit.

Segrais attempted one day to enter the sanctuary at the same time, repeating the following verse of Boileau.

Que Segrais dans l'eclogue en charm les forêts.
Let Segrais charm the woods with rural lays.

But Criticism having, unhappily for him, read a few pages of his *Æneid* in French verse, dismissed him a little roughly, and in his place admitted || madame de la Fayette, who published the delightful romance of *Zada*; and the princess of Cleves, under the name of Segrais.

Pelisson * is not easily excused, for having in his history of the French academy, gravely related so many puerilities,

|| Mr. Huet, bishop of Avranches, tells us, in the 204th page of his commentaries, that madame de la Fayette was so indifferent about reputation, that she suffered her *Zada* to appear under the name of Segrais; and when I related this anecdote, some of Segrais's friends, who were ignorant of the truth, complained of this as an outrage to his memory. But it is a fact to my certain knowledge, and I could prove it by many letters of madame de la Fayette, and by the original manuscript of *Zada*, the sheets of which she sent me as she wrote it.

* Here are some of the strokes which Pelisson cites as pieces of wit. A marriage being talked of between Voiture, who was the son of a vintner, and the daughter of one of the king's purveyors. These lines were wrote upon the occasion.

puerilities, and cited as strokes of wit, things which by no means deserve that name. The soft, but weak Pavillon, humbly pays his court to madame des Houlieries, who is placed far above him. The unequal St. Evremont †, does not presume to speak of poetry. Balac, with his long-winded hyperbolical phrases, tires the patience of Benferade and Voiture ‡, who answer him by antithesis and

Que ce beau couple d'amans,
Va gouter de contentement !
Que leurs delices seront grandes,
Ils seront toujours en festin,
Car si la fournit les viandes,
Voiture fournira le vin !

How blest will these two lovers live,
With plenty they'll be blest'd,
Victuals the purveyor shall give,
Voiture of wines the best.

He adds, that madam Desloges, in a company that was engaged at a sort of plays, called Proverbs, Voiture having given a proverb, which she did not like, said, this is a bad one, tap another. His history of the academy is filled with such trivial circumstances, and written in so languishing a style, that whoever reads it without prejudice, is surpris'd at his having so great a reputation. But at that time, forty persons had interested motives for praising it.

† Every body knows, that St. Evremont was a wretched poet. His comedies are his very worst productions ; yet so great was his reputation, that he was offered five hundred guineas for the copy of his *Sir Politick Wouldbe*.

‡ Voiture had the most reputation of any of these celebrated persons of former days, yet his works deserve it the least ; if you except four or five little poems, and about as many letters. He was reckoned as great a master of the epistolary manner of writing, as Pliny ; and yet his letters are not superior to those of *Le Pays* and *Bourfant*. These are some of his strokes : when you tear my heart into a thousand pieces, there is not one that is not very much at your service ; and one of your smiles sweetens my bitterest grief. I do not lie when I tell you, that my uneasiness at being deprived of your company costs me a hundred thousand tears. I advise you seriously, to make yourself king of *Madeira*. Think what a pleasure it would be, to possess a kingdom of sugar : in truth, we should live very sweetly in it. He writes to *Chapelain* thus : " I must tell you, that whenever I reflect that I am writing to the most judicious man of the age, to the author of *Lione*, and the *Maid of Orleans*

and quibbles, which they are presently after ashamed of themselves. I went in quest of the famous count de Buffy. Madam de Sévigné, who is beloved by all who dwell in the Temple, told me, that her dear cousin, a man of great wit, but a little too vain, could never succeed so far, as to make the God of Taste entertain the same favourable opinion of Mons. Roger de Rabutin, which the count de Buffy had of him.

Buffy, for pride and self-love fam'd,
Is by the God severely blam'd ;
Because too much a slave to fame,
Himself he often made his theme * :
His son with ev'ry talent grac'd,
Is always well receiv'd by taste ;
He flatters none, of none speaks ill,
His conversation pleases still ;
He shews that wit and eloquence,
To which his father makes pretence.

Chaulieu,

Years, my hair stands on end, like the bristles of a porcupine. His poetry is sometimes flat, and insipid in the highest degree.

Nous trouvâmes pres sercotte,
Chas étrange et vraye pourtant,
Des boeufs qu'on voyoit broutant ;
Dessus le haut d'une motte,
Et plus bas quelques cochons,
Et bon nombre de moutons.

A thing we saw, that's true, but strange,
Oxen that brouze about and range
Upon a hill, whilst hogs are seen,
And many sheep upon the green.

Yet Voiture is admired, because he was born in an age that was just emerging out of barbarism, when people aimed at wit, without knowing what it was. 'Tis true, Boileau compared him to Horace, but Boileau was then young. He with pleasure paid that tribute to the reputation of Voiture, that he might attack that of Chapelain, who passed for the greatest genius then in Europe.

* He wrote to the king in these terms:—"Sire, Such a man as I am, who have wit, birth, and courage.—I have birth, and it is said I have wit, which makes every thing I say valuable."

† Chaulieu, who gay and void of care
Rising from table sung an air,
Address'd the godhead as a friend,
With freedom which could not offend.
His lively and luxuriant vein
Roves unconfin'd nor hears the rein ;
His muse disdaining all controul,
With native beauties charms the soul.
§ La Fare, with softness temp'ring fire,
Tun'd to a lower note his lyre,

K 2

And

† The abbe de Chaulieu, in an epistle to the marquis de la Fare,
known to the public by the appellation of the deist, says,

J'ai vû de pres le styx ; j'ai du les eumenides,
Deja venoient trapper mes oreilles timides ,
Les affreux cris du chien de l'empire de morts.

Upon the brink of death my soul has been,
The styx and furies I almost have seen ;
Th' infernal dogs fell barking reach'd my ear,
And harrow'd up my startled soul with fear.

The very next moment he draws the picture of a confessor, and
speaks of the God of Israel. In another poem upon the divinity,
he says,

D'un dieu moteur de tout j'adore l'existence.

Ainsi l'on doit passer avec tranquillite,
Les ans que nous depart l'aveugle destin.

The great first mover I adore.

Thus should we spend, whilst in our present state,
The time allotted to us by blind fate.

Many such contradictions occur in his poems. There are not
three pieces amongst them correct throughout ; but the fine senti-
ments, and beautiful imagery, for which they are conspicuous, atone
for their defects. The abbe de Chaulieu died in 1720, almost
four score. He discovered great resolution and fortitude.

§ The marquis de la Fare, author of the memoirs published in
his name, and of some pieces of poetry, in which the gentleness of
his nature displays itself, should rather be considered as an amiable
man,

And pour'd forth in his mistress's praise
 His uncorrect, but spritely lays;
 Which might from ease and pleasure spring,
 Tho' Phœbus had not taught to sing.
 || There Hamilton, whose darts ne'er fail
 To wound, at all mankind did rail;
 There St. Aulaire, who for old age,
 Surpass'd Anacreon the sage;
 Could all love's joys and cares rehearse,
 In softer and more pleasing verse:
 Cytherian chaplets grac'd his head,
 With hoary honours o'erspread.

The God had a great affection for these gentlemen, especially for those who picqued themselves upon nothing. He hinted to Chaulieu, that he should look upon himself as the first of careless and negligent poets, not as the first of good poets.

They conversed with some of the most amiable men of their age. Their conversations were equally free from the affectation of the Hotel de Rambouillet, and from the confusion which reigns amongst our young fellows *.

From hence with equal shame are chac'd
 The affected and pedantic taste,
 The stiff and syllogistic air,
 The rage which strives to overbear.
 There gracefully we see unite
 Learning profound with humour light;

And

man, than an amiable poet. He died in 1718; his poems were printed with the works of the abbe de Chaulieu, his intimate friend, and preceded by a preface extremely partial and full of faults.

|| Anthony count Hamilton, born at Caen in Normandy, wrote verses replete with fire and liveliness. He had a strong bent to satire. Mr. de St. Aulaire, when almost ninety, wrote exceeding pretty songs.

* Boileau went to read his works at the Hotel de Rambouillet. He there met Chapelain, Cotin, and others, equally void of taste, who received him very ill.

And with precision close we find
 The fallies of the human mind.
 Genius takes various forms there,
 It jests and knows a jest to bear ;
 For fear of tiring there the wise
 Put on even pleasantry's disguise.

Chapelle was there ; that genius more debauched
 than delicate ; more natural than polite ; an easy versifier,
 incorrect in his stile, and licentious in his thoughts.
 He constantly answered the God of Taste in the same
 rhymes. 'Tis said, that God once answered him thus :

Chapelle henceforward less admire
 Re-iterated rhymes ; they tire ;
 Those strings of syllables display'd
 By Richelet ill a poet aid ;
 That author's dictionary gleaning,
 In double rhymes you'll have no meaning.

In this agreeable company, I met the president de
 Maisons, a man of a very different character, not at
 all used to utter words without a meaning ; a man as
 solid as agreeable, and equally a lover of all the arts.

Dear Maisons, is it thee I then embrace ?
 Cry'd I, whilst trickling tears bedew'd my face ;
 Thou who wast snatch'd from me by cruel death,
 Who in my arms when young resign'd thy breath.
 Deaf to my prayer, inexorable fate
 Was bent two dearest friends to separate :
 Ah ! since its rigour either's death requir'd,
 Thou shouldst have liv'd, and I should have expir'd.
 Since my sad eyes first open'd on the sphere,
 'Twas heav'n's decree I shou'd be wretch'd here ;
 Thy path of life by heav'n was strew'd with
 flow'rs,
 And heart-felt joy wing'd all thy golden hours.
 With pleasures, and with honours compass'd round,
 In arts your wisdom full contentment found :

Weakness is not of worth like thine the source,
 O'er such a mind opinion ne'er had force;
 Man's born to err, the potter's forming hand
 Soft earth is far less able to withstand;
 Than can the mind resist the potent sway
 Of prejudice, which mortals still obey.
 To such vile slav'ry you refus'd to bend,
 Your time you gave to study, and a friend;
 And in your nature were at once combin'd,
 A tender heart, and philosophic mind.

Amongst these wits we met some jesuits. A Jansenist would say upon this, that the jesuits intrude every where, but the God of Taste receives their enemies too; and it is diverting to see in this Temple Bourdaloue conversing with Pascal, upon the great art of uniting eloquence and close reasoning. Father Bouhours stands behinds them, setting down in his pocket book, all the improprieties and inelegancies of language which escape them. The cardinal could not help addressing father Bouhours thus:

The care each little fault to spy,
 That pedant's diligence lay by;
 Let us in eloquence respect
 Each careless phrase and bold defect.
 Were I to chuse, I should prefer
 Wild genius, and like great men err,
 Rather than be the wight who dwells
 On syllables, who scans and spells.

This reprimand was expressed in terms much more polite than those which I have made use of; but we poets are sometimes guilty of deviations from good breeding, for the sake of a rhyme. When I visited this Temple, my attention was not entirely engaged by the wits.

Harmonious verse and prose refin'd,
 To you alone I'm not confin'd;

I scorn

I scorn a taste that fix'd on parts,
 And now invoke all pleasing arts.
 Musick and painting arts divine,
 With architecture's great design,
 Graving and dancing all unite
 My soul to ravish with delight ;
 From all arts pleasure must arise,
 None then are slighted by the wise.

I saw the muses by turns place upon the altar of the God, books, designs, and plans of various kinds. The plan of that beautiful front of the Louvre (for which we are not indebted to Bernin, who, with great expence, and to no purpose, was brought into France, it being the work of Perrault and Lewis la Vau, great artists, whose merit is too little known) is to be seen upon that altar. There likewise is the plan of St. Denis's gate, the beauty of which most Parisians are as insensible of, as they are ignorant of the name of Francis Blondel, the architect, to whom they owe this monument.

That admirable fountain *, so little taken notice of, which is adorned with the precious sculptures of John Gougeon, but which is in every respect inferior to the admirable fountain of Bouchardon, at the same time that it seems to upbraid the rude taste of all the others. The porch of St. Gervas's church, a master-piece of architecture, to which a church, a proper situation and admirers, are wanting, and which should immortalize the name of Desbrosses, still more than the palace of Luxemburgh, which likewise was built by him. All these monuments neglected by the vulgar, ever barbarous, and by people of the world ever inattentive, often attract the observation of the deity. The library of this enchanted palace was next shewn us: it was not very big. It will be readily believed, that we did not find in it.

K 3

A heap

* St. Innocent's fountain. The architecture is by Lescot Abbe of Claigni, and the sculpture by John Gougeon.

A heap of manuscripts most rare,
 Which greedy book-worms seldom spare ;
 Nor on those shelves are ever found
 Those writings which so much abound ;
 Writings by no man ever read,
 The lumber of an author's head.
 In person here the tuneful nine
 Their proper place to books assign ;
 To books where genius may be trac'd,
 Combin'd with elegance of taste.

Most of the books there have passed thro' the hands of the muses, and been by them corrected. The work of Rabelais is to be seen there, reduced to less than half a quarter of its bulk.

Marot, whose only merit is his stile, and who, in the same taste, sings the psalms of David, and the wonders of Alix, has but eight or ten leaves left. The pages of Voiture and Sarrafin, together, don't exceed sixty in number.

The whole genius of Bayle, is to be found in a single volume, by his own acknowledgment ; for that judicious philosopher, that enlightened judge of authors and sects, often declared, that he would never have written more than one volume in folio, if he had not been employed by booksellers *.

We were at last admitted into the innermost part of the sanctuary. There the mysteries of the God were unveiled ; there I saw what may serve as an example to posterity : a small number of truly great men were employed in correcting those faulty passages of their works, which would have been beauties in those of inferior genius's.

The amiable author of *Telemachus* retrenched the repetitions and useless details of his moral romance, and blotted out the title of epic poem, which the indiscreet zeal of some of his admirers had given it ; for he
 frankly

* This Bayle himself affirmed, in a letter which he wrote to *Monf. des Maizeau*.

frankly owns, that there is no such thing as a poem in prose.

The eloquent Bossuet was ready to strike out some familiar expressions, which had escaped his vast, impetuous, and free genius, and which in some measure disgrace the sublimity of his funeral orations; and it is worthy of remark, that he by no means vouches for the truth of all he has said concerning the pretended wisdom of the antient Egyptians.

Corneille the great, and the sublime,
Who pleas'd not by the charms of rhyme;
But wak'd the soul by strokes of art,
Which fill'd with wonder ev'ry heart;
Who with a pencil ever true
Both Cinna and Augustus drew;
Cornelia, Pompey brave and great,
Who fell by too severe a fate;
Into the flames Pulcheria threw
Agefilaus, Surena too,
And sacrific'd with no remorse
The fruits of genius without force:
Productions of declining age,
And quite unworthy of the stage.
Racine more artful and refin'd,
Who touch'd with gentle woe the mind
Who still profound attention draws,
And never breaks dramatic laws;
His lovers parts with critic eye
Remarks, but in them can't descry
Those various touches, which in nature
Distinguish character like feature:
In all the same perfections meet,
They're tender, gallant, and discreet;
And love, whose power o'er all prevails,
Believes them courtiers of Versailles:
La Fontaine, poet born to please
By happy negligence and ease;
Whose careless style, with bold neglect,
Pleases us more than if correct.

Your own opinion freely tell
 Of works, which in their kind excel :
 We'd gladly be inform'd by you
 About your tales and fables too.

La Fontaine, who retained the simplicity of his character, and who in the Temple of Taste joined acuteness and penetration to that happy instinct, which inspired him during his life, blotted out some of his fables. He abridged almost all his tales, and tore the greatest part of a collection of posthumous works, printed by those editors who live by the folly of the dead.

There Boileau reign'd who taught this age,
 By reason rous'd to satire's rage ;
 Who fram'd with care poetic laws,
 And follow'd them with just applause,
 Severely now his works he views,
 One quibbling poem shames his muse ;
 The verses now he can't endure,
 Wrote on the taking of Namure ;
 He blots them out with hasty hand,
 And cries your genius understand.

Boileau, at the express command of the God of Taste, was reconciled to Quinault, who may be considered as a poet, formed by the graces, as Boileau was by reason.

But Boileau, satirist severe,
 Whilst he embrac'd could scarce forbear
 The lyric poet to revile,
 Yet Quinault pardoned with a smile.

I'll never be reconciled to you, said Boileau, except you acknowledge that there are many insipid lines in those agreeable operas. That's very possible, answered Quinault, but you must at the same time acknowledge that you were never capable of writing *Atys* or *Armida*.

Your

Your poems labour'd and exact
 May gen'ral esteem attract;
 My operas compos'd with ease
 May surely be allow'd to please.

After saluting Boileau, and tenderly embracing Quinault, I saw the inimitable Moliere, and I made bold to accost him in these terms:

Terence the sage, and the polite,
 Could well translate, but could not write;
 His elegance is cold and faint,
 He could not Roman manners paint:
 You, the great painter of our nation,
 Have drawn each character and station;
 Our cits with maggots in their brain,
 Our marquisses as pert as vain,
 Our formal gentry of the law,
 All by your art their likeness saw;
 And you would have reform'd each fault,
 If sense and virtue could be taught.

Ah, said he, why was I ever under a necessity of writing for the people? Why was I not always master of my time? I should have invented much more happy intrigues; I should have seldom descended to low comedy.

'Twas thus these masters, in their several arts, shew'd their superiority, by owning those errors to which human nature is subject, and from which the greatest genius's are not exempt.

I then found that the god of Taste is very hard to be pleas'd, but that he is never pleas'd by halves. I perceiv'd, that the works which he criticises the most, are those which he likes best.

The God takes ev'ry author's part,
 Of pleasing if he has the art:

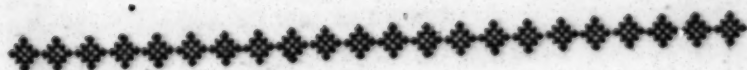
No anger he in censuring shews,
 With transport in applauding glows.
 The muse display'd her charms divine,
 And brought her heroes to his shrine;
 The pow'r benign can scarce forbear,
 Seeing their faults, to drop a tear.
 That wretch shou'd be to woe consign'd,
 Who's not to tenderness inclin'd:
 By such our nature is disgrac'd,
 He flies the sacred shrine of taste.

When my company was going to retire, the God
 address'd them in terms to this effect, for I am not
 permitted to use his own words.

Farewel, my much lov'd friends, farewel,
 Since you in poetry excel;
 Let not, to Paris dire disgrace,
 My rival there possess my place.
 False taste, I know, from your keen eyes
 In terror and confusion flies;
 If ever you shou'd meet that foe,
 You'll him by this discription know:
 His tawdry dress is void of grace,
 His air's affected, and his face,
 He forces oft a languid smile,
 And talks in the true coxcomb's style;
 He takes my name, assumes my shape,
 Of genuine taste the awkward ape;
 For he's the son of art at most,
 Whilst nature as my fire I boast.



THE
T E M P L E
O F
FRIENDSHIP.





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T H E

T E M P L E OF FRIENDSHIP.

SACRED to peace, within a wood's recess,
 A blest retreat, where courtiers never press,
 A temple stands, where art did never try
 With pompous wonders to enchant the eye ;
 There are no dazzling ornaments, nor vain,
 But truth, simplicity, and nature reign :
 The virtuous Gauls rais'd erst the noble shrine,
 And sacred vow'd to Friendship's pow'r divine.
 Mistaken mortals, who believ'd their race
 Wou'd never cease to crowd to such a place !
 Orestes name, and Pylades appear,
 Wrote on the front, names still to Friendship dear :
 Pirithous' medal of uncommon size,
 Those of soft Nisus and Achætes wise.
 All these are heroes, and as friends renown'd,
 Their names are great, but still in fable found ;
 The power, to this remote retreat retir'd,
 Nor Tripod boasts, nor priests with truth inspir'd ;
 She miracles but seldom can effect,
 No Popish saint e'er met with such neglect.
 Still in her presence faithful truth attends,
 And to the goddess needful succour lends :
 Truth's ever ready to enlighten all,
 But few on truth for kind assistance call.
 In vain she waits for votaries at her shrine,
 None come, tho' all at wanting her repine ;

Her

Her hand holds forth the register exact,
 Of ev'ry gen'rous, ev'ry friendly act;
 Favours in which esteem with friendship vy'd,
 Receiv'd not meanly, not conferr'd with pride:
 Such favours as those who confer forget,
 And who receive, declare without regret.
 This history of the virtues of mankind,
 Within a narrow compass is confin'd;
 In Gothic characters all these are trac'd
 Upon two sheets, by time almost defac'd.
 By what strange phrenzy is mankind possess'd,
 Friendship is banish'd now from ev'ry breast;
 Yet all usurp of Friend the sacred name,
 And vilest hypocrites bring in their claim.
 All that they're faithful to her laws maintain,
 And even her enemies her rights prophane:
 In regions subject to the Pope's command,
 Thus we see beads oft in an atheist's hand.
 'Tis said the goddess, each pretended friend,
 Once in her presence summon'd to attend;
 She fix'd the day on which they should be there,
 A prize proposing for each faithful pair;
 Who with a tenderness like hers replete,
 Amongst true friends might justly claim a seat;
 Then quickly came allur'd by such a prize,
 The French who novelty still idolize:
 A multitude before the temple came,
 And first two courtly friends preferr'd their claim,
 By int'rest join'd, they walk'd still hand in hand,
 And of their union Friendship thought the band:
 Post haste a courier came and made report,
 That there was then a vacancy at court;
 Away each friend polite that moment flies,
 Forsakes at once the temple and the prize;
 Thus in a moment friends are turn'd to foes,
 Each swears his rival warmly to oppose:
 Four devotees next issue from the throng,
 Poring on prayer-books as they pass along;
 Their charity to mankind overflows,
 And with religious zeal their bosom glows.

A pam:

A pumper'd prelate one with fat o'ergrown,
Tripple-chin'd, much to apoplexy prone ;
The swine quite gorg'd with tythes, and overfed,
At length by indigestion's force lies dead :
Quick the confessor clears the sinner's score,
His soles are greas'd, his body sprinkled o'er,
And spruc'd up by the curate of the place,
To go his heav'nly journey with good grace ;
His three friends o'er him merrily say pray'rs,
His benefice alone excites their cares :
Devoutly rivals grown, each still pretends
Attachment most sincere to both his friends ;
Yet all in making interest at the court,
Their brothers downright Jansenists report.
Two youths of fashion next came arm in arm,
Their eyes and hearts their mistress letters charm :
These as they pass'd along they read aloud,
And both display'd their persons to the crowd ;
Some favourite airs they sing, whilst they advance
Up to the altar, just as to a dance :
They fight about some trifle, one is slain,
And Friendship's altar hence receives a stain,
The least mad of the two with conquest crown'd
Left his dear friend expiring on the ground :
Next Lifis, with her much lov'd Chloe came,
From infancy their pleasures were the same ;
Alike their humour, and alike their age,
Those trifles which the female heart engage ;
Lifis was prone to Chloe to impart,
They spoke the overflowings of the heart ;
At last one lover touch'd both female friends,
And strange to tell ! here all their Friendship ends ;
Lifis and Chloe Friendship's shrine forsake,
And the high road to hatred's temple take.
The beauteous Zara shone forth in her turn,
With eyes that languish, whilst our hearts they burn :
What languor, said she, reigns in this abode !
By that sad goddess, say what joy's bestow'd ?
Here dismal melancholy dwells alone,
For love's soft joys are ever here unknown.

Leaving

Leaving the place, crowds follow'd her behind,
And struck with envy twenty beauties pin'd:
Where next my Zara went, is known to none,
And Friendship's glorious prize could not be won:
The goddess ev'ry where so much admir'd,
So little known, and yet by all desir'd;
With cold upon her sacred altar froze,
Hence hapless mortals, hence derive your woes.





POETICAL
DISSERTATIONS.





POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

DISSERTATION THE FIRST.

Upon the Equality of CONDITIONS.

FRRIEND, o'er whose mind fair virtue still presides,
Whom reason still to nature's instinct guides,
Who mak'st thy wishes with thy station meet,
Blest without wealth, in pleasures still discreet:
Happy are those who thus their genius scan,
Whom prudence teaches to elect life's plan;
His heart ne'er grieves repentance voice to hear,
He lives concentr'd in his proper sphere.
Men differ; one's condition's like the rest,
Folly miscarries where good sense is blest.
Bliss is the port to which each mortal's bound,
The winds uncertain, rocks of life abound:
Heaven to enable man the port to find
A bark to every mortal has assign'd.
Various resources equal dangers rise,
What boots it, when the storm roars thro' the skies,
That thy poop's painted; that the changeful gales
Blow thro' thy silken shrouds and purple sails:
The pilot's art alone the storm allays,
And not the ornaments our bark displays.

What

214 POETICAL DISSERTATIONS.

What doctrine strange, you'll say, is here profess'd,
 Is no state then beyond another blest?
 Has heav'n given all of bliss an equal share?
 A scrivener's wife to a princess who'd compare?
 Is it not for a priest a happier fate
 To clap a scarlet hat on his bald pate,
 Than to go after morn or evening prayer
 To expose to discipline his shoulders bare?
 In triple bonnet sure more blest the judge
 Than the clerk doom'd in office still to drudge.
 God's justice, nature's laws, this rule oppose,
 Her gifts she with more equity bestows.
 Think you she'll ever be so partial found
 As to have bliss to fortune's chariot bound?
 A colonel oft will impudently try
 In pleasures even a marshal to outvie
 Blest as a king, the ignorant vulgar say,
 Yet monarchs dearly for their grandeur pay.
 Vain confidence a king puts in his throne,
 For grief and spleen to greatness self are known.
 Heaven must to all the same attention pay,
 It form'd all mankind of one common clay.
 Let's own that Heaven is just as well as kind,
 It has a birthright to each child assign'd:
 Some crop must still be reap'd from earth's worst spot,
 He's disinherited who mourns his lot.
 Let's without pride possess; let's bear with grace,
 Since 'twas by God assign'd our earthly place.
 God meant arranging sublunary things
 To make us happy, not to make us kings.
 Before Pandora, if we credit fame,
 We all were equal, we are still the same.
 To have still the same title to be blest
 Puts each upon a level with the rest.
 Those slaves in yonder valley dost thou see,
 Who cut a craggy rock, or lop a tree;
 Who turn the course of streams; who with a spade
 The entrails of the fertile earth pervade.
 We do not find that model in those plains
 On which were form'd Fontenelle's soft swains.

There

There Timaret and Tircis are not found,
Beneath a myrtle shade with chaplets crown'd,
Graving upon the oaken bark their names,
And ever talking of their amorous flames.
But some rough carl endu'd with stubborn heart,
Who knows thro' mire to drive the loaden cart :
Soon as Aurora streaks the russet skies,
From her coarse bed Perrette is forc'd to rise,
They pant, with dust I see them cover'd o'er ;
Each day they labour as the day before ;
By toil to cold and heat alike enur'd,
Both are by them with equal ease endur'd :
And yet they sing in rude tone, without note,
Old Ballads which by Pellegrin were wrote.
Strength, health, sound sleep, the mind's serene repose,
To poverty and toil the labourer owes.
At Paris gay Colin no joy can find,
His ears are deafen'd, uninform'd his mind :
No joy it's splendor to the rustic yields ;
He overlooks it, and regrets his fields.
Love's voice excites him thither to repair,
Whilst Damis running still from fair to fair
In proud apartments lolls at careless ease,
Intrigue his business, his desire to please,
By his wife hated, dup'd by his kept dame,
To every beauty tells his amorous flame ;
Quits Ægle's arms for Cloris coy who flies,
And thinks all joy in noise and scandal lies.
The vigorous faithful Colin on loves wing
Flies to Lisetta with return of spring.
Returning in three months, the rustic swain
Makes presents simple like himself and plain :
He does not bring those trinkets rich and rare,
Which Herbert sells to the deluded fair.
Without these trifles he secures his joys,
He wants them not, they are the happy's toys.
The rapid eagle thro' the yielding skies
After his paramour with ardor flies.
The bull the heifer seeks with many a bound,
His lowing love makes all the vale resound.

Sweet

Sweet Philomel, soon as the flowers appear,
 Delights with songs his lov'd companion's ear.
 Forth from the bushes darts the buzzing fly,
 Meets insects, and engenders in the sky ;
 To exist of all their wishes is the bound,
 They grieve not others are more perfect found.
 What need I care whilst in my present state
 That other beings have a happier fate ?
 But can that wretch who lies upon the dust,
 Object at once of pity and disgust,
 That breathing skeleton with woes oppress'd,
 Who lives to suffer, say, can he be blest ?
 No ; but can Tamas by a slave depos'd,
 A vizir in disgrace, a prince oppos'd,
 Be happy deem'd ? When once they're cast in chains,
 A sad remembrance of their state remains.
 Each state its ills its disappointments knows ;
 Man's state is vary'd, various are his woes ;
 Less fierce in peace, more active in the fight,
 Charles had in English realms maintain'd his right.
 And had Dufreny with more care apply'd,
 Of want he had not like an author dy'd.
 We all are equal, Men must bear fatigue.
 Churches breed controversies, courts intrigue ;
 Too oft true merit lurks behind a screen,
 Evil abounds, but bliss is often seen.
 Nor youth, nor age, nor poverty, nor wealth,
 Can e'er restore the wounded soul to health.
 Irus of old, of poverty asham'd,
 Loud against Cræsus opulence declaim'd :
 Honour and wealth by Cræsus are possess'd,
 Cry'd he, and only I remain unbleis'd.
 While thus he spoke, while thus his rage prevail'd,
 The Carian king an arm'd host assail'd.
 Of all his courtly train not one remains,
 In fight he's taken, and he's cast in chains ;
 His treasure's lost, his mistress from him torn :
 He weeps, but sees when lost and quite forlorn
 Irus, poor Irus, who, the combat o'er,
 Drinks with the victors, thinks of war no more.

Oh !

Oh! Jove, exclaim'd he, Irus knows the worst :
Irus is happy, I alone am curst.
Mistaken both, they should contest lay by ;
He errs, who sees a man with envious eye :
External lustre fills us with surprize ;
But man's a mystery to human eyes.
All joy is transient, mirth must have an end ;
Whither do then the cares of mortals tend ?
In every clime grows happiness sincere,
'Tis no where to be found, or every where :
No where entire, but every where the same ;
In God alone exhaustless lasts the flame :
Its like the pure, like the ætherial fires
To mix with other elements aspires ;
Mounts to the clouds, descends to rocks below,
And in the sea's abyss makes diamonds glow ;
When snowy mountains load the frozen plains
Joy ever cheers the bosoms of the swains.
In what'er state thou'rt born, oh mortal, still
Resign'd submit to thy creator's will.





DISSERTATION II.

Upon LIBERTY.

IN transient life, which some few years comprize,
 If happiness must be true wisdom's prize,
 Who shall to me this sacred treasure send,
 Does it upon myself or heaven depend?
 Is it like wit, like beauty, and high birth,
 A lot which prudence can't acquire on earth?
 Say, am I free, or do my limbs and soul
 Some other agent's secret springs controul?
 Is will, which ever hurries me away,
 Slave to the soul, or bears she sovereign sway?
 Plung'd in this doubt, and hopeless of relief,
 I rais'd to heaven my eyes obscur'd with grief.
 A spirit then to whom the God is known,
 Who holds his place by the almighty's throne,
 Who still attends him, burns with constant flame,
 From the high heavens celestial envoy came;
 For oft propitiously those sons of light
 Illume the soul obscur'd by error's night.
 And fly the doctor's supercilious pride,
 Who does in his professor's chair confide;

Who

Who quite elate, and of his system vain,
 Mistakes for truth the phantom of his brain.
 Listen, said he, in pity to your grief
 I'll now reveal what sure will bring relief.
 What you desire to learn I shall disclose,
 Instruction is his due to doubt who knows.
 Know then, O man, that you are free as I,
 'Th's is the noblest gift of the most high ;
 In the free will of each intelligence
 That being's life consists, it's true essence.
 That's free which can conceive, will, act, design ;
 A glorious attribute, almost divine.
 This great prerogative to God we owe,
 His offspring we, his images below :
 His word all-powerful made heaven, earth, and seas,
 The body thus the will's command obeys.
 Sovereign on earth, a powerful king by thought,
 Nature by thee is to thy purpose brought ;
 The zephyr you command, the roaring main ;
 You can your will and even desires restrain.
 Of liberty if we the soul divest,
 What is it ? 'Tis a subtle flame at best.
 Were we depriv'd once of the power to chuse,
 We should in fact our very being lose ;
 Machines we should be by th' Almighty wrought,
 Curious automatons endu'd with thought.
 We shou'd delusion suffer every hour,
 Tools of the deity's despotic power.
 Cou'd man not free God's image be esteem'd ?
 Cou'd works like these be profitable deem'd ?
 Can't he then please God, can't he give offence,
 Can God nor punish us nor recompense ?
 Justice in heaven and earth must cease to dwell,
 Desfontaines is not bad, not good Pucelle †.
 Fate's impulse actuates each human breast,
 And the world's chaos is by vice possess'd.

L 2

The

† The abbe Pucelle, a celebrated councillor of parliament. The
 abbe Desfontaines, a man who often incur'd the censure of the law :
 He kept open shop, where he sold panegyric and satire to those
 that bid highest.

The proud oppressor, miser hard of heart,
 Cartouche, Mirivis, skill'd in fraudulent art;
 The slanderer more criminal than all,
 May God the causer of his baseness call.
 If I am perjur'd, 'tis by his command,
 He plunders, robs, and murders by my hand :
 'Tis thus the God who first ordain'd all laws,
 Is made of horrors and black crimes the cause.
 Could those who such a dogma dire maintain,
 Speak of the devil himself in blacker strain ?
 Surprise seiz'd on me, as on one at night
 Who wakes surpriz'd to see a sudden light,
 Whilst yet a heavy and half open'd eye
 With difficulty can the light descry.
 I answer'd, can it heavenly spirit be
 That mortal man's so weak whilst he is free ?
 Why cannot reason's torch direct his way,
 He follows it, yet often goes astray ?
 Why shou'd this paragon so wise and brave,
 Be always thus to vice an abject slave ?
 This answer straight return'd the spirit kind :
 What groundless grief has thus o'erwhelm'd your
 mind ?

Liberty sometimes is impair'd in you,
 But was eternal liberty your due ?
 Shou'd it be equal in each time and state
 You'd be a God, to be a man's your fate.
 Shall a drop in the vast unbounded sea
 Exclaim, immensity was made for me ?
 No, all is weak in thee, to change inclin'd
 Thy beauty, strength, the talents of thy mind.
 All nature has its limits fix'd below,
 Shall then man's power be boundless here below ?
 But when your heart which various passions sway
 To their strong impulse overpower'd gives way ;
 When to their force you find your free-will bend,
 You had it sure, since you perceive it end.
 Whene'r you feel the burning fever's flame
 By slow degrees it undermines your frame ;
 But that attack no sure destruction brings,
 Tho' for a time it wears life's feeble springs.

You

You oft return from death's half-open'd gate
 More healthy, temperate, and more sedate,
 Your great prerogative more strictly scan,
 Liberty is the soul's health in a man.
 Sometimes it's efficacy may subside
 Subdu'd by rage, ambition, love, or pride.
 The thirst of knowledge may it's power controul,
 Many are the diseases of the soul.
 But you against them may yourself defend,
 Open this book, consult that learned friend;
 A friend's the gift of heaven, a blessing rare,
 To † Sylva, Vernage, Helvetius repair.
 May heaven, when men are into vice betray'd,
 Send such assistants powerful to their aid.
 Is there that idiot amongst human kind
 Who wishes not in danger aid to find?
 Behold the mortal who free-will arraigns,
 And blindly a blind destiny maintains,
 See how he ponders, weighs, deliberates:
 See how he loads with blame the man he hates;
 How he seeks vengeance when with passion warm;
 How he corrects his son and would reform.
 From hence 'tis evident he thought him free,
 His system and his actions disagree.
 His heart bely'd his tongue at every word
 In striving to explain this dogma' absurd:
 He owns the sentiment he seems to brave;
 He acts as free, discourses as a slave.
 Since free, thank God, who freedom did bestow
 To him the bliss that makes you blest you owe;
 Avoid with caution all the vain contest
 Of those that tyrannise the human breast;
 Firm in thy principles, and just in heart,
 Error compassionate, with truth take part.
 Do not to zeal's suggestions fierce give way,
 He is a brother who is led astray;
 To be humane as well as prudent strive;
 From others bliss thy happiness derive.

L 3

The

† A famous physician of Paris.

The angel's words resounding in my ear,
My mind was rais'd above this moral sphere ;
I had enquir'd, at length presumptuous grown,
Of things reveal'd to heavenly minds alone :
Of spirit pure, of matter, light, and space
The elastic spring, eternity, time's race,
Strange questions, which so frequently confound
Mairant the subtile, Gravesende the profound†,
And which Descartes in vain strove to explore,
Whose vertices are now believ'd no more.
But then the spirit vanish'd from my sight
And sought the regions of eternal light.
He was not sent me from th' ætherial sky,
To teach the secrets deep of the most high :
My eyes by too great light had been oppress'd,
He said enough, in saying, man, be blest.

† Mr. Gravesende, professor at Leiden ; the first who taught
Newton's discoveries. Mr. Dortous de Mairant, a gentleman of
Beziers, secretary to the Academy of Sciences at Paris.





DISSERTATION III.

Upon EN'VY.

IF man is free, he o'er himself should reign,
 Attack'd by tyrants, shou'd their rage restrain.
 Vices are tyrants of the human mind,
 And we no vice more fierce and cruel find ;
 None more capricious, furious, and more base ;
 None which all goodness does so much efface ;
 None which envenoms more the human breast,
 Or with dire rankling does so much infest ;
 Whose fierce attacks 'tis harder to controul,
 Than envy, the tormentor of the soul.
 Of pride and sölly envy is the child,
 Stubborn, perverse, indocible, and wild :
 Tho' sprung from pride, he to appear declines,
 At others shining merit he repines :
 Like to the giant, whom great Jove, in ire,
 O'erwhelm'd with whirlwinds of tempestuous fire ;
 Who, whilst he panting lay, and rav'd below,
 Strove to hurl back the flames against his foe.
 At length he rav'd, imprison'd under ground,
 And efforts made to shake earth's pits profound ;
 Heav'd against Ætna, which his bosom press'd ;
 Ætna fell back, he was again oppress'd.

I oft have courtiers known, the dupes of fame,
 Ready to burst at Villars' glorious name.
 The arm they hated, which in fight prevail'd,
 He fought for them, and they against him rail'd.
 Justly a hero once to Lewis said,
 Taking the field, 'Versailles alone I dread:
 Defend me from my countrymen, I go
 Fearless in distant realms to fight the foe.'
 What anguish feels the mind from envy's blast?
 In public joy it is with grief o'ercast.
 You tasteless guests, to you fine food seems vile,
 To poison 'tis converted by the bile.
 Oh you who take the road that leads to fame,
 Must none besides you travel in the same?
 Must each competitor incur your hate?
 Would you those eastern monarchs emulate,
 Who make the slavish Asiatics groan,
 And cannot bear a brother near the throne!
 When at the play-house some enticing bill
 Makes love of novelty the play-house fill;
 When in Alzira or Zenobia's part,
 Pathetic Goffin touches every heart;
 Or when Dufrene * like thunder shakes the stage,
 In acting Orasmanes' jealous rage,
 Tears at each stroke bedew the hearer's eyes,
 Tears which from truest satisfaction rise:
 The jealous Rufus hangs his drooping head,
 Their joy constrains him tears of rage to shed.
 If this distinction frail, oh wretch forlorn!
 If others bliss thy envious heart has torn,
 Of this vexation try thyself t'avail,
 And strive, by dint of merit, to prevail.
 † *The haughty man* draws crowds on every night;
 Does this afflict thee? Better strive to write.

But

* Dufrene, a celebrated actor at Paris; Mademoiselle Goffin, a very graceful actress, who played Zara the first time the tragedy of that name was represented.

† A comedy of Monsi. Destouches.

But if to please the audience you intend,
 Your *Sires capricious* † don't to Paris send ;
 Exotic characters suit not the age,
 Think not to bring Rabelais upon the stage.
 The burlesque writer few know how to bear,
 Whose modern muse assumes a gothic air ;
 And in some verse, which antique guise displays,
 Conceals his dulness by Marotic phrase.
 This style I would not in a tale reject,
 But truth requires a tone of more respect.
 A sinner would'st thou to repentance call ?
 Bigot, mix honey with thy sermon's gall :
 Assuming the instructor's arduous task,
 Thou ape of virtue take a better mask :
 If rival of some eminent divine,
 Envy him not ; endeavour to outshine ;
 Raise higher trophies to make his seem low,
 Orpheus alone should dare to hiss Rameau ;
 Venus to criticise is Psyche's right ;
 But why should we in censure thus delight ?
 No beauty she acquires who blames a face ;
 Was Bayle e'er hurt by the caballing race ?
 Tho' furious Jurieu aim'd prophetic lies
 At Bayle, he's still respected by the wise :
 Fanatic Jurieu *, who 'gainst Bayle declaim'd,
 Is by the public with abhorrence nam'd.
 An author often prostitutes his art,
 Descending to the slanderer's low part.

L 5

He

† The *Capricious Sires* was a comedy of Rousseau's, which so disgusted the audience, that they would not suffer it to be acted through.

* Jurieu was a protestant minister, who rav'd at Bayle and good sense ; he wrote like a fool, and counterfeited the prophet : He foretold that France should undergo revolutions which never happened. It is universally known that Bayle was one of the greatest men that France ever produced. The parliament of Toulouse shewed him a great mark of distinction in ratifying his will, which, according to strict law, should have been set aside, as that of a Hugonot : It was declared valid, as the will of a man who had enlightened the world, and been an honour to his country. The edict was published upon the report of Mons. Senaux, counsellor of that parliament.

He helps the levees of the great to fill,
 Still ready his vile malice to distil :
 Impiety's reproach he casts on all,
 Whoe'er maintains this planet is a ball ;
 Or says, that the ecliptic with the line
 An angle makes, has some accurs'd design.
 Malebranche is Spinofist, and Locke's Essay,
 With Epicurus' errors leads astray.
 Pope is a reprobate, whose impious pen
 Presumes to shew God's clemency to men ;
 An impious heathen who attempts to shew
 That God loves all ; that all is good below.
 He is a wretch indeed who still for pelf
 Damns others, and would almost damn himself,
 Who lets his venal, prostituted page,
 And to the highest bidder sells his rage :
 A satirist who resents satiric strains,
 Whose dulness tires, who of the dull complains.
 Who cries true taste is now from Paris flown,
 Which noone's works prove better than his own:
 In Boileau we excuse satiric rage,
 Some beauties please in the malignant page.
 That bee had honey to assuage the grief
 Of those he stung, and give some kind relief.
 But the unprofitable, stupid drone,
 Who lives by doing dirty work alone,
 All will to crush the hated insect try,
 At once disgusting to the ear and eye.
 How great your frenzy, rash and envious band,
 Ye rival painters, whose presumptuous hand
 Dar'd the French Zeuxis' picture to * deface,
 And impiously prophan'd a sacred place !
 His pencil thus a new renown acquir'd,
 The torn remains by all were more admir'd ;
 New lustre is reflected on his name,
 You are consign'd to infamy and shame.
 Men should so low, so mean a vice detest ;
 A critic nobly once his sense exprest,

When

* Some painters, jealous of le Sueur's reputation, spoiled and defaced his pictures at the Carthusian convent.

When mighty Richlieu strove, but strove in vain,
To vilify Corneille's immortal strain ;
Less bold than Chapelain, he the task declin'd,
Defects in such a noble work to find,
With generous rage curst envy he oppos'd,
And said, I wish I had the work compos'd.
To France a journey when Bernini made,
He wonder'd at the skill Perrault * display'd :
If France, said he, has genius so sublime,
I never should have left the Latian clime.
'Tis merit others merit thus to own,
To a true genius envy is unknown.
What pleasure from a generous temper flows !
How great, to say with truth, I have no foes !
In ev'ry brother's welfare I take part,
We're all united by one common art.
'Tis thus the earth with joy sees woods arise,
Whose oak or fir-trees seem to threat the skies ;
By the sap's circulating juice they're fed,
Each root is deep as hell, in heaven each head.
The force of winds their solid trunks assails,
They bend and the fierce tempest's fury fails.
Secure they flourish by each other's aid,
And over time itself triumphs the shade.
War at their feet the hissing serpents wage,
And the stain'd roots bear witness to their rage.

* Alludes to the frontispiece of the Louvre, the plan of which was given by Perrault.





DISSERTATION IV.

Upon Moderation in all Things, STUDY, AMBITION, and PLEASURE.

FOOLS by excess make vary'd pleasures pall,
 The wise man's moderate, and enjoys them all ;
 Pleasure and business to combine he knows,
 And makes joy terminate in due repose.
 To all things no one mortal can aspire,
 From early youth to know was your desire :
 Nature's your book, you strive with curious eye
 In Nature more than others to descry,
 Guided by reason nature try to sound,
 But set to curiosity a bound.
 Stop on infinity's dread verge thy course,
 And pry not into nature's awful source,
 Beaumur and Buffon, who with piercing sight
 Athwart her veil discern'd truth's sacred light,
 Cannot by philosophic process state
 The wond'rous laws by which plants vegetate ;
 Was it e'er known to the profoundest sage
 Why panthers, tygers, and why aspics rage ?
 Wherefore to man the dog still lifts his eyes,
 And licks his feeder's hand before he dies ?
 Why on a hundred legs with motion flow,
 Does yonder insect ever trembling go ?

Why

Why does the reptile, which entomb'd now lies,
 Reviv'd from thence with a new body rise ?
 Why does it, crown'd like flame, ascending spring,
 And in the air expand its gorgeous wing ?
 Can even † Dufay, whose head with plans is fill'd,
 Dufay in vegetables deeply skill'd,
 Tell why the plant which sensitive we name
 Shrinks from the touch of man it's trembling frame ?
 Languid with sickness, on your bed reclin'd,
 From Sylva's eloquence relief you find,
 He makes the tortur'd patient cease to groan,
 To him the happy art to please is known.
 Can Sylva's self th' œconomy explain
 Which works digestion, and makes food sustain ?
 How the bile thro' so many channels flows,
 How, by degrees, 'tis filtrated, and goes
 To pour into my veins a purple tide,
 By which both strength and spirits are supply'd,
 Which make the pulse of life incessant beat,
 And make the brain Intelligence's seat ?
 Lost in amaze, he lifts to heaven his eye,
 And bids you for the truth to God apply.
 Return, Maupertuis, to these realms of light,
 From realms where half the year day's hid in night;
 * You, who alone the praise of Newton share,
 Who know the truth, the truth to man declare.
 You who forego in search of knowledge ease,
 Who traverse mountains, and who pass the seas,
 Who could the mind and body's toil sustain,
 Who could our planets' figure ascertain ;
 Who scan all nature's laws with minds profound,
 The cause from whence attraction springs expound.

To

† Mons. Dufay was superintendant of the king's garden, which had been very much neglected before he undertook the care of it; and which was afterwards so much improved by Mons. de Buffon, that it became the admiration of strangers. It contains, besides the plants, a great variety of curiosities.

* Messieurs Maupertuis, Clairant, La Mornier, and others, made a voyage to Torno, in the year 1736, in order to measure a degree of the meridian.

To men like you all nature's laws are known,
 Tell me how, seated on his heavenly throne,
 The great first mover can with pow'r controul,
 Those orbs which in the heav'ns incessant roll,
 Direct their motions, make them gravitate
 Towards each other with responsive weight?
 Why towards the sun is this our nether world
 For ever pull'd, and round its axis hurl'd,
 Why in twelve years does Jove the heav'ns go round,
 Why of his days is ten hour's space the bound;
 These subtile disquisitions all are vain,
 Mars measures heav'n, but nature can't explain.
 Thus by sure art, and by perspective's law,
 You may the front of some proud palace draw,
 Its architecture's to the eye reveal'd,
 The inside of the structure is conceal'd.
 Why should I grieve then, if my feeble sight
 Cannot pierce thro' this veil of darkest night?
 I would not, like Empedocles, aspire
 To know the nature of fam'd *Ætna's* fire,
 Who to walk o'er sulphureous vaults persum'd,
 Who fire would know, and was by fire consum'd.
 Let then ambition's sallies be repress'd,
 It is the ruling passion of the breast.
 The farmer-general rude; the magistrate
 Who struts with the imperious airs of state,
 All these to court contempt to suffer go,
 Contempt which they to all at *Paris* shew.
 Even bards sometimes urg'd on by *Phœbus's* flame,
 Have been deluded by that phantom fame,
Plato was *Dionysius's* humble guest,
Lewis Racine turn'd *Jansenist*, carest.
Horace, in loose and prostituted lays,
 Sung *Glyc'ry* and sold *Octavius* praise.
 At court these pawn'd integrity for gain,
 But opulence and ease made light their chain:
Horace, the sage, with affluence liv'd blest,
 Who grasps at all, is sure to be distress'd.
 You who have introduc'd in *Gallia's* court
 All *Sybaris's* luxury and wanton sport,

Who

Who, even on the down of ease reclin'd,
To luxury dedicate the vacant mind,
You frantic men, who vainly bliss pursue,
Learn to enjoy it, and to know it too ;
Pleasure's the God from whom we claim our birth,
Starv'd 'midst the weeds and brambles of the earth.
Pleasures are various in each vary'd stage
Of life, and some we taste when chill'd by age.
But prudently the soul should feast on joy,
Pleasures are always transient ; soon they cloy.
Present not to your senses when they fail,
All the perfumes which Flora can exhale ;
Let us not strive of all joys to partake,
But let us pleasure quit, for pleasure's sake ;
Who labours hard true pleasure still obtains,
I pity him whom indolence enchains.
True wisdom yields true happiness below,
On earth no harvests without culture grow :
Good by laborious search must here be sought,
Success by industry alone is bought.
Behold Lucullus, critic in nice fare,
To supper from the opera repair !
Pleasure in luxury he hopes to find,
But vapours still o'ercast his clouded mind.
His soul o'erwhelm'd, no rays of light pervade,
He sleeps supine in dark oblivion's shade ;
He grasps at joy, to rapture he aspires
In vain ; he's dead to pleasure and desires.
Carest by ease, officious and o'er-kind,
Pleasure long since on sloth's soft lap reclin'd :
Love, music, poetry, no more could please,
Man was enslav'd by indolence and ease.
But God in pity to man's helpless kind
Labour with pleasure, joy with pain combin'd.
Awak'd by fear, man strives his bliss to gain ;
Toil ever follows in fair pleasure's train.
To charm by novelty be still your care ;
I speak to you, young lovers, and the fair.
Subdu'd by sense, and by delusions vain,
Damon, the hop'd for bliss you can't obtain.

You

You think by Daphne's charms with love inspir'd,
You ne'er can of her company be tir'd.
But transports last not in the human heart,
In time with transport you'll agree to part.
Who hope in constant converse bliss to find
Must greatly soar above the vulgar mind.
Such joy may be by souls superior sought,
From caprice free, with ev'ry virtue fraught;
Who live in friendship must in worth excel;
In hearts corrupted friendship cannot dwell.
Friendship divine! thy influence we bless,
With thee we find a virtue in excess.
Blest friendship, shielded by thy heav'nly pow'r,
New joys I taste each season, and each hour.
Man by himself forlorn, if you assist,
By force of love in others can exist.
The good man's idol, passion of the sage,
Friendship, thy name shall consecrate my page;
Govern my heart, and o'er my verse preside,
Inspir'd by thee, to bliss I'll mortals guide.





DISSERTATION V.

Upon the Nature of PLEASURE.

HOW long shall bigots, by false zeal grown rude,
 All human kind from Paradise exclude?
 To virtue mortals shall they then excite
 By sermons, which make even fair virtue fright?
 Shall preachers then in Calvin's footsteps tread,
 Who thinks God like himself by anger led?
 Some tyrant minister, elate and proud,
 I see methink amidst a slavish crowd,
 Dictate with savage air what rage inspires,
 A milder government my soul requires.
 * Timon thinks virtue nothing loves below,
 But Christian's nature should not sure forego.
 God's mercy I adore, revere his law,
 Approach him, mortals, with a grateful awe.
 Hark how you're call'd by nature's voice benign,
 Thro' joys and pleasures to the pow'r divine.
 The treasures of his wisdom ne'er were known,
 Matter by motion he directs alone;
 But man by pleasure to conduct he knows,
 Learn to enjoy the bliss his hand bestows.
 Pleasure existence gave to human kind,
 It actuates body, and inspires the mind.

Whether

* This poem turns entirely upon the impossibility of man's having any sensations entirely his own. All our sensations prove a God, and all our agreeable sensations prove a benevolent God.

Whether soft slumbers close your weary eyes,
 Or morn to rouse you gilds the orient skies;
 Or if, by hunger prest, you seek for fare,
 The painful waste of labour to repair;
 Or if by Cupid's genial pow'r you're led
 To taste the pleasures of the nuptial bed;
 In every circumstance the power divine
 Delight's blest balm can with your wants combine.
 Man is impell'd to act by joy alone,
 All other motives are to him unknown:
 Did not our souls alluring pleasure draw,
 Who wou'd submit to Hymen's rigid law?
 What beauty would not sorely curse her doom,
 Condemn'd a child to carry in her womb,
 To bear excruciating pangs and throws,
 An infant nurse, and feel a mother's woes?
 His wayward imbecility to shield,
 And after to his youthful sallies yield.
 Enjoying pleasures in each state and hour,
 Mortals acknowledge God's eternal power.
 But wherefore, said I, in your joys alone?
 Even in your woes God's wisdom is made known.
 That sense so quick of danger and of harm,
 That guard for ever prompt to take th' alarm,
 Cries out incessantly, of hurt beware,
 Defend your lives, preserve your health with care.
 No quarter self-love can with zealots find,
 They stile it hell-born foe to human kind.
 Wretches, traduce not of God's gifts the best,
 Love comes from heaven, God means to make us blest.
 From self to sons, to countrymen, descends
 Our love; but most of all we love our friends.
 Love like a soul can even our souls inspire,
 They soar to Heaven above on wings of fire.
 God gives to man, at once severe and kind,
 *Passions to raise to noble deeds the mind.

They're

* As most of the words of a language may be explained in more
 than one sense, it may not be improper to apprise the readers,
 that by the word Passions, he should understand strong desires
 which

They're dangerous gifts, altho' 'twas heaven that gave,
 Th' abuse destroys, the prudent use can save.
 That mortal I don't pity, but admire,
 Who knows to check by reason each desire ;
 Who, shunning man, to God devotes his mind,
 Nor asks to know perfidious human kind ;
 Who, loving God with all his heart and might,
 Shuns lawful pleasures for more high delight.
 If of his cross he's proud, of fasting vain,
 Yet still in secret weary of his pain,
 If he condemns the world from which he fled,
 Rails at all ties, and at the marriage-bed ;
 We do not in such pride and rancour trace
 The friend of God, but foe to human race ;
 Thro' his austerity and monkish spleen,
 Regret of pleasure he foregoes is seen.
 Heaven, which bestow'd on every man a heart,
 To animate it, must desires impart.
 The modern stoic would each wish controul,
 And of it's very essence rob my soul.
 God, we are told, rules with an iron rod,
 Like a fierce Turk obey'd at every nod,
 Who hires, to guard his brows from dire disgrace,
 Eunuchs, the outcasts of the human race.

You,

which continue for any length of time, whatever be the nature of the good which they aim at. The word is derived from the Latin verb *patire*, to suffer, because no desire is unattended with pain; to desire the possession of any thing good, is to feel its absence, and the first step towards pleasure is the assuaging of that pain. The virtuous and the vicious are equally subject to those lively and continued desires, which go by the name of passions. They are never vices but when render'd so by their object; a man's desire to succeed in his profession, conjugal love, parental affection, a taste for the sciences, are passions, tho' there is nothing criminal in them. It were to be wished that language could afford us words to express those habitual desires which are in themselves indifferent, those which are virtuous, and those which are blameable; but there is not a language in the world which has terms capable of conveying all our ideas, and men are under a necessity of using the same word in different acceptations, just as the same tool is frequently used in works of a different nature.

You, who at nature level all your rage,
 Have you not read the antient's moral page ?
 In Peleus' daughters, Peleus worn and old,
 As in a glass, your folly you behold.
 They thought both time and nature to subdue,
 And youthful vigour in their fire renew :
 They slew, and left him weltring in his gore,
 The prime of life attempting to restore.
 Stoics, herein behold your frightful form,
 You nature murder, striving to reform,
 From use of good felicity must rise,
 Ruin from its abuse, so say the wise.
 Petronius' pleasures I'd avoid no less,
 Than Epictetus' austere excess.
 Fatal to happiness is either scheme,
 Bliss never yet was found in the extreme.
 Declaimer subtle, I don't therefore say,
 That man to all his passions should give way,
 I would this fiery courser's speed restrain,
 And stem this torrent pouring o'er the plain,
 Its headlong rage by banks and dams command,
 Nor suffer it to overflow my land;
 Winds, purify the air, no tempest raise;
 Scorch us not, sun, but light with kindly rays.
 God, to all beings that exist a friend,
 Your care to instincts which you gave extend.
 The taste of friendship, social-tye of hearts;
 The love of study, solitude, and arts;
 These are my passions, at all times my mind
 Could in their charms attractive comfort find.
 When on the banks of Meine two rogues in place,
 Who often broke the laws of human race;
 When two commission'd thieves, by av'rice led,
 Upon me all their rage malignant shed;
 Then learned ease was my delight alone,
 I cultivated arts to them unknown.
 'Twas thus Jove's son his cares with music eas'd,
 His lowing herds when wily Cacus seiz'd.
 He still continu'd his harmonious strain,
 Thieves strove to interrupt the song in vain.

That

That man is born to a propitious fate,
Who to the muse his time can dedicate ;
He from the tuneful art derives repose,
The muse his anger sooths, dispels his woes :
He laughs at all the follies of mankind,
And from his lyre a sure relief can find.





DISSERTATION IV.

Upon the NATURE of MAN..

VIRTUE presides still over thy delights,
 So thee she by the charm of verse invites.
 Your study's man, that labyrinth you explore,
 Your guide the clue of wisdom's sacred lore.
 Asham'd of ignorance, to study man
 I strive; myself, my being I would scan;
 To satire Pascal and Boileau inclin'd
 Have dipt their pen in gall and lash'd mankind.
 Leibnitz and Pope, at once both learn'd and sage,
 Observe a medium in their moral page;
 Wisely the latent tracts of man explore,
 And to the Deity sublimely soar.
 But Nature's ways they strove to find in vain,
 Man is a riddle man cannot explain;
 Upon the subject all their wit have shown,
 But still the riddle's sense remains unknown.
 By prostitutes, I know, and rakes profess,
 The disquisition's treated as a jest.
 At supper these lewd verses read aloud,
 Which charm the spritely, gay, unthinking crowd.
 But study pleases when our mirth is past,
 Reason succeeds to witty jests at last.

Upon

Upon ourselves we turn a curious eye,
 And into our own nature strive to pry:
 Thought is to those who live in crowds unknown,
 We seriously reflect when left alone.
 With thee I fain would soar on wisdom's wing
 From this vile world to its eternal King.
 That wond'rous chain discover, if you can,
 Which links the heavens with earth, with angels man,
 That world of beings subject to one law,
 Which Plato and which Pope in fancy saw.
 In vain you press me, such a great design
 My Genius must in silent awe decline:
 Gallic correctness all my flights restrains,
 Ours are not free like Greek or British strains.
 'Tis Pope's to speak, I am to silence bound,
 Bachelors of Bourges may mysteries expound,
 I've taken no degree, nor will engage
 In fierce debate, or war polemic wage.
 Hear a recital with instruction fraught,
 Which by * Fourmont may be a fable thought;
 But which I in a Chinese author found
 Translated by a Jesuit profound.
 A mouse did once thus to another say,
 O'er what a noble empire bear we sway!
 This palace' deep foundations erst were laid
 For us, for us by God these holes were made.
 See you those hams in yon vault closely pent?
 By God they thither for our use were sent.
 Those hills of bacon, an unfailing store,
 Shall last for us till time shall be no more.
 A mouse, great God, the Sages all declare
 Creation's end: A work beyond compare!
 Vicious are cats, to eat us much inclin'd,
 But 'tis from error to reclaim our kind.
 Not far a multitude of geese are seen,
 Drawn up near woods and streams upon the green;
 Of pamper'd turkies troops that strut in state,
 And flocks that bend beneath their fleeces weight,
They

* A man deeply vers'd in the history of China, as well as in the Chinese language.

They cry'd, The universe is ours alone,
 Whatever the Almighty made, we own.
 In the clear wat'ry image whilst he graz'd,
 The ass his beauty saw, and was amaz'd.
 He cries, For asses God has made the earth,
 Man still attends me, he's my slave from birth;
 He curries, washes me, and, more to please,
 Builds my seraglio, for my joys purveys,
 And happy to procure me soft delight,
 Brings a she-ass to crown my bliss at night:
 Often I laugh when I behold him pass,
 With haughty airs, as if he were an ass.
 Man came the next, his plea was much the same,
 He cry'd, Heav'n, earth, and elements I claim:
 To waft me ocean rolls and winds arise,
 To give me light stars glitter in the skies;
 Night's argent globe thro' heav'n's clear azure glides,
 Encreases, wanes, and o'er the stars presides;
 O'er all presides my vast, capacious mind,
 In the wide universe too close confin'd:
 But tho' I'm oracle and master here,
 I should be rais'd to a more glorious sphere,
 The angels then, who in high heav'n control
 The wand'ring orbs, and teach them how to roll,
 Exclaim'd, whilst at their will they mov'd each ball,
 God for our pleasure has created all.
 Then earth with pity and with scorn they ey'd,
 And laugh'd at mortals and at human pride.
 Their secret thoughts were all to *Fiên* † known,
 He summon'd them before th' eternal throne.
 Each vary'd being, angel, beast, and man,
 All that compose th' Almighty's wond'rous plan,
You are my Creatures, I all call you mine,
You bear, said he, my character divine;
To me you all, as to your centre, tend;
For me you all were made, on me depend:
I rule at once o'er Nature, Time and Fate,
By me each being is assign'd its state,

Imperfect

† God is called by this name in the Chinese language.

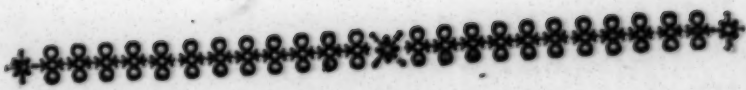
Imperfect creatures ! you aspire in vain,
In your own stations satisfy'd remain.
 Man still was discontented with his place,
 Still at their lot repin'd the human race.
 A learn'd Chinese, grown old in fierce dispute,
 Who reason could by argument confute,
 With old *Confucius*' logic quite possess'd,
 In form to God presented his request :
 Why is my time a second ? Why my space
 A point ? Why falls so soon the human race ?
 Why am not I an hundred cubits high ?
 Why can't I travel swiftly thro' the sky ?
 Why can't I teach the erring moon her way ?
 Why am not I awake both night and day ?
 Why can't I prove, inflam'd by amorous fire,
 In one month, of a hundred sons the fire ?
 Why, in one day, was all my ardours past ?
 Your questions, said the God, will always last :
 Soon will your doubts and scruples all be o'er,
 For truth you must th' ideal world explore.
 Even then an angel bore him from the place,
 Far as the centre of unbounded space ;
 O'er suns, which circling planets still surround,
 Moons, rings and comets, which no limits bound :
 A globe he enter'd, where the hand divine
 Of nature's God had trac'd his great design ;
 The eye can there each real system scan,
 And of each system possible the plan.
 Now animating hopes the sage inspire,
 He seeks a world made to his heart's desire :
 He fought in vain ; the angel made him know,
 That what he wish'd could ne'er exist below ;
 For could man, giant-like, with heav'n engage,
 Or rather war against right reason wage.
 Had God extended in this earthly sphere
 His life up to his twenty-thousandth year,
 This mass of earth and water ne'er could find
 Room for the overgrown, gigantic kind.
 Reasons like these the cavillers confound,
 He owns, each being has its proper bound ;

'That 'tis a folly to aspire below,
 Since life and pleasure both their limits know ;
 That man should not of grief or toil complain,
 And less of death, which frees him from his chain :
 That he should not fatigue the heav'nly throne,
 Since to the Almighty change was never known.
 Convinc'd, not satisfy'd, the sage his flight
 Bent to the earth, and own'd that all is right ;
 But still he murmur'd, 'midst the earthly throng,
 A doctor never can be in the wrong,
 More flexible was Matthew Garo's mind,
 To praise for all things God his soul inclin'd.
 Perhaps God erst on men more wealth bestow'd,
 Perhaps their plains with milk and honey flow'd ;
 The night, perhaps, was lightsome as the day,
 And winter bloom'd with all the flowers of May ;
 Whilst man, the king of earth, in peace retir'd,
 Wrapt up in self, himself alone admir'd.
 But let us rest contented with our fate,
 Our bliss is suited to our present state :
 Against our maker murmurs must prove vain,
 Mortals should not the laws of God arraign :
 Let us to serve him all our lives employ,
 And gratefully the bliss he gives enjoy.
 If to two days th' Almighty had confin'd
 The time allotted to all human kind,
 We should to God those two short days consign,
 And consecrate the time to love divine.
 He who assiduous every call attends,
 Never complains that life too quickly ends.
 A man in little time may sure live long,
 This I could prove by reasons very strong ;
 But authors should not to instruct aspire,
 Who speaks too much is ever sure to tire.
 Thus did my muse, in simple, artless strain,
 And various tones, strive nature to explain ;
 Whilst Frenchmen wander'd, and, with piercing eyes,
 At Quito hop'd to see new stars arise ;
 Whilst Maupertius and Cleraut Europe prais'd,
 And Lapland at their new meridian gaz'd ;

Whilst

Whilst rival of the old Prometheus fame,
Vacanson brings to man celestial flame,
Boldly to copy nature's self aspires,
And bodies animates with heavenly fires.
Remote from cities, on Parnassus shore
I pass'd my days, intent on learned lore ;
And from the sphere, where Milton, unconfin'd,
At pleasure rovd, where pierc'd great Newton's mind,
I saw them soar, with emulation fir'd,
Genius sublime and arts my soul admir'd ;
Sland'ers in me beheld their foe profess'd,
Fanatics wild, informers I detest ;
I know no envy, or perfidious art,
I worship God with pure and upright heart ;
And tho' my body's with diseases spent,
My active mind on study is intent ;
I live convinc'd that while we here remain,
To hope for perfect happiness in vain.





EPISTLES.



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M 3



E P I S T L E

Wrote in Answer to a LETTER, with which
the King of PRUSSIA honoured the Author
upon his Accession to the Throne.

BECOME a monarch, dost thou condescend
Still to regard a poet as a friend?
Just when that happy morn's auspicious ray
To the world promises so bright a day!
A day that proves thee good as well as great.
Dost thou resolve to make my bliss complete?
Oh truly royal soul above all pride!
By thine my want of greatness is supply'd:
Superior to all prepossession weak,
The language of the heart you nobly speak.
The gen'rous sentiments your lines express,
Shew you were born the human race to bless.
Illustrious prince, whose virtues we admire,
Triumphant reign, as you have wrote with fire.
Continue by thy reign the world to bless,
Prevailing vice each king swears to repress;
But you by oaths your sacred promise bind,
Arts to protect and love the human kind.
† And thou whose worth did persecuted shine;
Deem'd atheist, bless'd with wisdom's lore divine;

M 4

Martyr

† The professor Wolsius, who was prosecuted as an atheist by the
divines of the university of Hall, banished by Frederic the Second,
made liable to be executed as a criminal if he returned, and created
chancellor of the same university at the accession of Frederic III.

Martyr to reason, against whom combin'd
 Fell envy's furious rage with error blind ;
 Return, who speak the truth fear nothing now,
 The crown adorns a philosophic brow.
 That gold amass'd, the life-blood of each state,
 Which stagnated precipitates their fate ;
 Pour'd out discreetly by his prudent hand,
 Revives and spreads abundance thro' the land.
 He aims not idly to amuse the sight
 With useless soldiers of gigantic height ;
 Thro' ev'ry clime with care prepos't'rous sought,
 Colossus's † of war too dearly bought ;
 Courage and ardour us'd alone to prize,
 He judges not of soldiers by their size.
 Thus thinks the just, the wise thus rules a state ;
 But more's requir'd to make man truly great :
 Who does what right and equity ordain,
 Makes but a step immortal praise to gain ;
 The just is oft austere, oft sad the wise,
 In other sentiments true greatness lies ;
 The conqueror's dreaded, and esteem'd the sage,
 But benefactors every heart engage ;
 'Tis not in time their glory to deface,
 Their names renown'd reach every future race.
 What fame to him can great exploits impart,
 Who reigns triumphant in each subject's heart ?
 Trajan not far from Ganges stream renown'd,
 In chains the hands of thirty monarchs bound ;
 And yet from conquest he derives no fame,
 His goodness has immortaliz'd his name.
 Ne'er for Jerusalem in ashes laid
 Was homage to the name of Titus paid.
 Belov'd by all men he was truly great.
 Oh you, who such bright virtue emulate,
 A virtue more heroic still display,
 And ne'er like Titus weep to lose a day.

EPISTLE

† One of these soldiers, who went by the name of Little John, cost 240000 livres.



E P I S T L E II.

To the KING of PRUSSIA.

YOU scoffers, who sit in the critical chair ;
 You witlings malignant, who no man can spare ;
 Who, proud and loquacious, your ignorance display,
 And monarchs presume in the balance to weigh ;
 Who in language pedantic, erroneous and vain,
 That a scholar can ne'er be a hero maintain ;
 Ye caitiffs, on heroes and poets severe,
 Ye censors of kings, to Silesia repair.
 Near Neiss see a hundred battalions defeated ;
 Behold there the chief you so rudely have treated.
 'Tis he, 'tis the man, who, with genius profound,
 The circle of art and science went round ;
 Who could the recesses of nature prevade,
 And bigots confound, whose religion's their trade ;
 Who in small things as happy as great knows to please,
 At a feast by politeness, and freedom, and ease ;
 Who knows all things, in all things alike can succeed,
 Shines in sports and in fields, and rides Pegasus steed.
 Turenne, nor Gustavus, nor Sweden's fam'd king,
 E'er tasted, 'tis true, of fam'd Helicon's spring.
 But these heroes untinctur'd with learned lore,
 Were ne'er for that cause deem'd illustrious the more.
 So common a greatness brave Frederic declines,
 By turns like Achilles and Homer he shines ;

The Austrians and dunces alike he confounds,
And in sarcasms as much as in projects abounds;
Fills Vienna with dread, Rome's encroachments restrains
And like a true hero speaks, writes, fights and reigns.
Oh prince, fam'd for courage, in talents so bright,
No longer by daring fill my soul with affright;
And with all your wisdom and knowledge reflect,
Cannon balls have for persons but little respect;
And that, forc'd from a tube by explosion, base lead
May sweep at a stroke the most fam'd hero's head;
When its weight still increas'd by so rapid a course,
It every moment increases in force.
What becomes then of that spirit, that volatile flame,
Sprung from organs of sense and a perishing frame;
That being which vainly would its nature explore,
Which like fire awhile blazes, and then is no more?
'Then some surgeon accurst, one of Atropos' train,
Might dissect the remains of the brave monarch slain;
Behold, might he say, the brain where was found
Such store of ideas, so much science profound;
That noble heart's fibres might display to the sight,
Which in life all great qualities once did unite;
He might cut—but such images dire must not stain
My page, which his praises alone should contain.
You deities just, noble Frederic defend,
The bliss of mankind does on Frederic depend.
Live, prince, both in peace and in war to do more,
Than the princes of Europe could e'er do before;
For I'll prophecy boldly, in time 'twill appear,
That a star half so bright ne'er adorned the sphere.
But when you, by conquest on conquest obtain'd,
Increase of your glory and empire have gain'd,
Forget not the bard, who dar'd once in weak lays
Your great deeds to presage, and your virtues to praise;
Recollect that, in spite of your sovereign command,
His friend you have sign'd yourself under your hand.
Farewel, victor, deep vers'd in the statesman's fam'd art,
'Thirty kingdoms subdu'd are outweigh'd by a heart.



E P I S T L E III.

FROM the German chief of such fame and re-
nown,

The brightest of monarchs that e'er wore a crown,
For these three months past, a most tedious long time,
I have not heard once or in prose or in rhyme:
My muse is oppress'd with a lethargy deep,
But the din of fierce war will soon rouse her from sleep;
Surpris'd she will hear the loud accents of fame,
Amidst stern alarms, your valour proclaim,
With a voice so sonorous, it cannot be drown'd
By the thunder of cannons and the trumpet's shrill
sound.

This rambling goddess I see, thro' the air,
With post-haste from Berlin to Paris repair,
And Frederic and Lewis's glory resound
From the north to the south, and the whole world
round.

Those names, which the hand of true glory has trac'd
In letters of fire, which can ne'er be effac'd;
Names which, whilst they united in friendship remain,
In concord and peace can all Europe maintain.

What happy bard then shall the heavenly muse,
To sing the great deeds of these fam'd heroes, chuse?
What poet shall strive in his well-polish'd lays,
The worth of these two mighty monarchs to praise?

Yc

You who bear, like Achilles, the lance and the lyre,
 You only can sing your atchievements with fire ;
 Whose soul genius warms whenever you write ;
 Who with ardour compose, as with ardour you fight ;
 And write both in verse and in elegant prose,
 With the same ease you take the strong towns of your
 foes.

In happily copying Horace, you shine
 With his gayety, wit, and his graces divine ;
 But your muse, in some points that come home to man's
 breast,

Must ever to his be superior confess.
 The emperor protected the bard in past days,
 The emperor's self to protect is your praise.
 Son of Mars and Calliope, favourite of fame,
 Who add a new lustre to either great name,
 Europe's peace by your conquering arm maintain,
 And do not to sport with the muses disdain ;
 And when your victorious legions shall place
 The throne of the Cæsars on an unshaken base ;
 When the harass'd Hungarians, secure from alarms,
 Their vineyards shall prune, unmolested by arms ;
 When all nations shall drink the rich wines of To-
 quay,

And the peace-makers sing with hearts jovial and
 gay ;

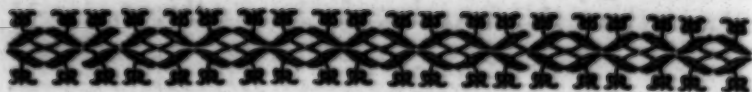
Great Frederic to Berlin with speed shall repair,
 And the joy of his triumphs his true subjects shall
 share ;

And by a new opera, of his own writing,
 Himself shall exhibit his atchievements in fighting.
 Each author your merit will loudly proclaim,
 For tho' we still envy each rival his fame,
 That bard with applause must by all men be read,
 By whom an arm'd host of ten myriads is led.
 But by merit like yours no such aid is requir'd,
 Were you like Homer poor, you'd like him be admir'd.
 Excuse me then if, by your goodness excited,
 I oft write you letters in such terms indited,
 As shew that in you 'tis the wit I address,
 Not the monarch whom all men a hero confess.

The

The north, whilst your squadrons to battle you led,
In you saw a warrior that fill'd them with dread ;
But I see in you, whom I nearly have known,
The most amiable king that e'er sat on a throne.





E P I S T L E IV.

† To the DUKE of SULLY.

GREAT duke, with every talent grac'd,
 With genius, candour, virtue, taste ;
 Whose cloudless temper, noble heart,
 To pleasure dignity impart ;
 Make wisdom lose its brow severe,
 And please by an engaging air.
 I'll visit soon your country seat,
 Still to the muse a lov'd retreat ;
 There I shall find a high delight,
 To talk, at the approach of night,
 Of music, verses, lovers flames ;
 But not a word of Law's deep schemes § ;
 That system so much fam'd, by which
 The farmers-general grew rich,
 And did their chests, thro' pure good will,
 With all the nation's money fill.
 The sybil thus, in times of old,
 As in great Maro's page we're told,
 No other treasure e'er possessing,
 But the black art and skill at guessing,

Gives

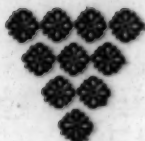
† Written at Paris, August 18, 1720.

§ Mr. Law's system, which turned France topsy-turvy in 1720.

Gives to Æneas oaken leaves,
From him the golden bough receives.
Perhaps, with anguish in my heart,
I shortly shall the news impart,
That the old gouty bard is dead,
Whose works, like Chapelle's, will be read ;
Chaulieu shall quit this earthly sphere,
And soon before his judge appear ;
And if a muse, whose polish'd lays
And numbers smooth all readers praise,
Salvation can on souls bestow,
He surely will to heaven go.
The curate came the other day,
Whilst in the agony he lay,
And gave, with ceremonious face,
His passport to a better place.
He saw his sins wash'd white as snow
By a repentant word or so,
And then receiv'd, with reverence due,
That which I need not name to you ;
He made besides an exhortation,
Most highly suited to th' occasion.
He pardon ask'd, and own'd his fault,
That he too much false glory sought ;
For pride, he candidly confess'd,
Reign'd much too powerful in his breast.
Poets are ever slaves to fame,
They labour for an empty name ;
From vanity, all men agree,
Preachers and bards are seldom free.
Yet his pride can't the world prevent
So great a poet to lament ;
His loss will make Parnassus groan ;
For he was left, and left alone,
Of all the bards, whose deathless strain
Immortaliz'd great Lewis' reign.
But in the present age, 'tis said,
Our youth grown tasteless and ill-bred,
Have luxury exchange'd for pleasure,
And idleness for that sage leisure,

Which

Which men, with learned ease content,
 In constant meditation spent.
 Genonville, first of sonneteers,
 Who worthy of that age appears,
 Seems in great haste to quit the town,
 And to your country seat go down.
 The system has not sour'd his spirit,
 He still is amiable, has merit ;
 Still he has elegance of stile,
 He still can gaily talk and smile ;
 My mistress charms he has enjoy'd,
 With which I never could be cloy'd ;
 He makes a jest of this black treason,
 And I might angry be with reason ;
 But in this world, friend with friend
 For trifles never should contend.





E P I S T L E V.

To the DUKE de la FEUILLADE.

PRESERVE, my lord, with ceaseless care,
 Luxuriant fancy's fallies rare;
 Pleasantry and true humour too,
 In which all men must yield to you;
 Your constitution boast no more,
 For none think with you on that score.
 A lady, who long since has known
 Your person, as it were her own,
 Declares you well may counterfeit;
 For, tho' your mind's in spring of wit,
 The earthly part even now appears
 In the full autumn of its years.
 Then governor of high renown,
 Farewel; you rule not o'er a town,
 But o'er a beauty heavenly bright,
 Who charms the heart as well as sight;
 Who by her free, licentious spirit,
 Does honour to her teacher's merit;
 But pray, lest Venus should depute
 In your place some young substitute,
 Lest she should let some lusty blade
 So fine a government invade.

EPISTLE



E P I S T L E VI.

To Marshal VILLARS. †

TIS true, I had some hopes of late
 Of tasting, at your country seat,
 Social enjoyment, sweet repose ;
 But ‡ Vinache does my views oppose ;
 So for a meer quack I neglected
 A hero by all France respected.
 I may offend by what I've said,
 And should not speak of fear or dread,
 To him who ne'er thought life worth care,
 But instant death fought every where.
 Do not into a passion fly,
 And you shall hear the reason why.
 You well may risk your life ; but I
 Have no great cause to wish to die ;
 For should you in your glorious course
 Fall by some ball's resistless force,
 Convey'd to Pluto's dreary coast,
 What consolations wait your ghost !

With

† Written in 1721.
 ‡ An empiric.

With transport it would hear related,
How men your funeral celebrated;
Mafs on th' occasion had been said,
In honour of th' illustrious dead;
And some dull prelate to the crowd
Had trumpeted your praise aloud,
In a discourse, not written by him,
But bought, or people much bely him.
Then at St. Denis' church in state
You'd be interr'd amongst the great.
But should poor I, nor great nor brave,
With Charon pass the Stygian wave,
I without pomp would be convey'd;
On a vile bier my body laid,
Two priests would to the church-yard bear,
And lay it in some corner there.
My nieces, and my worthy * brother,
Who for Jansenius makes such pother,
Wou'd laugh to see me laid in earth;
My burial would excite their mirth:
And all the honour, ever paid
On earth to my departed shade,
Would be some epitaph severe,
Compos'd my memory to tear.
From what has then been said 'tis plain,
That I should longer here remain,
Those deeds of high renown to view,
Which yet shall be atchiev'd by you.

* The author had a brother, treasurer to the chamber of accounts, who was a bigotted Jansenist, and who always quarrelled with him whenever he spoke well of the Jesuits.



E P I S T L E VII.

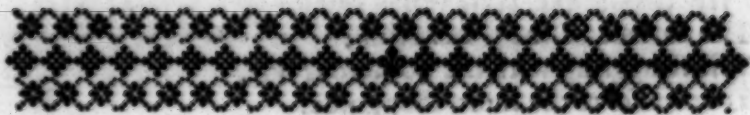
To Madam de GONDOIN, afterwards Countess of Toul-
 LOUSE, upon the danger she had been exposed to in
 passing the Loire in 1719.

WHILST in a storm such risk you run,
 Know you in Sully what was done ?
 The rogue Marigni, with a laugh
 Malicious, wrote your eiptaph ;
 'The waves, said he, will soon restore
 The body they o'erwhelm'd before ;
 And then, said he, will be reveal'd
 To fight what she thro' pride conceal'd :
 But Espar, Guiche, la Valiere,
 And Sully wept for one so dear :
 Rouffi did nothing else but swear,
 The abbé Courtin wip'd a tear ;
 Perceiving your last hour draw nigh,
 Devoutly pray'd to the most high ;
 Between his lips some prayer he mutter'd,
 And, tho' the words he faintly utter'd,
 His voice devoutly in his throat
 Quiver'd with many a thrilling note.
 But what a sight, with glad surprise,
 Strikes suddenly my wondering eyes,

A thousand

A thousand loves on every side
Oppose the fury of the tide,
Combat the winds impetuous rage,
And strive their fury to assuage ;
I see them round your vessel swim,
The surface of the water skim ;
Still struggling with the boisterous tide,
Your vessel to the shore they guide.
Gondoin, the time which love has lent,
Must in love's service all be spent ;
Love for himself preserv'd your days,
And a just claim he to them lays.





† E P I S T L E VIII.

To Monsieur GENONVILLE, occasioned by a
Disease.

IMPUTE me not, friend, a self-love so extreme,
Like Chaulieu, to make myself always my theme;
But let me that exquisite pleasure enjoy,
Of friendly converse which never can cloy;
When thought meets with thought, ere the lip it de-
part,
And each utters freely what he feels in his heart.
You remember, my friend, how my muse in weak lays,
Whilst yet I was young made some efforts for praise;
You saw calumny vile, all her snakes on her crest,
The spring of my genius with malice infest:
In a horrible dungeon unjustly confin'd,
Amidst my misfortunes with spirit resign'd;
From evil I learn'd to gather some good,
And the strokes of adversity bravely withstood;
With a constancy which I could never presage,
From the levity common in so tender an age:

Why

† Written in the year 1719.

Why have I not since been as resolute found?
At slighter attacks I have oft given ground.
How often with tears love has made my eyes flow,
False rogue as you are, without doubt you must know;
You, who with an address which must needs be admir'd,
The possession of what I love most have acquir'd;
Who seiz'd on my mistress, and was not content
To get her with ease, and her lover's consent:
But I lov'd you, false friend, notwithstanding your fault,
I forgot and forgave as a good christian ought.
Ah! why do I dwell on ideas long past?
Love once was my bliss, but that bliss could not last.
Now a cruel disease undermines my whole frame,
And it shortly, perhaps, will extinguish life's flame;
The fates have, I doubt, almost spun out my thread,
And to all sense of pleasure my organs are dead;
I feel with surprise that I'm void of desire,
And my heart glow no longer with love's vivid fire:
A chaos of thought quite perplexes my head,
My present state's bad, and the future I dread;
To increase my affliction, my memory's employ'd
On ideas of bliss that can't now be enjoy'd:
But what still is worse, I perceive it apace,
That my mental endowments begin to decrease;
The particle subtile of heav'nly fire,
Before my corporeal frame does expire:
And can this then be th' emanation so bright,
Which flows from the great source of all mental light?
Which lives when our bodies are laid in the earth,
With the organs of sense ev'ry mind has its birth:
With them it grows up, and with them feels decrease,
And shall its existence like theirs at length cease:
I know not, but I have good hope it will brave
Death, the ruins of time, and the jaws of the grave;
And that an intelligent substance so pure,
The Almighty intended should always endure.



• E P I S T L E IX.

To the § Countess of FONTAINE-MARTEL.

FAIR Martle, you must ever seem
 Worthy of most profound esteem ;
 'Tis at the suppers which you give,
 I justly may be said to live ;
 For there I cannot ever miss
 Pleasure, the only real bliss :
 Sometimes I scold you, I must own,
 But for that freedom still atone :
 When I above the sex extol,
 And own that you are worth them all ;
 In you a sight most rare we see,
 A woman from all foibles free ;
 You by the charms of wit engage,
 And reason like an antient sage :
 Your wisdom's not that harpy dire,
 Whom rancour and fell rage inspire.

Envy's

• Written in 1732.

§ The countess of Fontaine-martel, daughter to the president Desboursaux. She was exactly such as she is represented here. Affability and pleasure reigned in her house.

Envy's sad sister, that with eyes
Malignant into all things pries;
Who, like a hag, with ceaseless rage
Rails at the pleasures of the age.
But that blest'd wisdom, which with ease
The humours of all men can please,
Which makes life's every moment charm,
And of its darts can death disarm.
On all sides, madam, you behold
Beauties, when ugly grown and old,
Because by lovers they're neglected,
Turn saints at last to be respected.
But you more knowing, justly shun
The error into which they run;
You don't in Vigils pass the night,
In cheerful suppers you delight,
The pleasing sallies of the muse,
Instead of casuists you peruse,
And in the place of Monk elect,
Voltaire your conscience to direct;
Perferring still, as foe to care,
The opera house to house of prayer;
But that which makes my bliss complete,
With you blest'd freedom seeks retreat,
That goddess bright, whose brow serene,
And lively eyes all hearts must gain,
Whom gestures free, and easy air,
Nor prude, nor yet coquet declare;
Decent, but not at all demure,
That can a double sense endure,
And hear those words without a frown,
Which make severer dames look down.
Her sister goddess blythe as fair,
Heart-easing mirth inhabits there,
Mirth, who in repartee delights,
Whose satyr pleases, never bites,
Who sometimes into ridicule
May turn a blockhead, or a fool,
And makes the wise in proper place,
Relax the muscles of his face.

On you may heaven its gifts bestow,
And make completely blest'd below
One who, even in her life's decline,
Does others in its spring outshine.





* E P I S T L E X.

Written from PLOMBIERES to Mr. PALLU, Intendant
of LYONS.

FROM the bottom of that stony cavern I write,
Which lies between two_craggy mountains vast
height ;

Where the sky is still black, and with clouds overcast,
And thunders oft burst 'midst the tempest's rude blast ;
Close to a hot bath, which still boils up and smoaks,
Where crowds of the sick are brought wrapt up in
cloaks ;

Where the splenetic mortal, disorder'd in brain,
Talks of his disease in the medical strain,
Bathes himself and besmoaks, and in hopes of a cure,
Can exquisite tortures with patience endure.
From this cavern, to which hags in crowds each day
repair,

And expect to become once more youthful and fair ;
Of virgins a few, a great number, who fain
Their virginity lost many years would regain ;
Where their health to recover, or led by meer fancy,
Old cits in the stage-coach come often from Nancy ,

N 2

And

* Written in 1729.

And of Commercery monks a most numerous train,
 Who appear from their manners the sons of Lorraine.
 From this place, where languor and spleen still resort,
 By letter at Paris I make my report :
 Tho' Phœbus forsakes and inspires me no more,
 The aid of the graces and loves I implore ;
 I frankly own they scarce knew me by sight,
 But it is to the learned Pallu that I write :
 Alcibiades * too his injunctiō has laid,
 Who at court so much grace and such talents display'd,
 Gay, generous, and brave, but prone still to changing,
 From beauty to beauty capriciously ranging ;
 Who, like Cupid, professes the dangerous art,
 Of seducing by gentle persuasion each heart :
 Cur'd by length of time, or by some serious passion,
 Of fallhood, a vice that's so much in the fashion ;
 In love he appears to have turn'd out of late
 A model, in every respect quite complete ;
 Who such an extraordinary change brought about,
 Let me guess e'er so long I can never find out ;
 But, illustrious fair one, the pow'r of your eyes
 Must surely be great to have won such a prize :
 Peradventure some women a choice might have made
 Of a cleverer and a more promising blade.
 To Hercules liker in finew and bone,
 Like Celadon to the soft passions more prone ;
 But thro' the whole world cou'd she ever find
 One worthier of love amongst all human kind ?
 For where, dearest madam, can you e'er hope to meet,
 One that's like him, a friend both reserv'd and discreet ?
 In whom the old courtier's politeness refin'd
 With the graces and spriteliness of youth is combin'd,
 Whose converse and mortals must equally please,
 With vivacity mixing an elegant ease ;
 Whose nat'ral vein of true honour and wit,
 Must the taste of all ranks and all genius's fit :
 And does he not merit the praise of the nation,
 Who after three whole years of negotiation,

That

* The duke of Richelieu.

That formality proud, and those airs ne'er contracted,
Which envys assume when affairs are transacted?
In this picture faithful from flatt'ry free,
Must not every eye Alcibides see?





E P I S T L E XI.

To Monsieur DE FORMONT, with the Works of
DESCARTES and MALLEBRANCHE.

SWEET bard, who with reason can rhyme re-
concile,
Philosopher, blest with the graces of style;
Your works Epicurus and Apollo inspire,
One teaches to reason, one fills you with fire:
I renounce fam'd Mallebranche, and his learned lumber,
Such a dreamer obscure only teaches to slumber.
'Of pure spirit, 'tis true, he has made a great pother,
But in fact understands it no more than another;
And what he asserts without doubt is too bold,
That with God in his glory we converse may hold;
Nor can Descartes' vision, romantic and vain,
A much greater degree of my credit obtain;
His new law affords but a faint ray of light,
Instead of assisting he dazzles our sight.
Thro' all nature's works, so obscure and so dark,
He here and there strikes out a glittering spark;
Our fore-fathers errors he gravely refutes,
And in their room others as great substitutes:
Thus from the store-house of his prolific brain,
With air most important, and labour most vain,

Materials

Materials he takes a new system to raise,
A skill equal to his even Bridoye displays.
Farewel, my dear friend, I to Sylvia repair,
An hour's conversation with the young and the fair,
More complete satisfaction imparts to my mind,
Than in any philosopher's system I find,
But tho' I'm enraptur'd with her charms divine,
I must own I to conquer her faith much incline;
But I ardently love her, and will always be blind
To her ev'ry fault while she shews herself kind.





E P I S T L E XII*.

To Monsieur HENAUT, the President.

YOU, who the errors have reform'd,
 By which chronology's deform'd;
 Who, wand'ring thro' poetic ground,
 Gather'd the fairest flow'rs you found;
 Who could sagaciously explore
 The depths of philosophic lore,
 And have not misemploy'd your leisure,
 For all th' allurements of soft pleasure:
 Henaut, I beg thee to impart
 The secret or the magic art;
 By which with glory crown'd you quell
 The rage of envy, monster fell;
 Whilst I, plac'd in a lower sphere,
 Whom envy never should come near;
 The fury see, where'er I tread,
 Pour all her poisons on my head:
 We should not eagerly seek fame,
 I weakly strove to fix my name
 On memory's temple walls, whilst you
 Wisely from fools and noise withdrew:

I labour'd

* Written at Luneville, on the 8th of November, 1748.

I labour'd glory to secure,
You shun'd her, but you made her sure.
An oak with leafy honours crown'd,
May reign o'er all the trees around;
To all its boughs is honour paid,
Men dance beneath the sacred shade:
But shou'd a blade of grafs be seen,
To rise o'er others on the green;
Its trifling height offends each eye,
Men tear it up and throw it by.
I pity the poor author's fate,
Whom all men envy, scorn, or hate;
The author, who desires repose,
Must shun all others as his foes;
Montagne, who could each reader please,
By depth of reason, chearful ease,
Retiring to his antient seat,
From critic malice made retreat;
Doubting of all things, laugh'd at fools,
Who argue gravely in the schools:
But when his pupil, Charon fam'd,
With method and reserve declaim'd,
And lectures upon wisdom gave,
Like a professor learn'd and grave;
He narrowly escap'd his fate,
Pursu'd by theologic hate;
Upon occasion, time, and place,
Depend your glory or disgrace:
One day by all your idoliz'd,
The next insulted and despis'd.
Capricious Greece, in former days,
To Pyrrho did a statue raise,
Whilst Socrates, who spoke so well,
A martyr to right reason fell:
Thrice happy, who to all unknown,
Lives useful to himself alone.
By friendship only man is blest'd,
But envious rivals break his rest;
Glory at rest cannot remain,
And wit is the possessor's bane:

'Tis often, like a wanton wife,
A torment of the owner's life;
The wife must have her gallant still,
Let the good man say what he will:
A welcome all that offer find,
To every other man she's kind.
Thus she by others is enjoy'd,
The husband's by possession cloy'd;
But let us change a note so sad,
Is then to please a lot so bad;
Envy's a necessary ill,
It spurs us on to virtue still;
The noble soul in virtue's course
Is hereby urg'd with double force.
Hence Hercules acquired a name,
And Maro Mævius urg'd to fame:
For vain discourse what need I care,
It passes like the idle air;
I live thrice happy in this court,
Where broils and troubles ne'er resort,
No jealous cares e'er gave me pain,
The monarch has no courtly train;
With Boufflers and Emilia fair
Living I'm blest'd beyond compare:
Their converse fills me with delight,
Then I may envy well excite.





E P I S T L E XIII.

Upon CALUMNY.

SINCE beautiful 'twill be your fate,
 Emilia, to incur much hate,
 Almost one half of human race
 Will even curse you to your face;
 Possess of genius noblest fire,
 With fear you will each breast inspire;
 As you too easily confide
 You'll often be betray'd, bely'd:
 You ne'er of virtue made parade,
 To Hypocrites no court you've paid.
 Therefore, of calumny beware,
 Foe to the virtuous and the fair.
 Expect from every fool at court
 Those squibs that are thrown out in sport;
 Those jests which each on others makes,
 And suffers freedoms which he takes.
 The curst licentiousness of tongue
 From indolence and self-love's sprung.
 The monster of each sex appears,
 Her prate the croud attentive hears.
 The scourge of mankind and delight
 She o'er the world asserts her right.

Wit

Wit to the dullest she imparts,
 The wise repel her from their hearts.
 The fury, with malignant sneer,
 Attacks mankind in every sphere.
 But these three ranks she most devours,
 And on them all her venom pours:
 Wits, beauties, and the haughty great,
 Are all the objects of her hate:
 When merit strikes the public eye,
 Against it she her darts lets fly.
 Whoever genius has display'd
 Is ever satire's object made.
 Adorn'd with Trinquets, full of airs,
 Young *Ægle* to the priest repairs:
 She goes to be consign'd for life
 To one she never saw as wife;
 The next day she's in triumph seen
 At court and ball, before the queen.
 And next by Paris ever kind
 A gallant's to the bride assign'd.
 Roy in a ballad sings her fame,
 And the town echoes with her name,
Ægle's incens'd, her cries are vain:
Ægle, excuse the Poet's strain.
 Your case you'll bitterly deplore
 When men shall speak of you no more;
 A beauty you can scarcely name
 Who never suffer'd in her fame.
 We find in Bayle's learned page,
 Blest * Mary cou'd not 'scape it's rage;
 Lampooner's rage was unrestrain'd,
 And even her sacred name prophan'd.
 Thro' all the nations of the world
 Fierce satire has her Vengeance hurl'd:
 Has been to Jews and Christians known,
 But she in Paris holds her throne.

A croud

* This Calumny, cited by Bayle and the Abbe Houteville, is taken from an old Hebrew book, entitled *Joldos Jesu*, in which Jonathan is given to this sacred person as husband; and he who raises Jonathan's suspicions is call'd Joseph Panther.

A croud of idlers every night,
 Of idlers call'd the world polite,
 Wand'ring about the town is seen,
 Still follow'd by that fiend the spleen.
 There, jilted baggages abound,
 And jades of quality are found;
 Who nothings like mere parrots say;
 Who ogle fools, and cheat at play.
 Amongst them sparks we likewise find,
 Who seem much more of female kind.
 Their heads with trifles are well fill'd;
 In trifles they are deeply skill'd.
 With forward air, and voices pert,
 They sing and dance, behave alert;
 And if some man, with sense endu'd,
 Should in their presence be so rude
 To speak like one who books has read,
 And shew he wears a learned head,
 With anger fir'd they on him fall,
 He's persecuted by them all.
 Envy each drone to combat brings,
 Against the bee they point their stings;
 Of ministers, and monarchs still,
 Inferior mortals will speak ill;
 From Cæsar to our Lewis down,
 Name me one king of high renown,
 From fam'd Mæcenæ's days produce
 A favourite who could 'scape abuse.
 Colbert, who, vigilant and wise,
 Enrich'd us still with new supplies;
 Who found means to replace the stores
 We lost by minions, priests, and whores:
 That worthy, to whose cares we owe
 A greatness we no longer know,
 Against him saw the state conspire;
 Saw Frenchmen rage with furious ire,
 *Disturb his urn, insult his shade,
 To whom they once such honours paid.

When

* A mob would have taken Mr. Colbert out of his grave at St. Eustachius's church.

When Lewis, who bravely could oppose
 Death's terrors like his fiercest foes,
 At length, by the decree of fate,
 Was to St. Denis borne in state.
 I saw his people prone to changing,
 Quite mad with wine and folly ranging,
 Follow the mighty monarch's herse,
 And curse him after death in verse.
 You've known a regent at the helm
 Turn upside down the Gallic realm:
 He for society was born
 Arts to promote and to adorn.
 Great without pride, replete with wit,
 Tho' loose, he cou'd no crime commit;
 And yet, most curst, most black of crimes †
 All France has seen atrocious rhymes!
 Outrageously that prince defame,
 And give him every odious name.
 *Phillippics wrote in unchaste strain
 Scandalous chronicles remain;
 And will no Frenchman's generous rage
 Refute the vile detested page?
 When any make a false report,
 All will conspire in it's support:
 If truth's discover'd in the end,
 All men are backward to defend.
 But will you from the great at court
 To objects turn of meaner sort?
 Leaving the court, all grandeur's centre,
 In the wit's temple let us enter;
 That shrine, which always I admir'd,
 To whose view Bardus self aspir'd,
 Where Damis never cou'd repair
 Let's enter, see curst envy there,
 Daughter of verse to verse a foe,
 Who, drawing emulation's bow,
 Can pride enflame and rage excite
 Amongst fools who for glory write.

See

† An infamous libel in verse, wrote against Philip duke of Orleans, Regent of the kingdom.

See how they're bent to fight till death,
All to secure fame's idle breath;
Upon their rivals they let fall
The blackest and the bitterest gall:
Jansenist eager to devour
Molinist cou'd not blacker pour.
The casuist Doucin n'er so well
Bedaub'd fam'd Pasquier Quenel.
Th' old rhymers, whom all men despise,
Organe, impure of many lies,
That wretch who all the town offends,
Who punish'd often never mends;
That Rufus * whom your fire befriended,
And from the attacks of want defended,
Whose serpent sting soon after bor'd
The bosom that had life restor'd;
The wicked Rufus, who in court
Made against innocence report;
Who would have hid, had he been wise,
His guilt and shame from mortal eyes,
We see at Brussels Marshes strive
The flame of discord to revive:
He strives on me to throw the shame,
Which must for ever brand his name.
What will that satire then avail,
With which he dares the world assail,
Pieces in French and German wrote,
Wherein he apes the old Marot,
In which his vices all are seen,
So dull they almost give the spleen.
What great effect then do we see
From all those heaps of calumny?
Subjected to all mortals hate,
He to his poisons owes his fate.
Let us not fear the slanderer's strain;
Boileau lash'd fam'd Quinault in vain,
Quinault, whose beauties charm'd his age,
Laughs at whilst he forgives his rage.
I, whom a curst cabal would blast,
And foul aspersion on me cast,

* Rousseau.

In spite of bigots live at ease,
Both court and town my verses please.
From all this what shall we conclude?
Ye French, censorious tho' not rude,
Severe altho' polite and kind,
Amongst you must we ever find
Things which so very ill agree
As graces and severity?
You, who the sex in charms excel,
You know this dangerous people well;
With them we live amidst our foes,
Boldly their malice fly oppose.
Amidst them all your charms display,
Discreetly follow your own way,
Follow your innate virtue's lore,
And slanderers then shall prate no more.





E P I S T L E XIV.

To a Minister of STATE, upon the Encouragement
of ARTS.

YOU, who with profit know delight to blend,
Who can from business to affairs descend ;
With joy I see your powerful genius strive
The arts too long neglected to revive
Be no one branch the idol of thy heart,
But hold in balance each contending art :
Animate tragedy's bold manly stile,
And love her cheerful sister's pleasing smile :
Rouse gravers, painters, and th' harmonious band,
Put a gold compass in Urania's hand.
By a true genius all arts are embrac'd ;
He scarce exists who has one only taste.
I pity that man's weak and narrow mind
Who to one single object is confin'd ;
Who to one idol consecrates his heart,
And to that one would sacrifice each art.
Hear the abstracted algebraist pale
With study, whilst his limb's begin to fail ;
Who knows by calculations power elate,
Four is to two as sixteen is to eight.
To him Racine, Corneill, as fools appear,
And Lully's harmony can't please his ear ;

To

To Ruben's art he will not grant due praise,
 All nature's colours he in vain displays.
 Symbols and figures he admires alone,
 And thinks none great in France but Varignon.
 He can't conceive how Quinault pleas'd the age,
 Who did not work equations for the stage.
 Not less a fool, nor less a dupe to praise,
 He who thinks Euterpe inspires his lays;
 Whose pilfer'd rhymes present us o'er and o'er
 What others said a thousand times before;
 To his own muse he ever grants the prize,
 And looks on science with contemptuous eyes:
 Views Archimede and Newton with disdain,
 And strives in rhyme all Plato to explain.
 The plodding dunce with calculating skull,
 The coxcomb who declares all reasoning dull,
 A pettifogger views with scornful eyes,
 Taught by the law their follies to despise;
 Who for six shillings blackens many a quire,
 And lets his pen and anger out for hire.
 A fool in furs behold bring in his claim,
 Boasting the doctor's self-sufficient name:
 Come hither, Bourdaloue and Massillon,
 Forake, and hear me with applause alone.
 I by three heads each simple case make clear,
 St. Thomas I've explain'd for many a year:
 Pretenders thus the public ear engage,
 And draw a numerous audience to their stage;
 The virtuous man to others gives due praise;
 To others merit he due tribute pays.
 Erst before God completing his great plan
 Had breath'd the breath of life into a man,
 The world to stock with creatures was his care;
 He made the eagle, sovereign of the air,
 The steed that scours the plains, the dog that still
 Attends obedient to his master's will;
 The bleating sheep, the wolf that nightly prowls,
 The ox whose force man's higher force controuls
 The bird that charms the forests, and the dove,
 Thought here below the symbol of true love:

Man

Man nam'd them all, and with enlighten'd mind
 Their uses knew, their several tasks assign'd.
 No servants * Mazarine wou'd e'er elect,
 But let God's providence his choice direct :
 The die decided each domestic's lot,
 Postillions Secretaries' places got ;
 His coachman thus an agent's post obtain'd,
 His almoner by fate was cook 'ordain'd.
 Such instances in human life abound,
 Employments vary. talent's rarely found.
 When to Rome's emperor every man was slave,
 He to a horse the consul's fasces gave ;
 Far less absurdly he conferr'd that place
 Than those who fools with rank and title grace :
 By ignorance oft has Cujas robe been borne,
 Blockheads have oft the sacred mitre worn :
 And oft the man has over kingdoms reign'd,
 Who to the oar should have with slaves been chain'd.
 May you ne'er in the choice of men thus err,
 True merit seek, true merit still prefer.
 'Tis thus the botanist's sagacious mind
 'Midst thistles knows the healing plant to find.
 'Tis thus great Colbert, once the boast of France,
 Awak'd each art which slept in death-like trance.
 Like him protect the arts in their decline,
 Like Colbert and renown'd Mæcenas shine.

* The duke of Mazarin, Hortensia Macini's husband every
 year made his domesticks cast lots for the places they were to fill ;
 and what is here related, is founded on fact.



End of the NINETEENTH VOLUME.